## Can Mr. Hoover be Re-elected?

**By Jay Franklin**

# Liberty

WEEK ENDING APR. 23, 1932

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*America's Best Read Weekly*

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She needs advice...She needs help
She has started her married life
without preparation . . . . *but*

# THE CODE *of her friends does not permit* SUCH TALK

BELOW the "surface" talk, the conventional conversation of a group of women, there is often an undercurrent of anxiety in the mind of one. Something is troubling her. She wants to ask a question, a very serious question. She is young and newly married . . . and she wants to know what these other wives know. Surely they could help her if she only dared bring up the subject.

### *Avoid poisonous antiseptics*

Perhaps they could not help her at all. A surprising side of many well-informed modern women is their unawareness of the sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. There *was* a time, only a few years ago at that, when caustics and poisons were the accepted antiseptics. (No other antiseptic *then* was powerful enough.) In those days mothers had good reason to warn their daughters against

is entirely in sympathy with the woman who will not be satisfied with less than surgical cleanliness. He is certainly in favor of the practice of feminine hygiene. But he emphatically condemns the use of poisonous antiseptics that scar and desensitize tissues. In fact, he exerts every influence with his patients to prevent their using poisons. *He knows the dangers.*

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☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

# STAGGERING BLOWS AT BUSINESS

Many business men are afraid to move; they are doubtful of the future. They do not know what is coming—not only in the form of future business, but they are fearful of the burden of increased taxation.

Our lawmakers at Washington see the necessity of doing something to alleviate the situation. There are all sorts of cocksure remedies presented, and you can hardly blame them for being confused.

They would like to do something to remedy unemployment, to give business a boost, but the plans that have been proposed for unemployment relief have usually assumed the form of an artificial stimulation of employment through a huge bond issue. There seems to be no consideration whatsoever given to means of stabilizing business by stimulating business activity at its source, and there is a general resentment on the part of many of our legislators toward wealthy men.

Nearly all businesses of any size are controlled by wealthy men—efficient, capable citizens who have been able to win in the battle of business. And when you strike at these wealthy men, you are automatically adding to the evils associated with business depression.

Business men should be encouraged—not discouraged. The more profits they make—the less the government takes away from them—the more money they have for promotion purposes. And promotion means the hiring of additional workers.

The position of some of the lawmakers at Washington toward wealth, which automatically means business, is to "hit 'em hard." In other words, they assume the attitude of the dog that bites the hand that feeds it.

While they are trying to pass bills for huge bond issues to stimulate employment artificially, they are adding to the unemployment evil by threatening business with staggering blows. And there is no necessity for confusion. When one speaks of wealth he means business; huge business cannot be carried on without wealth. And every man who has acquired riches simply adds to his worries and responsibilities. His situation is no better than one who works for a salary, beyond the fact that he is guaranteed enough to eat and the comforts of life, not considering the heartbreaking worries that also come with heavy business interests. Huge taxes we will have to have in order to foot the bill caused by appalling extravagance. But if our legislators think that they are going to improve the situation by aiming staggering blows at wealth and business, we are justified in concluding that we are being governed largely by dumb-bells.

At the present time business needs to get rid of fear for the future; the business man wants to know that he is not going to be disturbed by politicians. If a miracle could be brought about in the form of business foresight on the part of our legislators, it would do more than anything else to promote employment by encouraging business men to increase their activities.

If some of our Communistic representatives have their way, all wealth will be confiscated, and then where will we be? Who will promote the business of the country? Who are the best fitted to promote activities of this sort? Those who have proved their efficiency through hard work are certainly the ones that should be selected. And without wealth as a reward for conscientious service, what would be the substitute?

This resentment against those who happen to have acquired an unusual amount of wealth will never get us anywhere. The suicides of Ivar Kreuger and George Eastman are only outstanding examples of numerous other deaths, self-inflicted, that have undoubtedly been caused by the heavy load which wealthy men have to carry.

This idea on the part of people everywhere that wealth can bring the calm content of a satisfying happiness is all bunk. If the time ever comes when a proper analysis is made, it will be found that men of wealth who are executives in great business enterprises are really self-driven slaves for the benefit of the country in which they are active. They slave night and day, and for what? For wealth and power, the power to run huge businesses that sometimes have thousands of employees. The load that such wealthy men carry is often the source of unending worry and work. They must bear the burden of efficiently managing their businesses, which includes the interest of every employee who depends upon the success of the enterprise for a weekly salary. Those who envy people of this sort are just dumb; they have no knowledge of the various trials and troubles involved.

If something could be done to call a halt to the desire on the part of legislators to aim sledge-hammer blows at business by hitting wealth, the unemployment situation would be far less severe. There would be more business promotion, and more workers would find jobs. And we would be able to look into the future without fearful forebodings.

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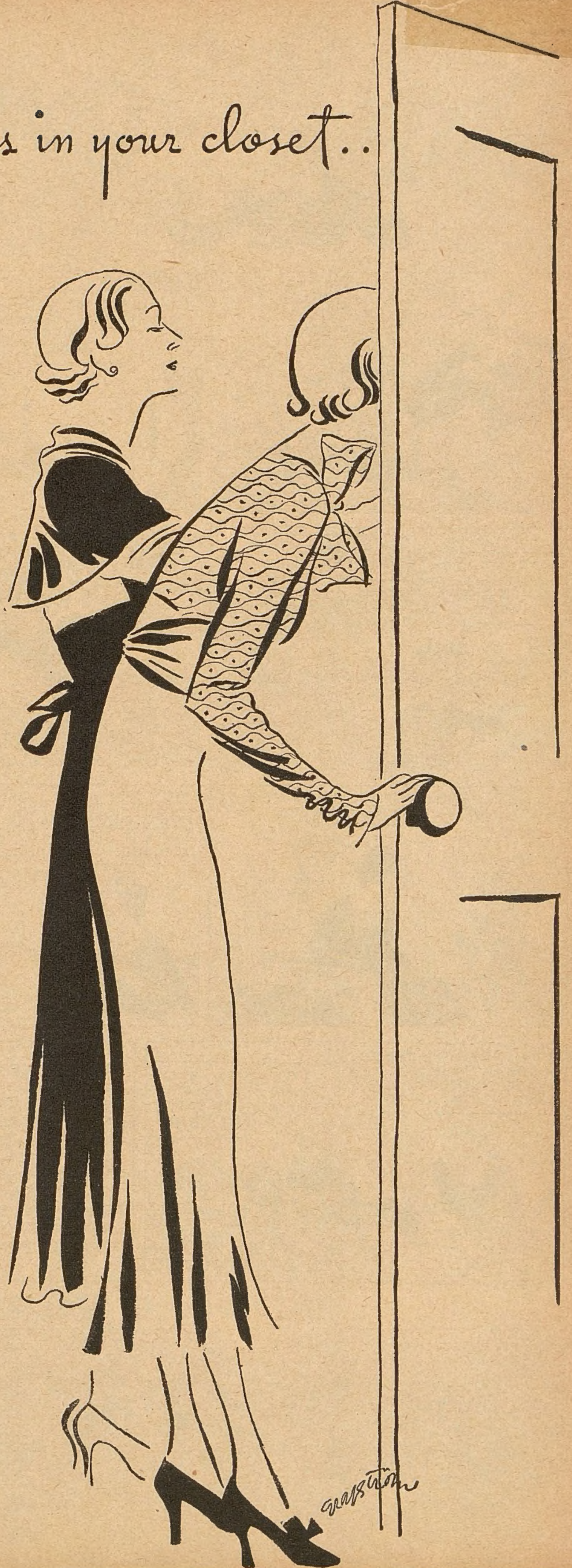
# Let's count the frocks in your closet..

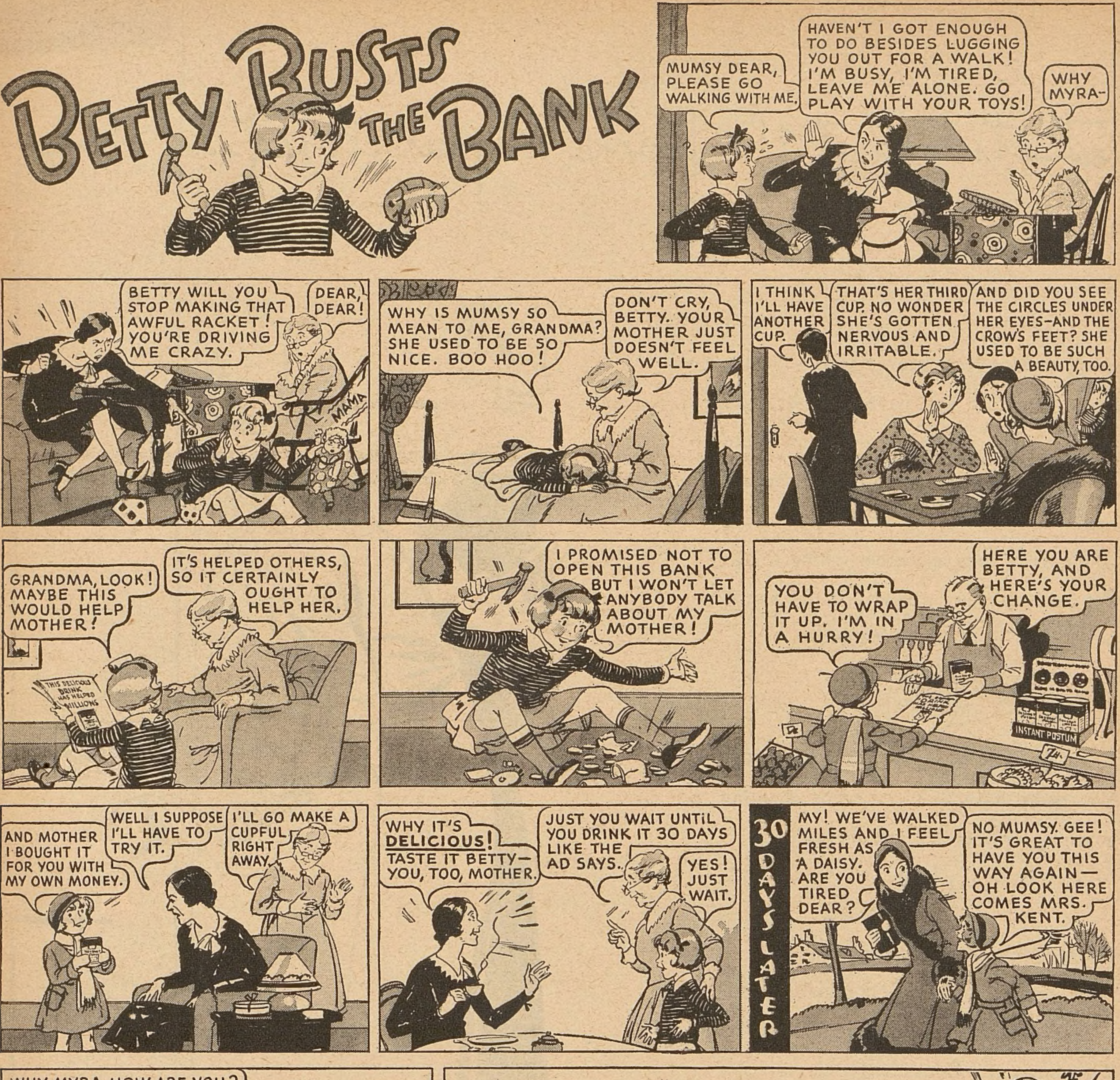


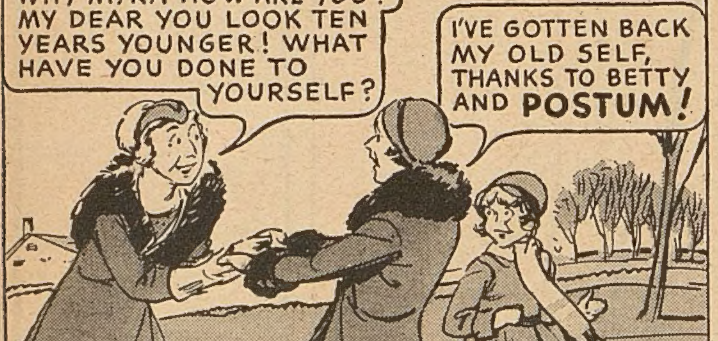
Even without looking over your shoulder, we'll guess that you have a bright print frock, a town ensemble, and a few quite devastating dresses for dinner and dancing. Right now, too, you're probably planning new tweedy suits and other Spring things. But you can't buy a new *face,* no matter how "worn" it may look at times.

That deserves some thought, doesn't it? You really have to use care in choosing anything for your *one* and *only* face.

No wonder, then, that so many girls — with matchlessly clear, young-looking complexions—always buy Coty Face Powder. They appreciate Coty's twelve clever blends — that offer a true match for *every* skin. And they adore Coty fragrances, with the subtlety that suggests Paris. Pure and safe, Coty Face Powder is *just one dollar,* at good drug and department stores everywhere.

Coty


BETTY BUSTS THE BANK
MUMSY DEAR, PLEASE GO WALKING WITH ME.
HAVEN'T I GOT ENOUGH TO DO BESIDES LUGGING YOU OUT FOR A WALK! I'M BUSY, I'M TIRED, LEAVE ME ALONE. GO PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS!
WHY MYRA-
BETTY WILL YOU STOP MAKING THAT AWFUL RACKET? YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY.
DEAR, DEAR!
MAMA
WHY IS MUMSY SO MEAN TO ME, GRANDMA? SHE USED TO BE SO NICE. BOO HOO!
DON'T CRY, BETTY. YOUR MOTHER JUST DOESN'T FEEL WELL.
I THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CUP.
THAT'S HER THIRD CUP. NO WONDER SHE'S GOTTEN NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE.
AND DID YOU SEE THE CIRCLES UNDER HER EYES—AND THE CROW'S FEET? SHE USED TO BE SUCH A BEAUTY, TOO.
GRANDMA, LOOK! MAYBE THIS WOULD HELP MOTHER!
IT'S HELPED OTHERS, SO IT CERTAINLY OUGHT TO HELP HER.
THIS DELICIOUS DRINK HAS HELPED MILLIONS
I PROMISED NOT TO OPEN THIS BANK BUT I WON'T LET ANYBODY TALK ABOUT MY MOTHER!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WRAP IT UP. I'M IN A HURRY!
HERE YOU ARE BETTY, AND HERE'S YOUR CHANGE.
INSTANT POSTUM
AND MOTHER I BOUGHT IT FOR YOU WITH MY OWN MONEY.
WELL I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO TRY IT.
I'LL GO MAKE A CUPFUL RIGHT AWAY.
WHY IT'S DELICIOUS! TASTE IT BETTY— YOU, TOO, MOTHER.
JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL YOU DRINK IT 30 DAYS LIKE THE AD SAYS.
YES! JUST WAIT.
30 DAYS LATER
MY! WE'VE WALKED MILES AND I FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY. ARE YOU TIRED DEAR?
NO MUMSY. GEE! IT'S GREAT TO HAVE YOU THIS WAY AGAIN— OH LOOK HERE COMES MRS. KENT.


WHY MYRA HOW ARE YOU? MY DEAR YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?
I'VE GOTTEN BACK MY OLD SELF, THANKS TO BETTY AND POSTUM!

DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF! OFTEN NERVES AND "GROUCHINESS" ARE DUE TO CAFFEIN. CAFFEIN STIMULATION MAY BE INTERFERING WITH THE REST YOUR BODY NEEDS, WHIPPING YOUR NERVES TO EXHAUSTION, SPOILING YOUR DISPOSITION. THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN HAVE AVOIDED CAFFEIN STIMULATION BY TURNING TO **POSTUM.** FOR POSTUM CONTAINS NO CAFFEIN. TRY IT FOR 30 DAYS. SEE HOW MUCH BETTER YOU FEEL. ORDER FROM YOUR GROCER OR MAIL THE COUPON FOR A WEEK'S FREE SUPPLY.

L. 4-32

## TASTING IS BELIEVING

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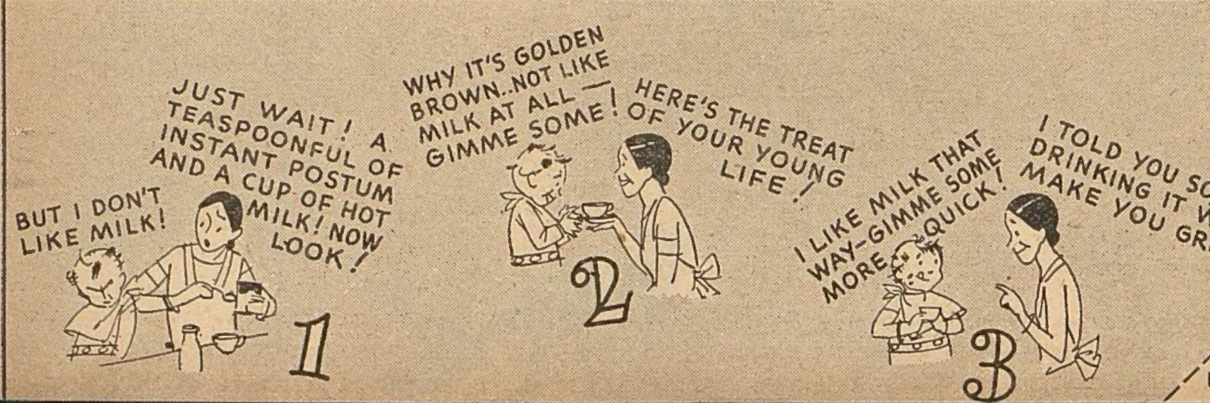
JUST WAIT! A TEASPOONFUL OF INSTANT POSTUM AND A CUP OF HOT MILK! NOW LOOK!
BUT I DON'T LIKE MILK!
1
WHY IT'S GOLDEN BROWN..NOT LIKE MILK AT ALL— GIMME SOME!
HERE'S THE TREAT OF YOUR YOUNG LIFE!
2
I LIKE MILK THAT WAY-GIMME SOME MORE-QUICK!
I TOLD YOU SO, AND DRINKING IT WILL MAKE YOU GROW.
3

WANT A SAMPLE OF INSTANT POSTUM FREE? — THIS COUPON WILL BRING YOU ONE.

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Wide World photo

"HERBERT HOOVER is himself. He follows his own line."

# CAN Mr. HOOVER Be Re-elected?

## A Dispassionate Appraisal of His Chances, in the Light of His Record

By JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 10 min. 50 sec.)

PRESIDENT HOOVER stands right on the X which marks the spot where the election of 1932 will occur. He is determined to succeed himself, and prove to the country that his name need not go down to history as the synonym of national

of the Democrats say they need no other issue, no platform, not even a candidate—just the name Herbert Hoover—to sweep the country. Some of the Republicans insist that he is a man of sad and lonely strength, a sort of tragic demigod, doomed to suffer in silence for the sins of the

CAN MR. HOOVER BE RE-ELECTED?
Continued from page seven

American people. Most of us merely see a serious and isolated man who means well, tries hard, and is doing his utmost to serve the country in his own way. A humorless and earnest public figure—his friends say he is not humorless at all, but his sense of humor comes out only in private—who deserves better luck, and with that luck might go down to history as one of our abler leaders.

Whatever the facts are, Herbert Hoover is himself. He does not pretend to be a hero, saint, or second Lincoln. He is neither an imitation Roosevelt nor a synthetic Wilson. He may or may not be a good President, a great man, but he does not hesitate to follow his own line against all advice and all indications of public opinion.

This is damnable in the eyes of those who wish to stampede him into action. As a result, he is one of the best-cursed men in public life; and public opinion once estranged is like a faithless wife—never quite the same again.

AS for his temperamental fitness for the job of Chief Executive, there is a difference of opinion among our political crooners. He is methodical and stubborn in an age which likes boldness and energy. He is so thin-skinned that, like many of our public men, he tends to regard all hostile criticism as inspired by the Evil One and so allows himself to be drawn into stupid little brawls with those who oppose his policies. He is constitutional in an age which is getting pretty tired of the Constitution. He is lacking in political sex appeal. He has not that "it" which marks most popular leaders, and his followers must take him with their eyes open and their mouths shut. He is as undramatic as a porcelain bathtub, as unspectacular as a cash register, as unmagnetic as a telegraph pole—but, like all of these articles, he is extremely useful and practically inevitable.

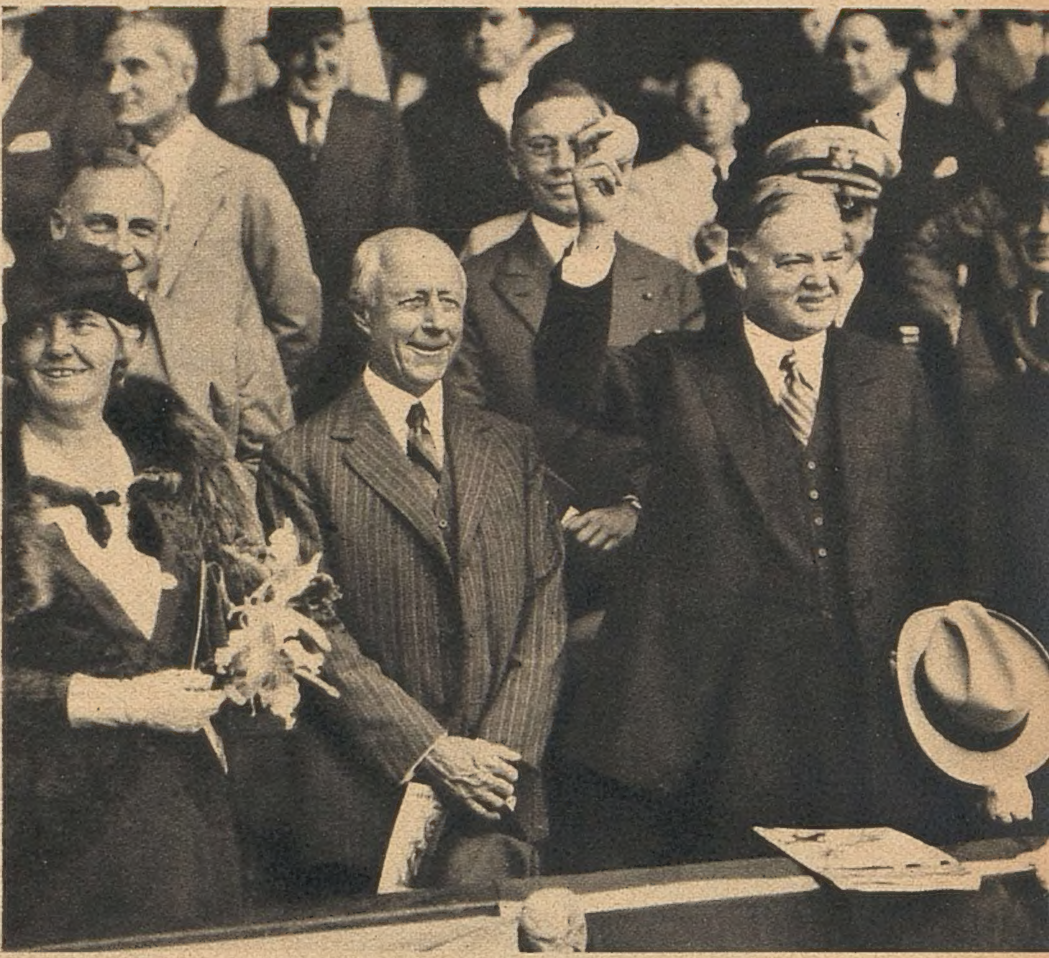
He will be the candidate of the Republican Party, bar death or revolution. And whoever votes for him will do so with resignation, desperation, hope, confidence, or by force of habit, but entirely without enthusiasm—except for a loyal band of Hoover believers who have stuck to him through thick and thin.

He will make a fairly good candidate, as he is adept in evading issues, and in an election year "issues" are simply irrelevant means by which the opposition converts prejudice into votes. He will have behind him the record of three and a half tough years as President during the world's greatest depression, in which he contrived to keep his head, do nothing foolish, and maintain the political principles for which he stood in 1928: individual liberty within the law (including the prohibition law), and collective action to promote national rather than individual welfare.

His opponents will challenge him to debate prohibition, unemployment, farm relief, tariff reduction, water power, and foreign policy. He will leave them to his party's sandbaggers and will talk blandly about peace, prosperity, and American ideals. He will not only refuse to fight: he will also refuse to run away; and he will depend upon the morale and momentum of his party and the sense of the American people to vindicate him and all his works. His friends declare that he will offer a specific program during the coming campaign.

Although this is excellent political strategy, he is a poor party politician. He has never grasped the principle of "divide and rule" as applied to the Congressional rough-and-tumble. He lets his enemies gang up on him and then directs his political tactics at their strongest, rather than their weakest, point. His enemies say he is convicted of the unforgivable sin of party politics, ingratitude—as one after another of the men and women who secured his nomination and election in 1928 has been forced to walk the plank out of national politics and out of public life. That's bad for the morale of his party, which follows him now largely because failure to do so would reveal its own political bankruptcy. He is hated by the Senate, has no control of his party in the House, and the elections of 1930 and 1931 have wiped out his party's majority and have indicated that the tide of political opinion is against him.

As a statesman he is anybody's guess. He lacks the spark of showmanship needed in political leadership. He works too far in the background and too close to business fundamentals to tickle the more moral fancies of the American people. He is patient and optimistic, and yet strangely irritable in his approach to particular political problems. He is reported to prefer "yes men" around him and is impatient of disagreement. His intimates deny this; they say few executives are more willing to hear disagreeable truths or to take advice.


Wide World photo
*Throwing out the first ball at a 1931 World Series game in Philadelphia. At the left is Mrs. Hoover. Between her and the President is Secretary of the Navy Adams.*

He has not understood that leadership in a democracy involves the knack of suffering fools gladly. He does not appear to realize that even though at times it is best to do nothing, it is necessary to appear to be doing something. During the great depression he has acted like the general who, whatever his feelings, does not hesitate to sacrifice his troops to win a position. He has refused to dramatize himself as the compassionate father of his country.

HIS record in office is sound without being exciting. His chief mistakes have been the signature of a neolithic tariff, the national neglect of the national problem of unemployment, the evasion of the prohibition problem, and—if we are to believe the propaganda of the admirals—the steady weakening of our naval defense. His chief achievements have been the creation of the Federal Farm Board, the naval agreement with England and Japan, the moratorium on war debts and reparations, the utilization of the world's peace machinery to promote American policy in Manchuria, the stabilization of our financial machinery, the staving off of a dole and bonus grab from the Federal Treasury, and the improvement in the business machinery of the government.

President Hoover goes into the campaign with lukewarm supporters and vigorous opponents. The farmers who elected him in 1928 have had two years of low prices, foreclosures, and destitution. Despite the upturn in the wheat market in the fall of 1931, there is no guaranty that they will have recovered their world markets in 1932. The farm vote cannot be counted upon in the Presidential sweepstakes. The prohibitionists are strong for him, but they represent a receding cause. The Native Americans are still for him in theory, but in practice they are mostly in the South where Republican votes don't count. The big bankers are more or less for him, but unless he can secure their foreign investments by canceling the war debts and lowering the tariff, they won't stick to him. The big manufacturers and the railroads should be for him, but the railroads have lost their fight for an increase in rates and the manufacturers have lost so much money that they'll fall for any party which promises a miraculous return to Coolidge prosperity, and Hoover is too honest to do that.

Wide World photo

*Christmas shopping in a Washington department store. At the President's right is his son Allan, and at his left are Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr., and her husband.*

Against him are ranged the reactionary bosses of the Democratic Solid South. The Liberals of the North and the Progressives of the West detest him. The wets no longer pretend to believe that he is not a thorough dry. The foreign vote tends to the Democratic side, and eight million unemployed and twenty million impoverished Americans are being taught to blame Hoover for all their troubles. The popular odds are all against him.

HIS record can be played to almost any tune which the rabble rousers desire to call; and most people, so far as they think politically, believe that the sequence of events is a clear proof of cause and effect. We elected Hoover in 1928, and we had a panic in 1929 and a depression ever since. We elected Hoover in 1928, and in 1931 we were deeply involved in European politics and had our representative sitting on the Council of the League of Nations. We elected Hoover in 1928, and now, for the first time in nearly forty years, we have serious social unrest and the growth of revolutionary sentiment. We also have the ghastly mess of prohibition and the worst farm crisis since the '90s. This is what Hoover has cost the country in the eyes of all simple people who believe that a President has all but supernatural powers over the behavior of the human race.

What can he offer the country to offset this demagogic indictment? Long-range economic wisdom may be on his side, but an election is a short-range affair. His policy may be leading America to world power; but you can't eat world power if you're hungry. The restoration of local self-government may be inherent in all of his domestic policies, and the stressing of the value of individual initiative may be necessary to prevent social dry rot in an age which clamors to let George do it; but local politics can't solve urgent national problems quickly, and rugged individualism is at a discount in an age of machinery. When people have been turned out of their homes, they don't give a damn for what is constitutional and best for everybody in the long run.

His whole policy is too stodgy to appeal to the voters or to inspire them to solve their own problems. On prohibition, he is a dry politically, but not a fanatic. He opposes the dole and prefers charity as a means of relieving economic distress. He made his reputation as an administrator of charity. He believes that each community should look after its own unemployed, not pass the buck to Washington. He believes in the private operation of business, including public utilities. He wants to settle social unrest by creating a nation of home-owning and home-loving families who will pay off their mortgages and be content with things as they are.

His program for farm relief is to lend the farm organizations federal funds to enable them to organize and improve their business methods. He believes that the tariff can be slowly modified by scientific procedure, and that in the meantime the push it has given to foreign tariffs is moving the world on toward a more sensible organization of its economic life. In short, Herbert Hoover is essentially a middle-class man with an excellent middle-class mind and a solid, stolid, middle-class policy.

AND he has started more things moving internationally than any American leader since Wilson. His tariff is leading to a new economic alignment of Europe and the British Empire. His moratorium has started a diplomatic free-for-all in Europe that may lead to a complete revision of the peace treaties. He has started the United States on the road to socialism, through his farm and bank policies. His peace and disarmament policies are leading to a revision of the political map of Asia and to a reorganization of power in Europe. What the man in the street calls his panic has led to the financial coöperation of France and America to maintain the gold standard against the world.

If reëlected, he may push through some of the things which he has started, but he cannot do much harm or good. No one man can. He can perhaps move his country a little closer to a new social and economic order, based upon American traditions in politics and upon capitalistic organization in economics. He can perhaps move the world a little closer to a new organization of its power and resources, based on diplomatic coöperation and international finance.

He may be able to shift finance a little from purely private and speculative channels in the direction of political and social progress. That's not much, but it might be worth having.

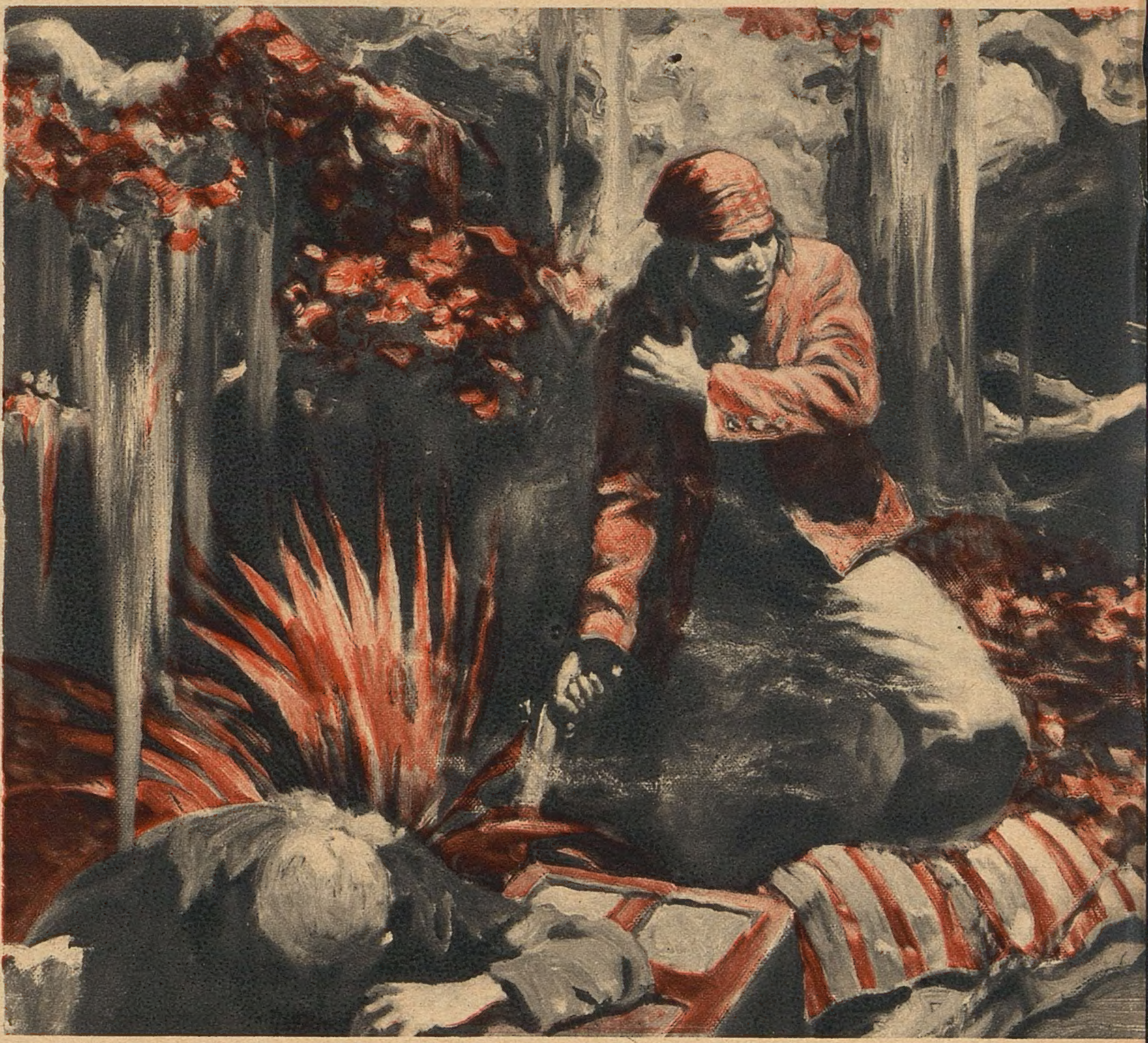
His chance of securing the Republican nomination is unexcelled. He controls the party machinery, the delegates, the jobs with which to bribe the bosses, the publicity with which to dope the rank and file. At the moment of writing, his chances of being elected still seem rotten, judged by the usual standards. Not once in our history has the President of a panic year been reelected.

His only chance of breaking the charm and retaining office must lie beyond the normal calculations of politics. With the *mechanical* odds against him, he can be saved only by a sort of *chemical* change in the electorate—an appeal to the darkest fears and purest patriotism of the American people. He must somehow manage to make the campaign a struggle between Good and Evil. He can embark on a second term only if he is prepared to use the Stars and Stripes, the Ten Commandments, and the American Constitution as a gangplank. Some of us believe that he is too honest and too big a man to pay that price for reëlection.

THE END

By
KONRAD
BERCOVICI

# PIRATES



*Pierre Ralli and his men were betrayed by a disgruntled drunken half-breed.*

*(Reading time: 27 minutes 10 seconds.)*

ON the shores of the Louisiana bayous, in an island parish peopled by Cajuns, Acadians, and French half-breeds, there lived once a trapper who went by the name of Pierre Ralli. Tall, thin, wide-eyed, sharp-nosed, copper brown, and red-headed, in the early thirties, Pierre spoke little but laughed loudly and often when he appeared at the trader's post to sell his furs. Though most of the Cajuns carried their weapons where they could be seen—in their copper-studded leather belts—Pierre seemingly traveled unarmed. He needed no weapons. His wits and his long, sinewy arms were much more efficient than knives or pistols could ever be. And so no one ever picked a quarrel with him.

When asked where he lived, Pierre pointed somewhere eastward, straightened his shoulders, threw his head back, and laughed so significantly no man ever asked again the same question.

Even when he sat about the fireplace at the trading post with trappers, dealers, and Indians waiting for a let-up in the storm, Pierre never unloosed his tongue.

He had inherited his silent habits, Pierre, from his half-Indian mother, but he had come by the flaming red hair and loud laughter from his father, a descendant of Don Alessandro Reilly, that impetuous Irishman sent by the Spanish to govern Louisiana after Don Ulua had been driven out ignominiously by the French habitants.

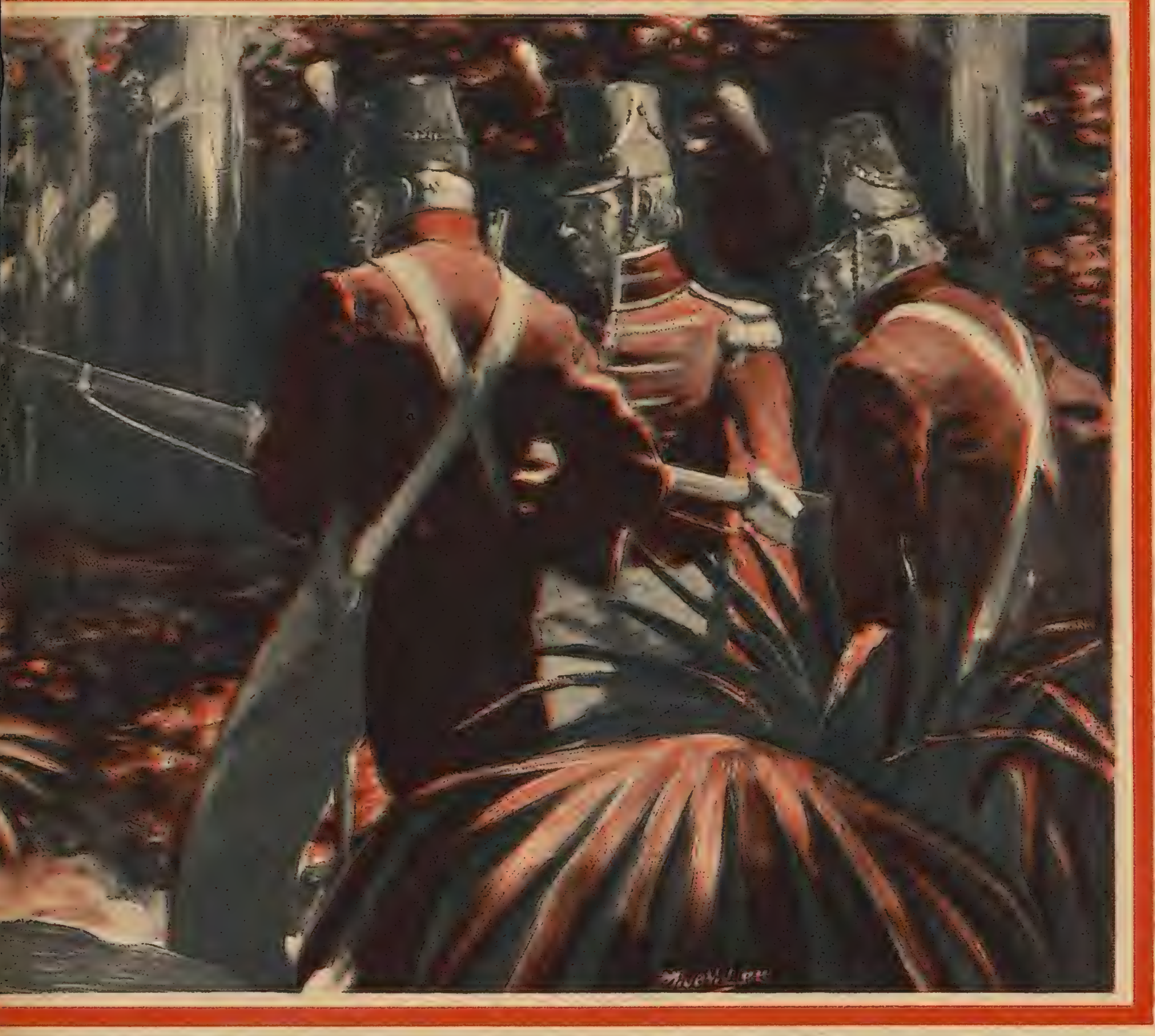
Those were the days when Daniel Boone had hitched his horse close to the Mississippi River because he no longer had enough elbow room in the plains of Kentucky. In those days Louisiana was still being tossed about between the French and the Spanish governments, until Napoleon finally sold the province to the United States, to buy with the proceeds a new toy for one of his lady friends. These changes had affected Pierre Ralli, the Cajun fishermen, and the Indians but little. They still governed themselves according to laws that ruled the beasts in the forests and the water fowl in the rivers and marshes, and the rising and falling of the rivers and lakes.

Pierre and people like him. who lived in forests and on river islands, depended on their boats, on the sharpness of their eyes and the strength of their arms for food and shelter and pleasure, and not on governments.

And when a man needed a woman he hunted for one. When he found his choice he laid his traps for her, according to circumstances—baiting her like a fish, or pursuing her with spear and gun as one hunted the buffalo.

# THREE

## *A Saga of the Louisiana Bayous*



*Pictures by*
MANNING
DE V. LEE

It was in this latter manner that Pierre brought a wife into his hut. He had sold his furs early that spring at Natchez, and had pushed on leisurely within sight of curving and winding shores until he had reached the mouth of the waters at New Orleans. There he had hidden his boat in the rushes, and had gone down to the Place d'Armes, in front of the Cabildo, the governor's seat, to watch the festival in honor of the installation of a new governor. The people were dancing. A young lady attracted Pierre's attention. After he had danced with her a few turns he disappeared with her from the square.

THE mother of Elisa Gaudon waited in vain for her daughter's return that night and the following day and for weeks to come. That daughter of hers, still in her *crinière* of gay calico and bonnet, as she had gone to the dance, was on her way to Pierre's hut. While the mother was wringing her hands and the governor's men searched high and low, the young woman, Elisa, was helping her red-headed, half-Irish, half-Indian husband to enlarge his mud hut, roofed with cypress logs, and was learning how to keep a slow, steady fire in the primitive oven of her new home.

She wept a little occasionally, but her tears did not disconcert Pierre in the least. She had not left the dance on the square too willingly. She had wept much more when he had taken the gag out of her mouth after he had rowed his waiting boat away. But there was so much to do to keep alive, a woman had but little time for weeping. And Pierre Ralli knew how to keep his wife busy. Traps had to be oiled and smoked to remove the scent of human hands; skins had to be stretched, wood had to be gathered, fish had to be cleaned and dried in the sun.

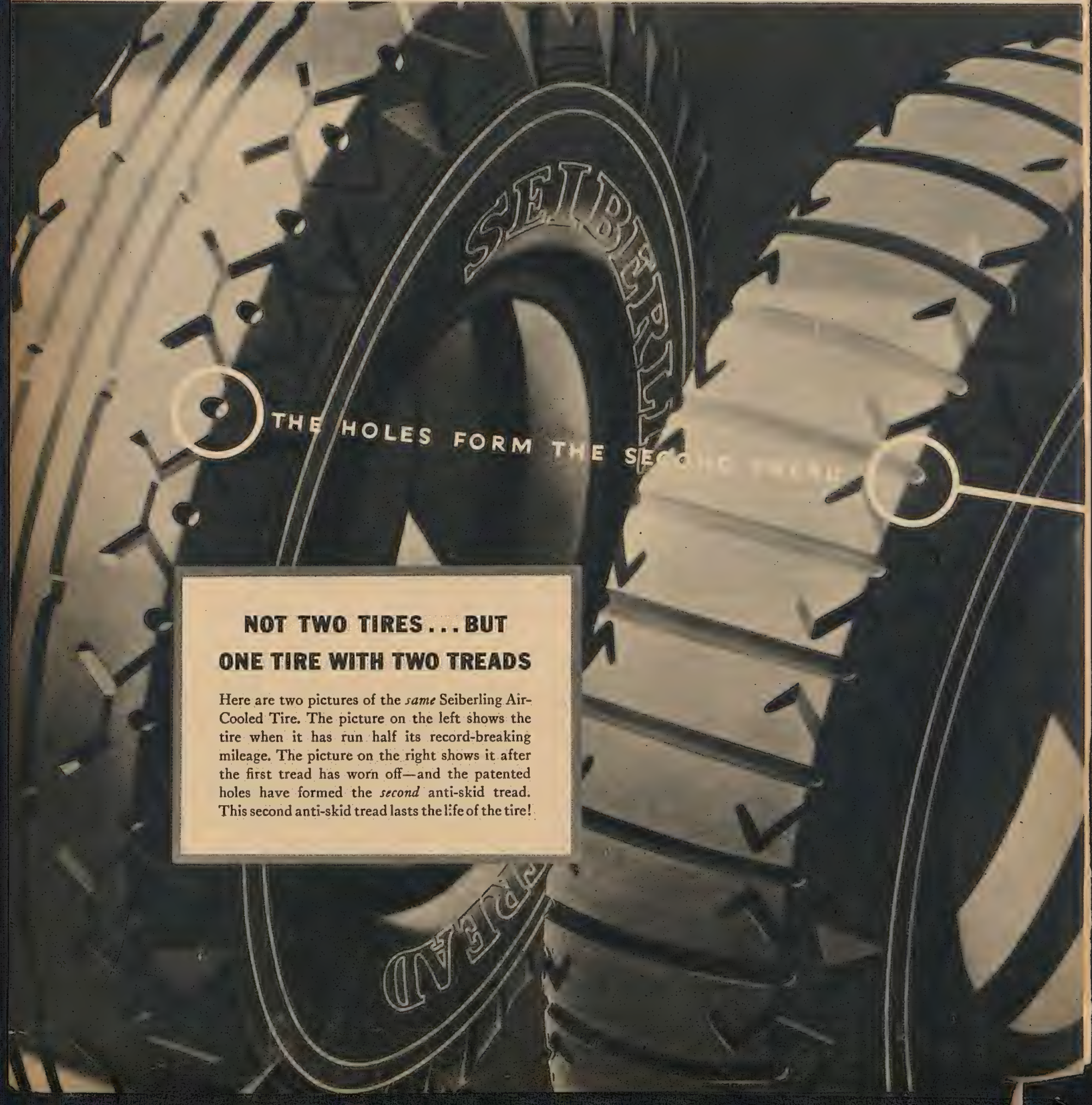
She worked hard; harder than she had ever worked, Elisa; yet, when night came, Pierre's eyes were more eloquent than the smooth words she had heard from the lips of the young men who had courted her in New Orleans; and so she forgot her family, forgave her husband for having carried her away by force from her home, and was happy—because Pierre was happy.

When Pierre rowed to the trading post the following spring, he perched his Elisa like a trophy on top of his bundles of furs, but she was so alarmed at the sight of men and their noises, and so repelled by their presence, that she begged her husband to take her back home immediately. Pierre had believed she would want to see her mother again; that she would want to give birth to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN]

# A Famous Tire Inventor Presents the Greatest of Tire Inventions

# THE TIRE THAT



### NOT TWO TIRES . . . BUT ONE TIRE WITH TWO TREADS

Here are two pictures of the *same* Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire. The picture on the left shows the tire when it has run half its record-breaking mileage. The picture on the right shows it after the first tread has worn off—and the patented holes have formed the *second* anti-skid tread. This second anti-skid tread lasts the life of the tire!

MR. F. A. SEIBERLING invented the straight-side tire, the tire-building machine and today's cord tire. Now he offers to American motorists tiredom's greatest contribution to motoring safety—the new Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire.

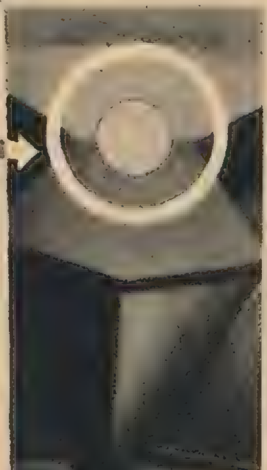
# NEVER WEARS SMOOTH!

## *It's breaking Mileage Records!*
## *It's Safe to the last Mile!*

THE ordinary tire is anti-skid for only half its life. After that half-way mark, the tire becomes smooth, slippery, dangerous.

The new Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire—made on an entirely new principle—never wears smooth. When its first thick anti-skid wears off, the patented holes form a *second* anti-skid tread. A tread with just as much of a bulldog grip as the first. A tread that lasts, and protects, right down to the last mile!

No other tire in the world offers you this life-long anti-skid protection. No other tire saves you, and your family, from the risk of driving with only smooth rubber between your car and a slippery road. For the basic patents and the machinery with which the Air-Cooled Tire is made are exclusively Seiberling's.



Right—*These holes provide air-cooled, air-cushioned tread.*

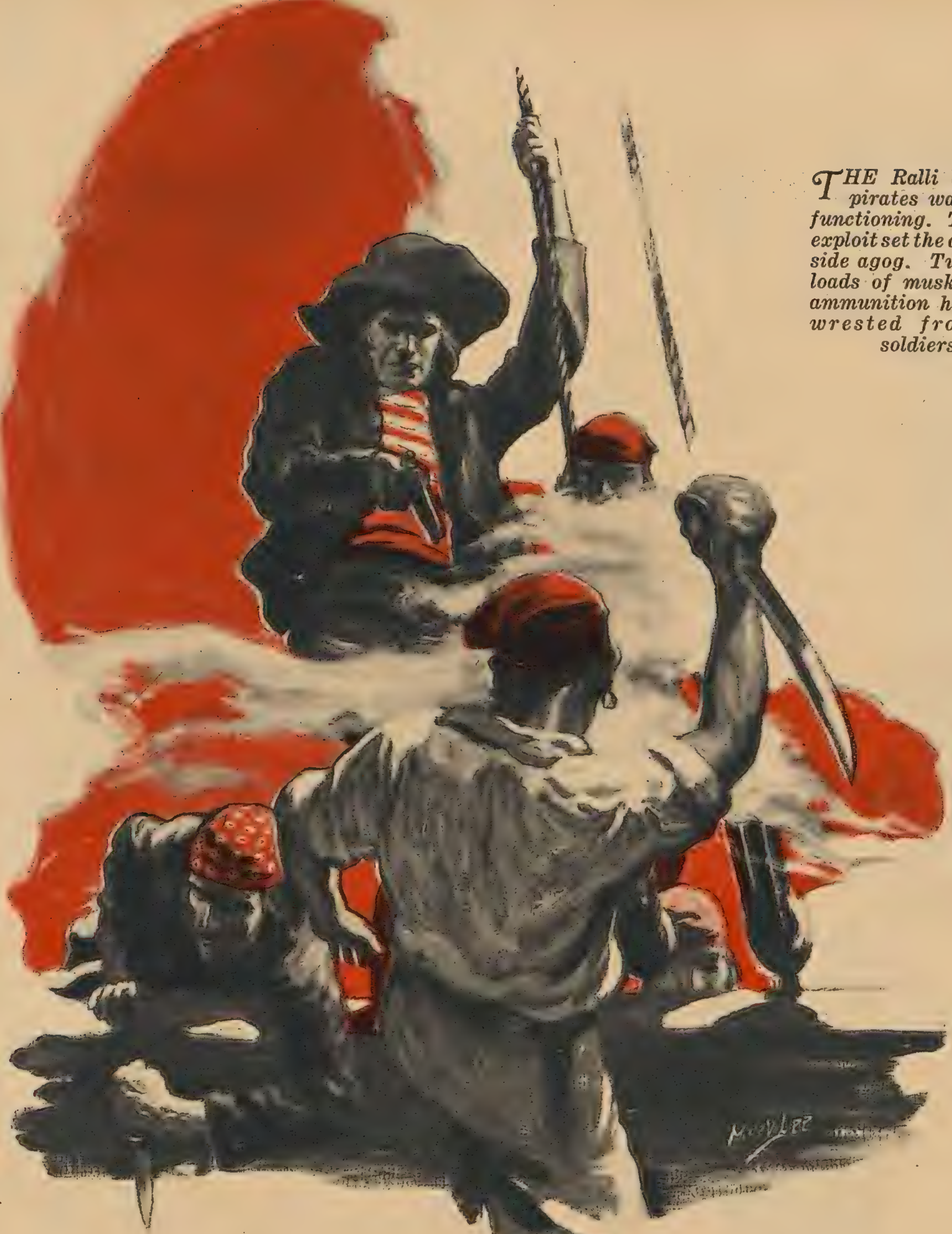
### *Far Greater Mileage*

Because of its exclusive construction, this new tire drastically revises all former "long-mileage" ideas. The patented holes, by carrying off destructive heat, permit the thickest tread ever put on a tire. This continually cool tire, with its double anti-skid tread, has proved that it is capable of running up almost unbelievable mileage. The double tread also makes the Air-Cooled Tire more nearly puncture-proof and burst-proof than any other tire built.

Air-Cooled Tires cost little more than other first quality tires. And they're more economical because of the far greater mileage two treads—two *anti-skid* treads—make possible.

Have your Seiberling dealer show you this marvelous new tire—show you how much easier your car rides on its air-cushioned tread—show you how little it will cost you to give your family and yourself this added safety from today on! Write Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, for name of nearest Seiberling dealer.

# SEIBERLING
# AIR-COOLED TIRES



*THE Ralli band of pirates was again functioning. The first exploit set the countryside agog. Two boatloads of muskets and ammunition had been wrested from the soldiers.*

PIRATES THREE
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his son in her parents' home, and perhaps call the priest to baptize it. But Elisa refused.

"I am Elisa Gaudon no more. I hate New Orleans. I am the wife of Pierre Ralli. Go home and have Pierre thrown in jail? No, no, monsieur. *Voila!*"

In exchange for beads and blankets, an elderly Indian woman joined them on their way homeward. A few weeks later, just before the big rains, Elisa gave birth to twins—two sons that looked so alike, their own mother could not distinguish one from the other. The gray eyes were of the Gaudons, but the red hair was of their father, and only its coarseness showed the inheritance of Indian blood.

Was it because Pierre now had to provide for a family, or was it because he craved excitement, that he suddenly turned to be one of the most feared and audacious smugglers and pirates of the bayous? At the head of a dozen silent half-breeds, Pierre glided swiftly over rivers and lakes and into the Gulf of Mexico, no longer to trap muskrats but to loot stockades and posts, to empty the holds of sailing boats, and to smuggle merchandise over border lines and waterways.

But while his men spent their nights in the dives of Natchez and New Orleans, Pierre returned with the best of the loot to Elisa after each expedition; Elisa Gaudon waiting in the hut hidden by the tall grasses of the river marshes.

For ten years Pierre Ralli ruled the bayous with quiet violence, and during those ten years the bag of gold, hidden where only he and his wife knew, grew heavier and heavier. Then something happened. He and his men were betrayed by a disgruntled drunken half-breed. Pierre Ralli's band was scattered. The leader killed. The police could find no trace of the treasures Pierre had hidden. They questioned his wife. She knew nothing. She had seen nothing.

Elisa cared little for the treasures Pierre had left her, but she adored her two sons. Neither the police, nor anyone else, knew that she had more than one; for Pierre and Jean had been trained never to show themselves when strangers were around. Pierre Ralli was dead and had to be avenged. She and her sons were three against the world; and the world did not know that they were more than two.

Elisa Ralli, or Old Elisa, as she was called, was feared by that whole wild primitive neighborhood of isolated and shy trappers and hunters. She appeared but rarely at the trading posts and at the doors of shops and stores that grew up, yet everybody was afraid of her. She was Pierre Ralli's widow.

"*La vieille Elisa* [old Elisa], has been seen today."

Her son, the only one as it was believed, Pierre Jean, who accompanied her frequently, was tall and large for his age, laughed loudly.

"*Telle mère, tel fils* [as the mother so the son]," the people said.

One morning the newly landed young parish priest came to ask Elisa to come to church and to behave like a good Christian. She received the *abbé* politely enough, but grinned when he mentioned the power of God and the mercy of Christ.

"I have greater powers than they have," she said arrogantly. "Tie Pierre Jean to a tree with a stout rope, where I cannot see him, and I shall untie him while you hold my hands and watch me. I shall make him appear before us before you can say amen."

"Show me."

She did. The *abbé* didn't know there were two Pierre Jeans. After that the bewildered *abbé* only helped spread the tale of Elisa Ralli's supernatural powers. Women, French and half-breeds, came to her with pieces of silver and fox skins in their hands, to beg her help to regain the lost love of such husbands as had become too friendly with the Indians. Girls came to her for love potions. She exorcised sickness and sterility out of cattle and people. She brought down every kind of misfortune upon the heads of enemies.

The two Pierre Jeans enjoyed their mother's pranks and laughed so loudly that lovers gliding quietly down the river in the flat-bottomed boats, and fishermen returning home with their catches, avoided the Ralli hut, because a thousand devils were laughing and singing there at the same time.

THE gold Pierre Ralli had left to his widow seemed inexhaustible. There wasn't anything too good or too expensive for Elisa and her children. The boys' coat buttons were of real gold.

When the Pierre Jeans were sixteen, Elisa sent the elder one to New Orleans to buy winter moccasins for the family. And though the habitants returning from New Orleans reported that they had seen Pierre Jean on the market place and in the dancing halls, disporting himself and spending money freely, others had seen Pierre Jean every eveningtide take in the fish nets from in front of the Ralli hut.

By the time they were eighteen the Pierre Jeans, true sons of their father, had inspired terror in the people of the neighborhood. They lifted the muskrats and beavers out of other people's traps, drew in other people's nets, and hunted upon other people's preserves. When a gamekeeper, a stranger to the neighborhood, arrested one of the boys for poaching, the second one appeared at his door, grinning and taunting him, until the scared man released the prisoner who was both inside and outside the jail. On Sundays one Pierre Jean went fishing while the other danced with reluctant and scared girls on the green in front of the church, and the mother leaned on her stick and grinned until the fiddlers, scared out of their wits, broke the strings, and the people ran away, leaving Pierre Jean alone to hug and kiss the trembling girl of his choice.

It was in the middle of the summer. Day after day the three Rallis had stayed in their hut while the rain had poured incessantly, beating a steady tattoo on the thatched roof and on the windows. The two boys sat about the fire and listened to their mother's tales of the bravery of their father.

On the tenth day the older Pierre Jean said he would row to New Orleans. He could no longer stay indoors. His mother begged him to wait a few days: the swollen river was boiling. But Pierre Jean insisted.

"I am going, mother."

Filling his purse with gold and silver pieces, Pierre Jean bade his mother and his brother good-by as he stepped into the flat-bottomed boat that bobbed up and down at its moorings. The undercurrents pulled this way and that and whirled and gurgled about him, but he pulled vigorously at the oars. Yet, five hours later he was not more than one hour's distance from home. He rowed on, despite fatigue, despite darkness. He was Pierre Jean Ralli. Pierre Ralli's son. Elisa Ralli's son. And he was rowing to New Orleans.

LATE that night Pierre Jean's boat was grounded upon a little island. He knocked at the first door. Paul Muro, the fisherman, lit a torch to look at the stranger. Recognizing Pierre Jean Ralli, he stepped back for a moment. He would have thrust him out, for the son of Old Elisa could bring nothing but misfortune to any house, but, trembling with fear, he revived the fire in the birch oven and bade the young man to dry himself before it.

When Louise Muro, the fisherman's young daughter, awoke in the morning and saw a pale, red-headed youth stretched out on her father's bed, she looked at her anxious parents with questioning eyes.

Though the boy's hut was only a few hours away, the fisherman refused to let Old Elisa know that her son was lying ill. She might believe the Muros were responsible for his illness and bring down the fury of the Evil One on their heads. The fisherman's wife argued that it was better to let Elisa know before the spirits told her of her son's plight, but the husband refused to move.

Louise Muro was twenty—warm-fleshed, full-bosomed, wide-shouldered, full-lipped, and dark-eyed. She had never seen a youth as handsome as Pierre Jean. The mother looked at her daughter and her heart shriveled. Yet she allowed the girl to take charge of the sick boy. Having helped her father to undress the half-unconscious boy, Louise set about to minister to Pierre Jean, to wipe his sweating brow and to wet the parched lips that pursed themselves like those of a baby seeking the breast of the mother.

So this was Pierre Jean Ralli! That helpless, sick, pale, innocent-looking boy was the terror of the neighborhood and the sorceress' son! Louise looked at him. He was handsome; he could not be as bad, as dangerous, as people said.

For nine days and nine long nights Louise watched over the delirious boy, while the rain poured incessantly, drumming an intricate pattern of beats on roof and windows, and splashing in the puddles of the roads.

On the tenth day Pierre Jean relaxed, stretched his limbs, and fell asleep. A dozen or more hours later he opened slowly his intense gray eyes, and meeting the two dark eyes of the full-bosomed girl, he asked weakly:

"What has happened?"

"Sleep," Louise admonished, with tears of joy in her eyes. "Sleep." And, unable to contain herself any longer, she bent over and, kissing him again and again, she repeated, "Sleep. Sleep."

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PIRATES THREE
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The following morning Paul Muro and his wife rowed to the Widow Ralli's island to inform her of what had happened. But they saw Pierre Jean; with their own eyes they saw Pierre Jean whom they had left in their hut, singing gayly at the top of his voice in the hut of his mother.

The Muros paddled quickly away before anyone had seen them, convinced old Elisa had already gotten her son back on a broomstick through the chimney of their home.

When the fisherman and his wife returned to their home, they found Pierre Jean, still as pale as they had left him, sitting upon the bed with their daughter's arm about his neck.

Fate had decided that their only daughter should be drawn into the net of the sorceress. People were like fish: all in the same water and only a few straggled into the nets of the fisherman. And those few were generally the best, the ones who searched more vigorously for their food and their mates.

Pierre Jean said that he wanted to return to his home. But Louise would not hear of it, despite the entreaties of her parents. When they threatened to tell her something that would make her shiver from head to foot, she answered that she knew Pierre Jean was Elisa Ralli's son, and that there was nothing they could tell her that would make her afraid of him. Afraid of Pierre Jean! No more than if she had brought him up at her own breast. She recalled the childlike pursing lips she had moistened—moistened with her kisses when she had despaired of him. Afraid of Pierre Jean—indeed!

A few days later, however, after promising Louise to return soon, Pierre Jean rowed back home.

During the following week the Muros found two muskrats and two beavers in traps set for one, and each catch had a silver piece between its teeth. Unseen hands laid beautiful bonnets and rolls of calico at the fisherman's doorstep, and gold pieces rolled in when they opened the door in the morning.

Two weeks later Pierre Jean returned, handsomer than ever, his boat loaded to the brim with furs and viands for the Muros. He moored his craft, unloaded it, and called for Louise. And Louise, more animated than her parents had ever seen her, garbed in a new calico dress, with a new red bonnet on her head, ran out at the sound of Pierre Jean's voice.

Pierre caught her around the hips, raised her high above his head, placed her beside him, and rowed away down the river. Natives, letting the nets fall out of their hands, watched them glide by and crossed themselves rapidly, not knowing whether to be sorry for the Muros, or afraid of them because they had leagued themselves with the evil ones.

AFTER a while Pierre Jean said:

"You will be my wife, Louise, won't you?"

"And what will the priest say?" Louise teased.

"He will marry us."

"And what will your mother say?" Louise asked, nestling close to him.

"Mother has already said what she had to say," he laughed.

Louise thought he was just like any other young man—only handsomer.

The Muros were much surprised when Pierre Jean brought their Louise back a few hours later and kissed her gently on both cheeks as he left her at her parents' doorstep.

They believed they had seen the last of their daughter when she had entered Pierre Jean's boat. They shrank away from her, afraid to come within her shadow.

"Have you let yourself be kissed by the son of the Evil One?"

Louise laughed and scoffed. Pierre Jean was just like any other boy, only more handsome and pleasing, and perhaps a little shyer.

One day some of Pierre Ralli's friends, just out of jail, and others who had kept under cover until then, came to visit the widow of their former leader.

"Pierre Jean is twenty," they told her. "If he resembles his father there is a great deal to be done. The country is at war with itself. There is no law. Boats are gliding up and down the river with food, ammunition, medicine, clothing, and gold. What does Elisa say? Has she brought up her son to resemble his father, or what? Now is the time to avenge Pierre."

At first Elisa would not hear of it. She had more gold than she wanted. Yet, after the name of her beloved Pierre and the manner of his death had been recited again and again, she weakened. They were right. The whole countryside should again tremble at the name of Ralli.

"That's what I had expected to hear you say, Elisa," the spokesman cried out. "*Tonnerre de Dieu!* Pierre Ralli must come back to life again in his son."

Pierre Jean the elder listened to the conversation between these men and his mother. His younger brother also listened, but from behind a thin partition. Not even the closest friends of Pierre Ralli had known of the existence of two Pierre Jeans. The adventure tempted Louise's Pierre, but he could not leave her. His younger brother had no Louise yet. He looked at his mother. His eyes spoke to her.

"Pierre Jean, what have you to say?" Elisa asked at the top of her voice, looking at her older son.

When an almost inaudible rap had answered, Pierre Jean the elder, Louise's lover, said to the men:

"Well, I am ready. Wait a few minutes. I'll come with you."

But it was his younger brother who went with the men.

WITHIN a fortnight the Ralli band of pirates was again functioning. The first of their exploits set the whole countryside agog. The mayors, the police, and the merchants of the parish section of Louisiana were aghast. Two boatloads of muskets and ammunition had been wrested from the hands of the soldiers.

Meanwhile the older Pierre Jean appeared every morning at Paul Muro's hut, called for Louise, and rowed with her for a few hours, talking to her sweetly and stirring her to gayety with that infectious laugh of his.

One morning Louise said to him, "I thought you would not come today. Father told me he had seen you in Natchez last night."

Pierre Jean laughed.

"In Natchez? I did not know I was in Natchez last night. Thanks for telling me."

She had been afraid of sorcery, Louise, and convinced of its power, but that fear had left her more and more as she breathed close to the young man who was the son of the most reputed sorceress. That very night people who had been in New Orleans came to Paul Muro's home and told him in great detail how Pierre Jean Ralli with his band had appeared at the inn of the Place d'Armes while they were there, and had disarmed everybody.

"I saw him face to face. He took my pistol and my knife."

"But it cannot be," Paul Muro answered. "Pierre left here less than half an hour ago to row home. He has come to see my daughter every day. A hundred people have seen them."

Then the men looked at one another. They had intended to stay with the Muros for supper, but Louise was there. And Louise was in league with the sorceress' son, in league with Pierre Jean who could be at New Orleans and two hundred miles away at one and the same time.

Pierre Jean the younger, his head turned by his first successes, stimulated by his boon companions of the dives of New Orleans and the sailor inns of Natchez, gave himself up to riotous, as well as dangerous, living. The young pirate now boasted that he would drive the soldiers out of the country. Going about freely in beautiful, showy clothes of rich red velvet spangled with silver, richly studded pistols dangling from his wide green sash, he strutted like a conqueror. His audacity intimidated the authorities into believing that the whole parish section of Louisiana, peopled by Frenchmen and Cajuns, was at his orders. And the natives, seeing Pierre Jean Ralli go about unmolested, were convinced that he was under the protection of supernatural powers.

Sitting on a white pine table in an inn, with one newly booted foot on the floor, glass of red wine in hand, Pierre Jean boasted that neither bullet nor steel could touch him.

"Aim well at my chest, all of you, with your loaded pistols, and pull the triggers. But if I come out alive, it is I who shall aim at your chests. Who wants to try? *Allez, monsieurs*. Try. What I have in my pockets will make all of you wealthy beyond your dreams."

And no one dared. For wasn't he the son of Elisa Ralli? And didn't they know his mother was a sorceress? Hadn't he appeared simultaneously at places two hundred miles apart?

After a singularly audacious coup, during which he and his band had come into the possession of bags of gold and silver belonging to the army, Pierre Jean saw the shadow of the noose around his neck. His men disbanded, each one taking a different direction with his share of the loot, while Pierre Jean abandoned his two-masted sailing boat and went into hiding in the cellar of a friendly innkeeper of Natchez.

THAT worthy man had a young daughter who helped him serve his boisterous clients, and her name was Marie. Pierre Jean was secreted at the farthest end of the deep cellar, behind a wall of barrels of wine that shut that corner off from the rest of the cavity. The pursuers, aided by bloodhounds, tracked Pierre Jean to the inn, yet, though they searched the cellar and questioned the innkeeper and his daughter again and again, they found out nothing. Innkeeper and daughter swore that they had not seen the pirate.

For days on end Pierre Jean lay in the dark, with no other sustenance than the wine sucked from a hole he had made with the point of his dagger in one of the barrels, and no other company than the rats that scurried along the damp walls. Marie tried repeatedly to get some food to him, but she was watched too closely.

On the fifth day, the girl, young, comely, and vivacious, served the men of the law better food and stronger wine than they had had in a long while.

When they were fast asleep she took some food down to Pierre Jean.

After he had eaten he asked:

"Why did you risk your life to come here?"

She did not answer. She blushed. He swore eternal love to her, and promised to marry her as soon as the ill wind had blown over.

"We will run away from here and sail across the ocean. I have bags full of gold and a heart full of love, Marie," he whispered as he kissed her.

"Do you swear it?"

"I do," he answered, when she had let him kiss her again.

The following day the pursuers received word that Pierre Jean had been seen at New Orleans at a fête. They left the inn in great haste, vowing to get him alive or dead.

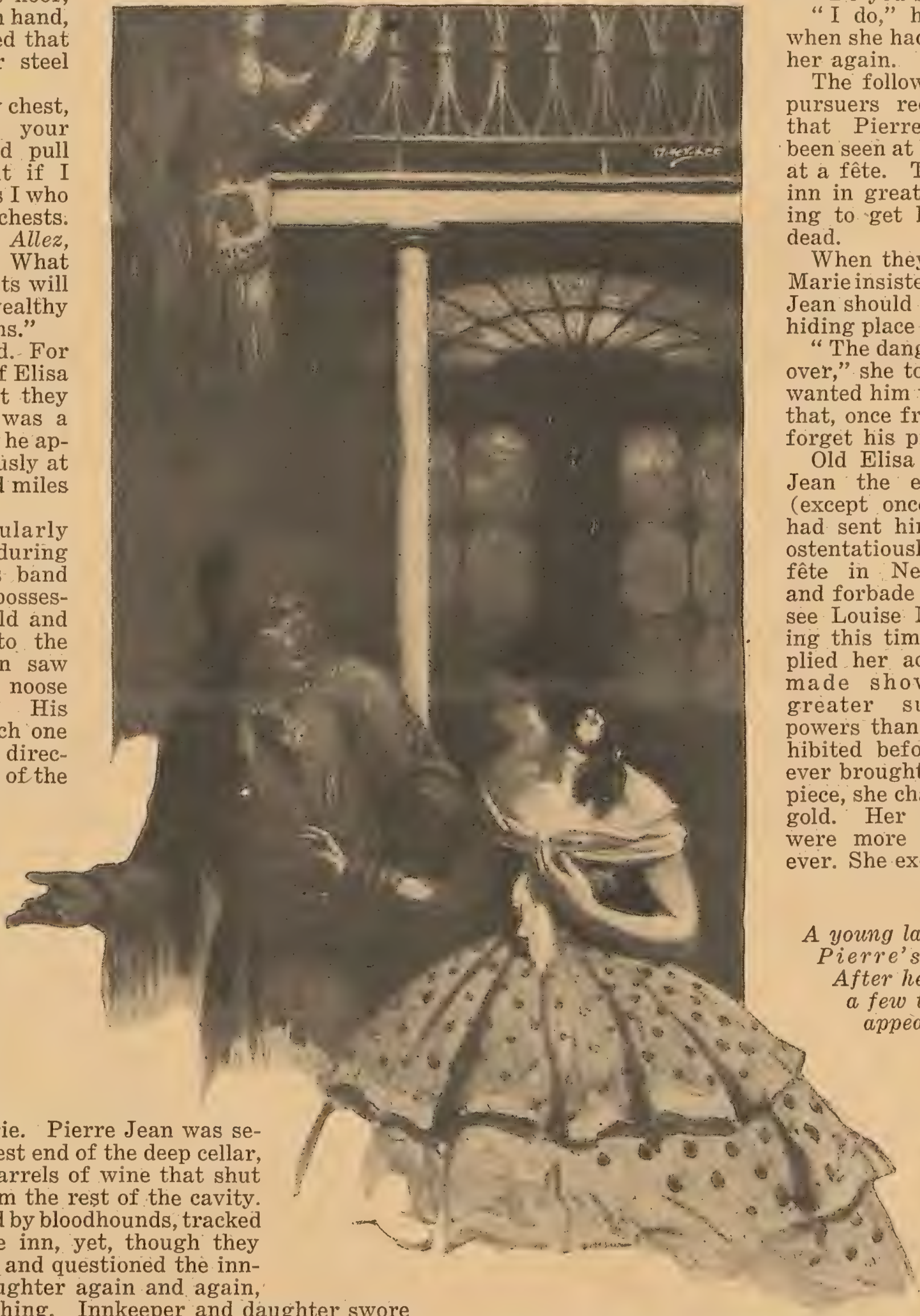
When they were gone, Marie insisted that Pierre Jean should not leave his hiding place in the cellar.

"The danger is not yet over," she told him. She wanted him there, afraid that, once free, he would forget his promises.

Old Elisa kept Pierre Jean the elder hidden (except once, when she had sent him to appear ostentatiously at that fête in New Orleans) and forbade him to go to see Louise Muro. During this time she multiplied her activities and made show of even greater supernatural powers than she had exhibited before. Whosoever brought her a silver piece, she changed it into gold. Her love potions were more potent than ever. She exorcised daily every kind of illness from men and cattle. Every habitant found piles of precious skins at his door. The whole parish was now siding with her. Her son, they said, was being persecuted, not because he was a pirate and had looted government boats and stores, but because he was a Frenchman.

In the subterranean passage his father had once used to store away loot, Pierre Jean the elder was eating his heart out, cursing his younger brother's foolhardiness which was keeping him away from Louise Muro. He had risked his own life to give that younger brother of his a chance to save himself—but where had he gone? Why had he not sent word?

While Pierre Jean the younger was still hiding in the



*A young lady attracted Pierre's attention. After he had danced a few turns he disappeared with her.*

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PIRATES THREE
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cellar, Marie, the innkeeper's daughter, set out to find men who could help her escape across the ocean with her lover. While visiting with her uncle, also an innkeeper, in a little village in the neighborhood of the Ralli island, she listened to a spirited, drunken conversation between fishermen and hunters. Paul Muro was among them. Instead of being shunned as he had been before, men clustered about the father of Louise, the great Pierre Jean's future wife. A few glasses of wine unloosed the fisherman's tongue until he spoke of the great love Elisa's son bore his daughter.

Reaching in his trousers pocket he produced a handful of gold and said:

"I am on my way to New Orleans. This gold was given me by Pierre Jean's mother to buy silken dresses from Paris for my daughter. They had planned to be married next spring, but Pierre Jean cannot wait until then. Where will he find another girl like my Louise? With the gold they have, they will live in a palace in Paris, like gentlemen, like noblemen. Pierre Jean's mother communicates with her son every hour. She knows where he is. Through her spirits she talks to him, even as I talk to you. It is he who has told her to give me this gold to buy the silken finery. That's the kind of daughter I have! She sets the hearts of real men afire. And Pierre Jean is the bravest of men. Is he not?"

And no one dared to contradict him.

"He is. He is, *bonhomme* Paul."

The innkeeper's daughter, her love turned to hatred, returned with a troop of armed men to her father's inn. She opened the heavy trapdoor that led to the cellar, and cried at the top of her voice, "Traitor! Traitor!"

Pierre Jean, amazed at the turn of affairs, cowered behind the wall of wine barrels. There were forty armed men behind Marie and all of them were shooting in one direction. A stray bullet hit him on the left shoulder.

"TRAITOR! Traitor!" Marie cried. "While I risked my life for you, you asked your mother to buy finery for your wedding with Louise Muro. You will be wedded to the gallows. Traitor! Traitor!"

From what Marie said, Pierre Jean understood what had happened. But it was too late to explain. He would only betray his mother and put a noose on his brother's neck. The soldiers were forty. And he was wounded.

When he had exhausted his ammunition he answered to the men who called upon him to surrender with insults and mockery.

Marie directed the besiegers, for she knew that if Pierre Jean came out of the fray alive her hours would be numbered. Her own life depended upon the death of the man who had been false to her.

"There! There! There he is," she called to the soldiers, pointing at two eyes between a gap in the wall of barrels.

A loud, piercing cry and Marie was on her back with a dagger in her heart.

"He threw it at me from there," she gasped, pointing a stiffening finger.

The soldiers flung lighted torches and burning straw where her finger had directed. When nothing had stirred for a long time, one of the armed men hoisted himself to the top.

It was too late.

Pierre Jean Ralli was dead; dead by his own hand; a dagger, to the hilt, was in his heart.

They dragged the dead body of the young pirate out of the cellar and laid him on the ground for people to look at.

Thus perished those who dared to oppose the law. First the father, then the son.

One by one the natives passed by the corpse and looked at the bloodless face. Yes, it was Pierre Jean.

Pierre Jean whom they had seen at his mother's hand when she had taken him with her to the trading post; Pierre Jean, Elisa Ralli's son.

There was no mistake about it. The soldiers took the dead body with them to New Orleans.

THEN some of the Cajuns went secretly to see Elisa, his mother. They wanted her to know they were with her in her great sorrow.

They found her grinning and laughing. Her Pierre Jean dead! Nonsense. She would bring him back to life after they had buried him seven feet underground.

Let them bury the dead. Why didn't they give the dead decent burial? She would show them what she could do.

"I can talk to him now. I snap my fingers at their bullets and steel. Let the law pronounce him dead and bury him, and then I shall bring him forth.

"They won't be able to claim him again after they have buried him, will they? Ha-ha! They think they killed Elisa Ralli's son. Wait and see."

The men of the law laughed at the old woman's ravings, yet when Pierre Jean and Louise appeared before the priest the day after Pierre Jean the younger was buried, and asked to be married, their laughter died in their throats.

Old Elisa stood behind the magnificently garbed young couple, leaning heavily on her knotted stick, her eyes red with tears, and grinned and grinned as she asked the priest with mock humility:

"Would your Holiness please marry my son, Pierre Jean to Louise, Paul Muro's daughter?"

And only Old Elisa the sorceress and Pierre Jean the elder knew that Pierre Jean Ralli the pirate was really dead.

THE END

*In next week's issue—*

## How to Keep Your Husband Out of My Night Club

By

Texas Guinan

and

## A King in Overalls

By

William Seabrook

Also stories and articles by

Frederick C. Painton—Jay Franklin—Albert Payson Terhune—Betty Bialk—Jake Falstaff

## TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is the capital of Minnesota?

2—Into how many states is Australia divided?

3—What is a quidnunc?

4—What does *ad finem* mean?

5—Fiji Islands are a colony of what nation?

6—What is the common name for phenol?

7—What is the longest and largest bone in the human skeleton?

8—What are the young of eagles called?

9—What is a mazurka?

10—Which extends farther south, Africa or Australia?

11—How many sides has a pentagon?

12—What is an alpenstock?

13—In what country is the Black Forest?

14—What is a sibyl?

15—What is the antepenultimate syllable of a word?

16—In what state is Mt. Rainier?

17—Conjunctivitis is a disease of what organ?

18—Who succeeded Justice Holmes in the Supreme Court of the United States?

19—Who was Vice President in the administration of President Taft?

20—What is hyperbole?

*(Answers will be found on page 43)*

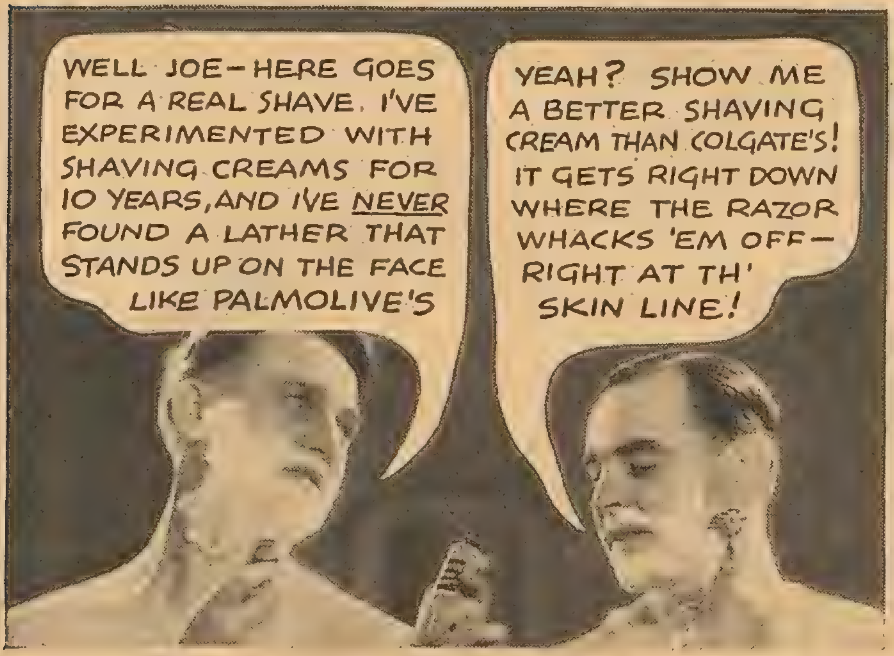
# Get your slice of this

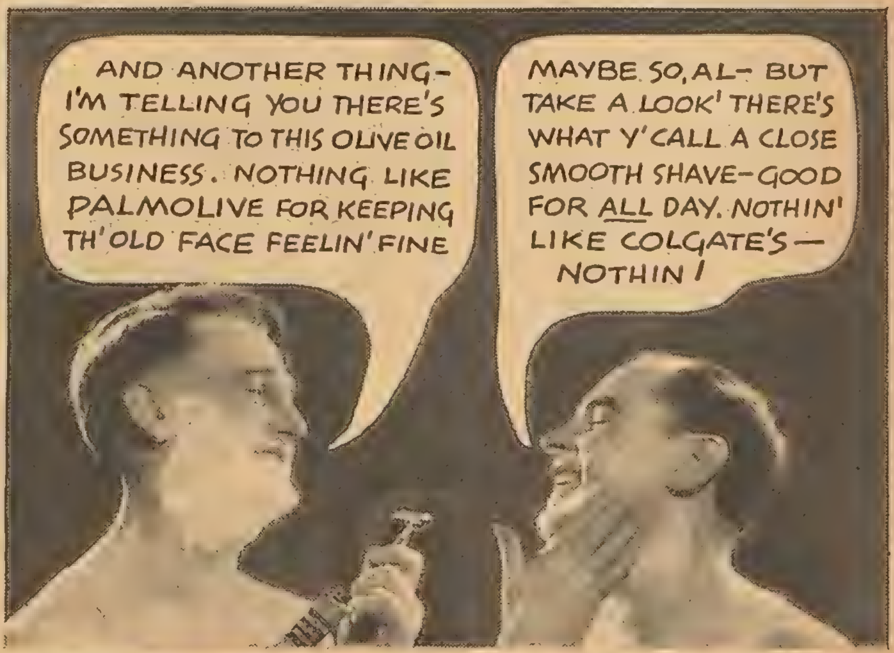
*Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!*

| For best Colgate "blurbs" | | For best Palmolive "blurbs" | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st . . | $500 | 1st . . | $500 |
| 2nd . | 125 | 2nd . | 125 |
| 3rd . . | 50 | 3rd . . | 50 |
| 9 next . | 25 | 9 next | 25 |
| 20 next | 10 | 20 next | 10 |
| 200 next | 5 | 200 next | 5 |

# $25,000!

## 464 cash prizes this month for "blurbs"


WELL JOE—HERE GOES FOR A REAL SHAVE. I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH SHAVING CREAMS FOR 10 YEARS, AND I'VE NEVER FOUND A LATHER THAT STANDS UP ON THE FACE LIKE PALMOLIVE'S
YEAH? SHOW ME A BETTER SHAVING CREAM THAN COLGATE'S! IT GETS RIGHT DOWN WHERE THE RAZOR WHACKS 'EM OFF—RIGHT AT TH' SKIN LINE!


AND ANOTHER THING—I'M TELLING YOU THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS OLIVE OIL BUSINESS. NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE FOR KEEPING TH' OLD FACE FEELIN' FINE
MAYBE SO, AL—BUT TAKE A LOOK! THERE'S WHAT Y'CALL A CLOSE SMOOTH SHAVE—GOOD FOR ALL DAY. NOTHIN' LIKE COLGATE'S—NOTHIN!

HERE'S another big "blurb" contest, men. Another chance to win some real money!

Listen to Joe and Al! Nothing will ever convince Al there's a better shaving cream than Palmolive. Nothing will ever sell Joe off Colgate's!

Millions of men are like Joe and Al. That's the kind of loyalty that has put Colgate's and Palmolive miles ahead in a field of 176 competing brands—made them the world's biggest sellers by far.

Where do *you* stand in this big Colgate's vs. Palmolive argument? That's what *we* want to know.

Here's what you do. In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces (not both) at the right (or on a sheet of paper) help Joe out—or help Al out. If you're a Palmolive shaver, write a boost for Palmolive. If you use Colgate's, write a "blurb" in favor of Colgate's. We're offering big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Just "horn in" on the argument—and may the best "blurbs" win.

## CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. D-4, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 29 . | $4200 | Mar. 31 . | $4200 |
| April 30 . | $4200 | May 31 . | $4200 |
| June 30 . | $4200 | July 31 . | $4200 |

*(Contest closes July 31, 1932)*

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

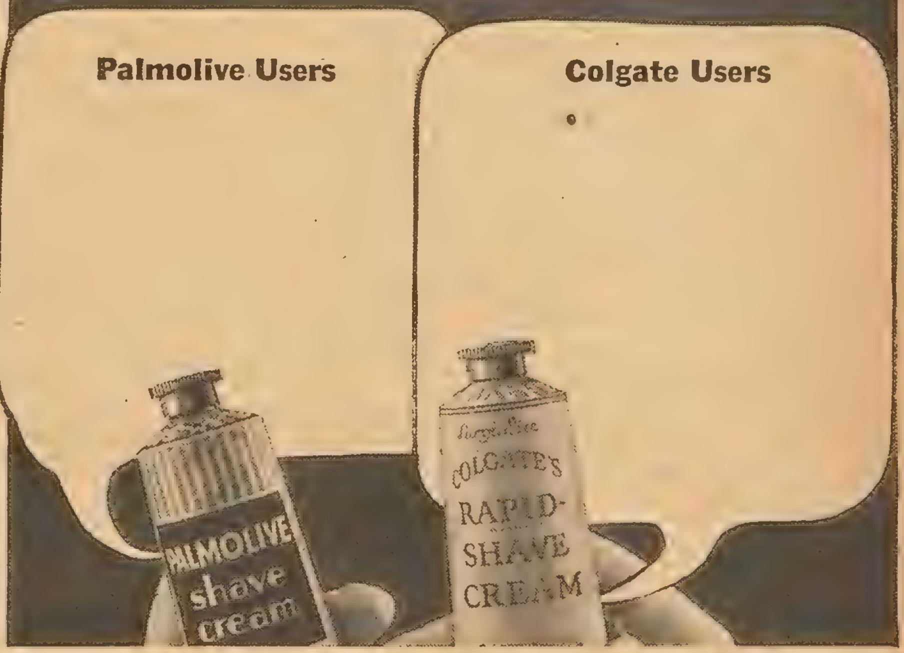
### *Some hints to help you win*

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

## WRITE YOUR "BLURB" HERE, MEN!

### *Get some of that $25,000*

What can you Palmolive users say to help Al out? Or what can you Colgate shavers add to Joe's side of the argument? If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.


Palmolive Users
Colgate Users
PALMOLIVE shave cream
COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

### PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

### COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

## FREE

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 43, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. (In Canada:

Name ..............................

Address ..............................

City .................... State ....................

# Racing, Rackets,

*Ann Dvorak a Promising*
*as a Speed Demon; Three*
*Two Other*

By FREDERICK

*Joan Blondell, Eric Linden, and James Cagney in a belligerent scene from The Crowd Roars.*

*Dorothy Mackaill and Humphrey Bogart, also looking a bit defiant, in Love Affair.*

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)*

ANN DVORAK, the newcomer to important Hollywood rôles, belongs to the interesting second generation of film players. She is the daughter of Anna Lehr, a film favorite of the pioneer days and one of the few excellent actresses of her day.

You will see Miss Dvorak in The Crowd Roars and Scarface. You probably saw her in Sky Devils. She is twenty. Reared in a motion-picture atmosphere, she tried to make a place for herself in films when she was graduated from high school in Hollywood. She found it just as difficult as anyone else.

Miss Dvorak did get a job dancing as one of the extras in The Hollywood Revue, and she stayed on the Metro-Goldwyn pay roll for three years as assistant to the studio dance director. She did a few extra parts, doubled in long shots for the stars, but it was not until Howard Hughes signed her for Scarface that she got her break.

So Miss Dvorak is now a Hollywood personality—and a promising one.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

## ★ ★ ★ THE CROWD ROARS

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Joe Greer | James Cagney |
| Eddie Greer | Eric Linden |
| Lee | Ann Dvorak |
| Anne | Joan Blondell |
| Dad Greer | Guy Kibbee |
| Spud | Frank McHugh |

Directed by Howard Hawks.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

An exciting story of the drivers who provide the thrills at the big motor-racing meets—with the tough James Cagney as a speedway star.

Joe Greer (otherwise Mr. Cagney) is a dare-devil cynic, embittered at the crowd's waiting for the inevitable smash-up and yet happy only behind the wheel of a roaring racer. He tries to keep his younger brother from following his footsteps. The two become enemies and Joe takes to drink, parts from the girl who has shared his adventurous existence, and ends up by losing his nerve as a speed demon.

There is a swell thrill in the way Joe Greer finds the girl and himself again and wins the Indianapolis Speedway classic.

Cagney plays the driving hero of this breathless thriller with his usual straight-from-the-sidewalk authenticity. The aforementioned Ann Dvorak makes the girl very real, and there are excellent performances by Eric Linden as the kid brother and Joan Blondell as the flip, brash cutie who falls for the boy.

## ★ ★ ★ THE BEAST OF THE CITY

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Jim Fitzpatrick | Walter Huston |
| Ed Fitzpatrick | Wallace Ford |
| Daisy | Jean Harlow |
| Sam Belmonte | Jean Hersholt |
| Mary Fitzpatrick | Dorothy Peterson |
| Michaels | Tully Marshall |
| District Attorney | John Miljan |

Directed by Charles Brabin.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Another gangster melodrama—but one that is vigorous and believable most of the time because of three corking performances. Not to mention the story, with its tangy, racy incident and dialogue by W. R. Burnett and the skillful direction of Charles Brabin.

Walter Huston plays the almost too stalwart, upright police chief of a great city honeycombed with racketeering and vice. The gangsters strike at him through his weakling brother, and they use platinum bait, otherwise Jean Harlow. The performances of Mr. Huston, Miss Har-

# *and* Romance

## *New Star; James Cagney Good Performances; and Pictures*

### JAMES SMITH

*Helen Twelvetrees, the young bride in the play of that title, with Eric Linden.*

*The Beast of the City, another gangster film, features Walter Huston and Wallace Ford.*

low, and Wallace Ford give the melodrama its potency.

It seems to me that the one weakness of The Beast of the City is the theatrically gory ending, with the police and gangsters wiping each other out in one colossal massacre.

### ★ YOUNG BRIDE

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Allie Smith | Helen Twelvetrees |
| Charlie Riggs | Eric Linden |
| Maisie | Arline Judge |
| Pete | Cliff Edwards |
| Mike | Rosco Ates |

Directed by William Seiter.
Produced by Radio Pictures-Pathé.

A naïve, guileless little worker in a library (which always is empty) marries a young bluff who boasts of big business ventures but who spends his time in pool parlors. The bride comes to rue her marriage, but with the impending birth of a baby, he reforms.

A familiar plot, this. Only last week Play Girl related the same legend.

The sad-eyed Helen Twelvetrees plays the trying (to me, anyway) rôle of the girl who dreams of shining knights in armor, while Eric Linden, already mentioned in The Crowd Roars, enacts the boy who disillusions her. Some of the dialogue skates along the edge of being unconsciously funny.

Not for audiences with a sense of humor.

### ★ LOVE AFFAIR

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Carol Owen | Dorothy Mackaill |
| Jim Leonard | Humphrey Bogart |
| Gilligan | Jack Kennedy |
| Felice | Barbara Leonard |
| Linda Lee | Astrid Allwyn |
| Georgie | Bradley Page |
| Kibbee | Halliwell Hobbes |
| Bruce Hardy | Hale Hamilton |

Directed by Thornton Freeland.
Produced by Columbia.

This screen original by Ursula Parrott has more plots than a suburban real-estate development. The chief motive is the love of a wild, spendthrift heiress for a young aviator-inventor. This romance collides with a dozen other plots, until you are too involved to care what happens to anyone. Dorothy Mackaill is the rich girl and Humphrey Bogart is the skyman; but one Astrid Allwyn, a Swede with an acid personality, in the part of the hero's bad, bad sister, reveals the most interesting personality of the cast.

### *Do you know that—*

The Hollywood exodus continues? . . . June Collyer is joining the ranks of those film players who are trying their luck on the stage, among them being Lupe Velez, Lois Moran, and Buddy Rogers? . . . Dorothy Mackaill is following Esther Ralston and others into vaudeville?

### *Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months*

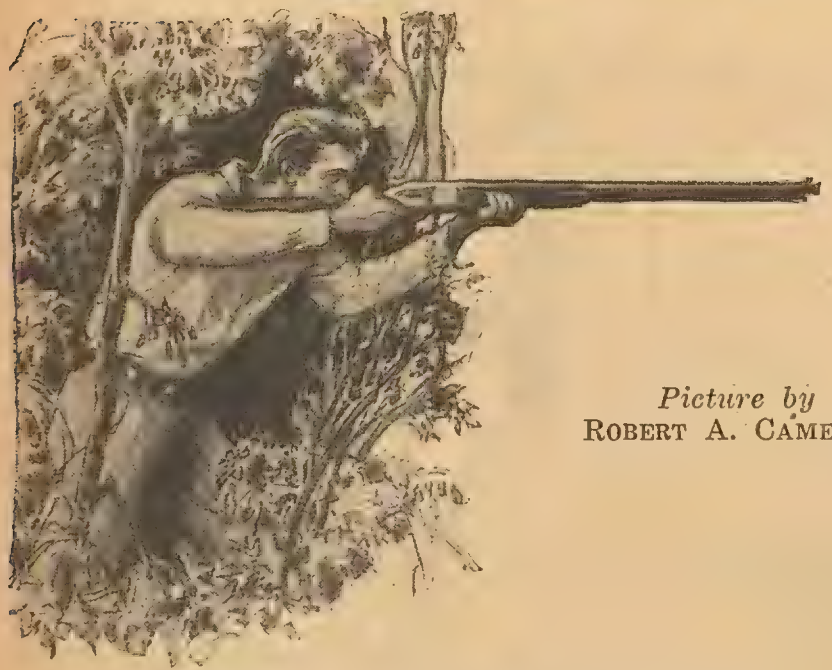
★★★★—One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden.

# *The* PHANTOM

## *The Story of a Coward Who Tried to Buy*

### *By* MACKINLAY



*Picture by*
ROBERT A. CAMERON

*(Reading time: 9 minutes 45 seconds.)*

STILL he could not get over the idea that someone was following him.

He could look into the narrow plate of glistening quicksilver above his windshield and see the mauve road folding, narrowing down behind him. The cylinders purred with steady ease. And still Milt Carsey, snug behind the wheel of his big roadster, felt that incomparable Menace.

All afternoon, driving south through the cool valleys of Maryland, he had felt it was back of him. It didn't have any business dogging him like that. The Menace, the awful taint, belonged back in New York. It was in New York that he had first felt it, and there was no reason for it to pursue him when he was driving into the mountains with a branch of olive in his hand.

Along a narrow road blasted from the rocky flesh of the Potomac Valley a black sedan seemed to cling persistently behind him. One car, with one man in it. Once Carsey had let his right hand stray to the side pocket where a .45 bulked beneath the velours. That was foolish. Enemies didn't drive on your tail. No. Enemies came at night, in mist and wet bushes, squatting behind rocks with ready rifles. Milt Carsey had been an enemy.

And that was very long ago, when he was a boy, before he had gone to New York. He had worn torn shirts then, and had gone barefoot most of the time, and his black hat was dirty and ragged. But his shooting was not ragged. It was smooth and well timed, and untempered by any tremor of mercy.

. . . He could see them plainly, standing in the road—a slouching, lazy group. Pop Yanger and old Ike and Lennie. Maybe talking about shoats—or a chaw of tobacco. Indolent, smug Yangers who had psalmed for five long years: "Looks like the Yanger-Carsey war is about fit out. Looks like we whupped 'em, too. All the old Carseys is dead—nobody much left to be afeard of except young Milt, and he ain't got no call to go a-gunnin' for us now." They had taken the disputed triangle of land down at the Forks. They had been mildly oblivious of a sullen-mouthed Milt who sneaked and peeked at them, month after month, glowering at their comfort and victory. But he had shown them with three shells in a 30.30.

In spite of his big bones and lowering hatred, young Milt Carsey was a coward. He had never considered a course other than shooting the Yangers when they were unarmed. They stood there talking, the pleasant sun mellowing their lounging figures. Lennie had been bathing in the creek—a notable occasion, surely—and Milt had spied upon him and seen that he had no revolver. A kicking mule had broken Pop's right arm; he was helpless. And at last Ike was without his gun. So Milt Carsey rose up in the bushes and fired three times.

Three Yangers bleeding on that dusty road. Milt Carsey had gone away hurriedly, and he had never come back.

Months later, when he was working in a distant contractor's camp, news drifted to him from his aunt. The shock of the thing and the resulting overpowering dread had killed his mother. The Yangers had sworn to find him.

Lennie had a son—a dribbling, yowling, skinny infant in a soiled shirt—who trotted around the door of Lennie's house and played with the dogs. You could not be much worried about revenge from such a source. Nor even the ominous chant of old Laughlin's heroic prophecy:

Lennie's wife's a widow now,
  And Lennie's son has no paw—
But she will tell of Carsey
  And how he broke the law.

And some day when that child is growed
  A rifle-gun he'll take,
And go to get Milt Carsey—
  Because he was a snake.

Night had swathed Milt Carsey and his car. He was in Virginia now—the tiniest peak of northwest Virginia which nudges up toward the Shenandoah Mountains. And something followed him. Something rode ahead.

He tried to summon all his aplomb. Why, he was a successful business man! A New Yorker. He had been in the city for twenty years; he owned a construction company. He had a car and an apartment and—periodically—a mistress. Milton A. Carsey, president and general manager of Hauge & Hartwick. But, even so, he had to face this ghoulish absurdity and remember when the fear first came upon him.

The man on the fire escape, first. Carsey entered his apartment late one night, alone. When he had turned on the lights in the living room he glanced toward the window, and there was a man, out on the fire escape across the court, watching him. For a full moment the man stared, then climbed the fire escape to the roof and disappeared. And the next afternoon, when he was consulting with a foreman on the site of a new hotel, the shadow reared its ugly head once more.

"Someone inquiring for you, chief."

"Wanted to see me?"

"I told him where your offices were. But he didn't seem so anxious to see you—just asked a lot of questions. Wanted to know whether you drove a car, and where you came from before you came to New York, and a lot of nut stuff. I told him to beat it off the job before he got thrown off."

Carsey dismissed his foreman with a nod. But things like that would trouble anyone. He wasn't thinking of Yangers then. But he thought about them suddenly, and quite hideously, the next Sunday night. He had been drinking—just a little. Took a stroll through the park to clear his head. And off somewhere behind him, he heard some man whistling. A mountain tune. And more than that: it was the tune of Moony Laughlin's ancient saga, the whining Song of the Yanger-Carsey War:

And some day when that child is growed
  A rifle-gun he'll take,
And go to get Milt Carsey—
  Because he was a snake.

Then he knew! There, among seven million noisy

# in the DARK

## His Life and the Reason He Never Did

## KANTOR

people, phalanxed by those batteries of light, the curse had struck at him.

He thought of private detectives, hired bodyguards. But one couldn't dwell forever in such an existence. This terror must be muzzled. He had the means, after all. The only means, really, for anything. Money!

Go down there, he decided. Find the valley where stood Jennie Yanger's house, boards dropping away from the porch. See Jennie coming to the door, thin and slatternly. Say: "Jennie, I'm Milt Carsey—just come back. I reckon I did you folks a big wrong when I shot Pop and Lennie and Ike, and I'm here to make things right." Hand her, say, a thousand dollars. Two thousand.

Go over to Dulcy Yanger's cabin. "Dulcy Yanger, I made a widow out of you. I'm sorry and I hope God will forgive me."

Dwelling on these thoughts, he saw a fanged shadow slinking away, retreating across the hills, running with its tail between its legs. . . .

And then, crushing all his dreams, he was face to face with reality. Someone *was* keeping tab on him. He felt it. He knew it. A car hanging closely on his trail.

It was starting to rain.

The drizzle was damp on Milt Carsey's windshield. A car sped past him. One man in it. Might have been a black sedan—he didn't know. The sweat came out on Milt's forehead again, and stayed there.

Fifty. That was his highway—U. S. 50. It would bring him only a few miles from the valley to which he was going.

The gasoline gauge read "¼." Have to gas up again.

He saw the lights of an oil station looming up, a mile or two past Winchester. Not only an oil station—there was a store, too—a poorly spelled sign beneath a few murky lights: "Hardwear & Accesories. Open All Hours." And when Carsey turned his car in at the lower cinder driveway, another car drove out of the upper road to the main highway.

THE attendant and proprietor was a gummy, bow-legged man in overalls. "Gas?"

"Yes. . . . Who was that fellow?"

"Dunno. Young feller lives over across the line somewhere. He's been through here before."

Carsey's hands twitched. "Maybe I—know him—"

"Thin? Dark? 'Bout twenty-two years old?"

Milt Carsey felt his lips freezing. The Yangers were alway thin and dark—all the Yangers.

Carsey pressed bills into the attendant's hand. "This is for the gas. And this"—he gave him another bill—"is for *you*." He leaned out of the car. "What did he buy?"

The little man blinked. "Funny. He bought a big piece of tin. He bought a can of paint, too. And a brush."

"Oh. Thanks." He drove on.

Tin and paint. Ha-ha! Probably some young farmer or rural artisan. He felt better.

He did not overtake the other car.

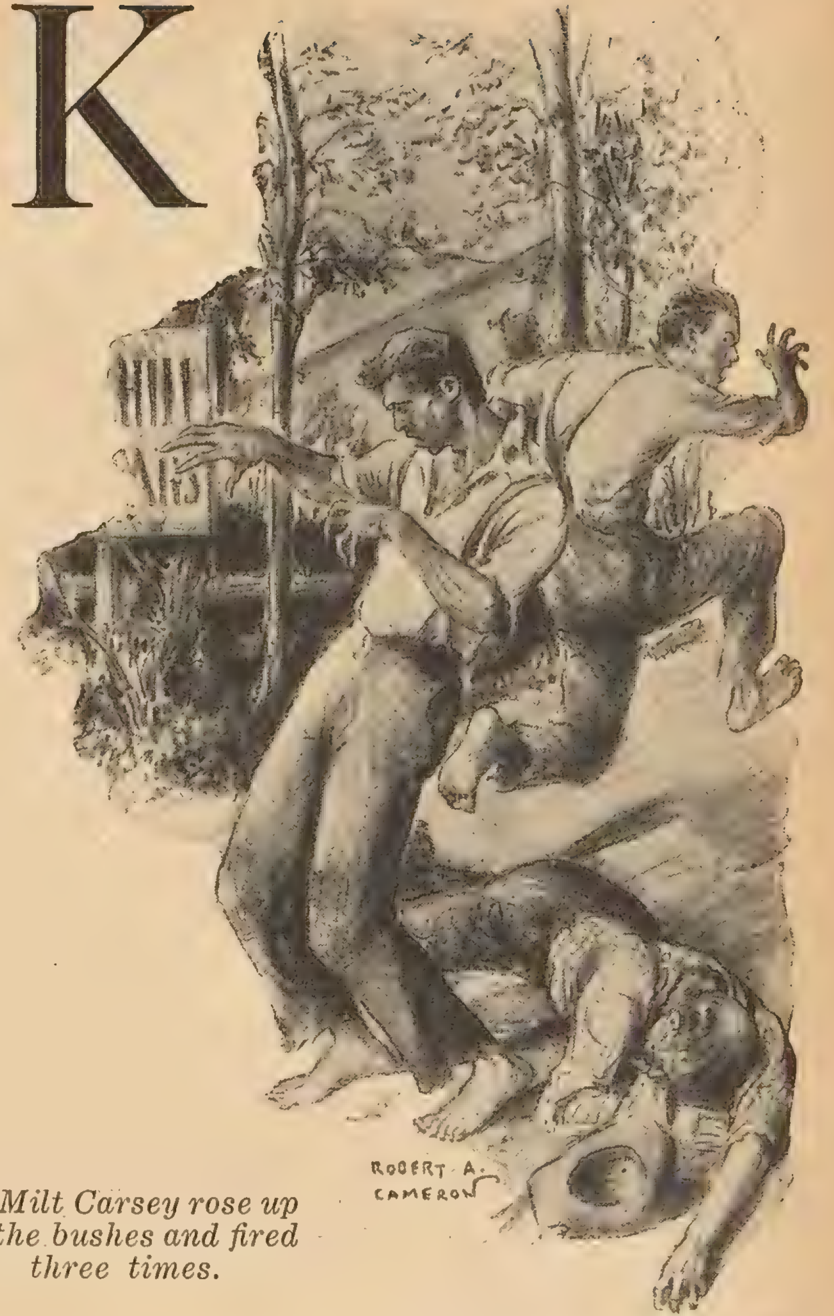
. . . . .

The hours slid away into the chilly fog. The yellow road signs glided into a forest in Carsey's memory: "Turn." "Curve." "Sharp Curve Ahead." "S Curve." "Steep Hill. Go into Second Gear."

. . . . .

"She needs a couple of quarts."

"All right. Heavy." Carsey added a weary question:



So Milt Carsey rose up in the bushes and fired three times.

"Somebody drove out just ahead of me, didn't they?"

The man's voice came from the depths of his shack, where he was measuring oil. "Yes, sir. He stopped to wash his hands."

"Oh. Washed his hands, uh?"

"Yes, sir. He had paint on them." The stooped, bearded man let the oil drain out in thick, honeyed gurgles. "This here is quite a view on a nice day. You just came up a five-mile grade and you got another five-mile drop on the other side. Take it easy goin' down. There's some bad turns. You ought to have followed young Yanger. He knows the road real well."

Yanger! Then he was driving in a cold sweat, taking the turns too rapidly, trembling.

Yanger! Milt Carsey swallowed wretchedly and tried to square his shoulders. Once in the next valley, he could turn off on the side road shown on his map, and reach the valley where the Yangers lived soon after dawn. If they had wanted to shoot him from ambush, they could have done it before this.

"*Curve.*" His foot rasped against the brake. Lucky this road was so well marked. Once over that edge, and—

"*Dangerous Hill. Go into Second Gear.*" His icy hand fought the lever. The car swept rapidly down. God, he'd be glad when he got down into the valley!

"*Steep Climb. Full Speed Ahead.*" He lifted his foot from the brake and pressed it clumsily on the accelerator. The trees, the darkness, the fences shot past him. Why didn't the road go up? It was going down—it was twisting and gulping and winding! The sign—

He tried to find the brakes. But the whole world was sliding out from beneath his feet. A scream, a wrenching of rubber and steel . . . a curve—hairpin curve . . .

From a car parked snugly under the shelf of rock beside the road, the face of Lennie Yanger's son was leaning out, laughing as Milt Carsey skidded past, broadside, fifty miles an hour.

The fence dissolved under the impact, and the big car went plowing into a cold ocean of mist.

THE END

# JALM

## *In Which a Wise Elephant Avenges the Pitiful Child*

## By GRACE THOMPSON

*The author, pictured at left, is the wife of Ernest Thompson Seton and is herself a noted writer, traveler, lecturer, and book designer. She received honors for war work in France.*

*(Reading time: 9 minutes 30 seconds.)*

WITH the unhurried majesty of a great elephant, Jalmutty bore me through the steaming jungle. I was bound into the interior of Ceylon to hunt wild rogue elephants. Before me on the huge *hathi* rode his keeper, Sujjan the mahout.

I had won Jalmutty, through the efforts of the consul at Colombo, from an English sportsman who had wanted to engage him. This was no small victory, for Jalmutty was a de luxe, extra-fare conveyance. One paid twenty rupees more than usual, and he was worth it!

The gait of the ordinary half-grown, half-trained elephant of Ceylon is a wicked thing, but Jalmutty moved with a delightful motion. He had been trained, Sujjan related proudly, for the stable of a prince of India.

Through the wild tangle of the forest Jalmutty advanced serenely, thrusting aside creepers, breaking off low-hanging boughs with a twist of his trunk. It is a strange thing that this huge trunk, which can wrap around a tree and pull it out by the roots, should at the same time be so extremely sensitive.

"The *hathi's* trunk is very tender," said Sujjan. "See how he keeps it curled up out of the thorny bush."

I remembered once seeing a mahout strike down the upraised trunk of a vicious beast about to charge him.

"No, no!" Sujjan shook his head violently. "That is a punishment the *hathi* will never forget, never forgive! The mahout who abuses the trunk will never be safe with his *hathi* again."

It was mid-afternoon when Jalmutty suddenly and deafeningly trumpeted.

"There are wild *hathi* about," said Sujjan. "Jalmutty can smell them very far away."

There was evidently something that Jalmutty did not like. It might, as Sujjan suspected, be a rogue elephant. All elephants fear and hate the rogue.

His concern added to my discomfort from the heat, which was terrific. But after a bit he calmed down, and his pace seemed to quicken.

"Just beyond the stream to which we will soon come lies Domballa, Jalmutty's village," said Sujjan. "There is a girl there named Indira, a girl like a gold lily for beauty. And like honey to flies, so she is to men.

"She would have none of me." He shrugged regretfully. "She took a husband last corn-planting time. But I have heard that men still look at her and she at them. Her husband is very jealous."

We came to the stream beyond which the smoke of village fires arose. The sun was slanting over the amber shallows as Jalmutty rose, dripping, on the bank and plodded into the cluster of thatched huts. He heaved earthward in two rocking motions, and I descended in the loveliness of tropic twilight.

It was then that I saw the girl Indira standing before her door. Indira—slim, golden, young, glowing with a strange beauty.

Sujjan led Jalmutty to the compound. I went into the hut and lay down. An old woman attended me, while Indira brought me a bowl of native rice and some fresh chupatties. She could not have been more than seventeen.

A man came in and squatted beside her at the far end of the room. The husband, of course. He was a dark,

who was almost tremulously quick to anticipate his wants. He was apparently making ready for a journey, and began to fill his leather elephant sack. Indira cajoled him with food. While he ate she rubbed oil, a provocative, musk-like odor it had, into her hair. Then she went out to fill a gourd of water for him. Quickly he reached out and took the stoppered gourd from which she had poured the oil and slipped it into his leather sack. A gesture full of significance, had I only known it at the time.

I was perishing for sleep when the man finally got up and drew Indira outside the door with him. I could hear his voice, angry, imperative. Later she came in alone and said to her grandmother:

"Hakim has gone."

I understood that much, and then dozed off, wondering if she really were faithless, as Sujjan believed. Some time afterward I heard a stir. Indira was outside, I judged, for the old woman was standing in the door. She said "No, no," several times.

I slept fitfully, to be brought wide awake again by a stamping and trumpeting of the elephants. Through the window I could look directly into the compound, and there I saw a white-robed figure. Could it be Indira?

She was striking again and again at one of the elephants with a prod, beating it across its raised trunk. I was alarmed, and considered going out, when the figure turned and ran rapidly out of the compound.

Hours later—the sun was just rising—I was wakened by a din outside. I struggled into my clothes and hurried out. Sujjan met me, a shocked expression on his face. All about, excited villagers were dashing to and fro and women were wailing.

"Lady Sahib! Indira has been killed!" Sujjan was gasping. "It must have been the rogue elephant!"

Two men were bringing in Indira's body. The breath had been crushed out of her, an arm torn from her body and tossed into a far corner of the field. A robe which the grandmother claimed as Indira's had been picked up on the jungle's edge, neatly rolled and unstained.

Lovely Indira! Was it really a rogue that had killed her?

My eyes traveled across the compound to where Jalmutty stood swaying. Sujjan followed my glance.

"Jalmutty is all right, Lady Sahib," he assured me. "It was the rogue. That was why Jalmutty trumpeted yesterday."

BEHIND me the old grandmother was lamenting. There had been a noise in the fields, and Indira had gone to drive the buffalo out of the corn. Hakim had commanded her not to leave the house at night during his absence, but she had gone to her death.

I must get away from Domballa. Sujjan brought Jalmutty up, and at his command the great beast knelt heavily. But he would not crook his tail for me to mount and his trunk curled in what seemed a snarl.

Then I saw that the side of Jalmutty's trunk was torn and bleeding. Instantly the scene of the night before flashed into my mind. With Sujjan's aid I pulled myself to Jalmutty's back. No sooner was I seated than Jalmutty's trunk flung up and back, wound around my ankle, and began to drag me forward. I shouted, and Sujjan rained blows on the massive head. When Jalmutty still did not release me, Sujjan raised his prod to strike the trunk, rather than see me dashed to the ground.

I realized my danger, but something in me forbade.

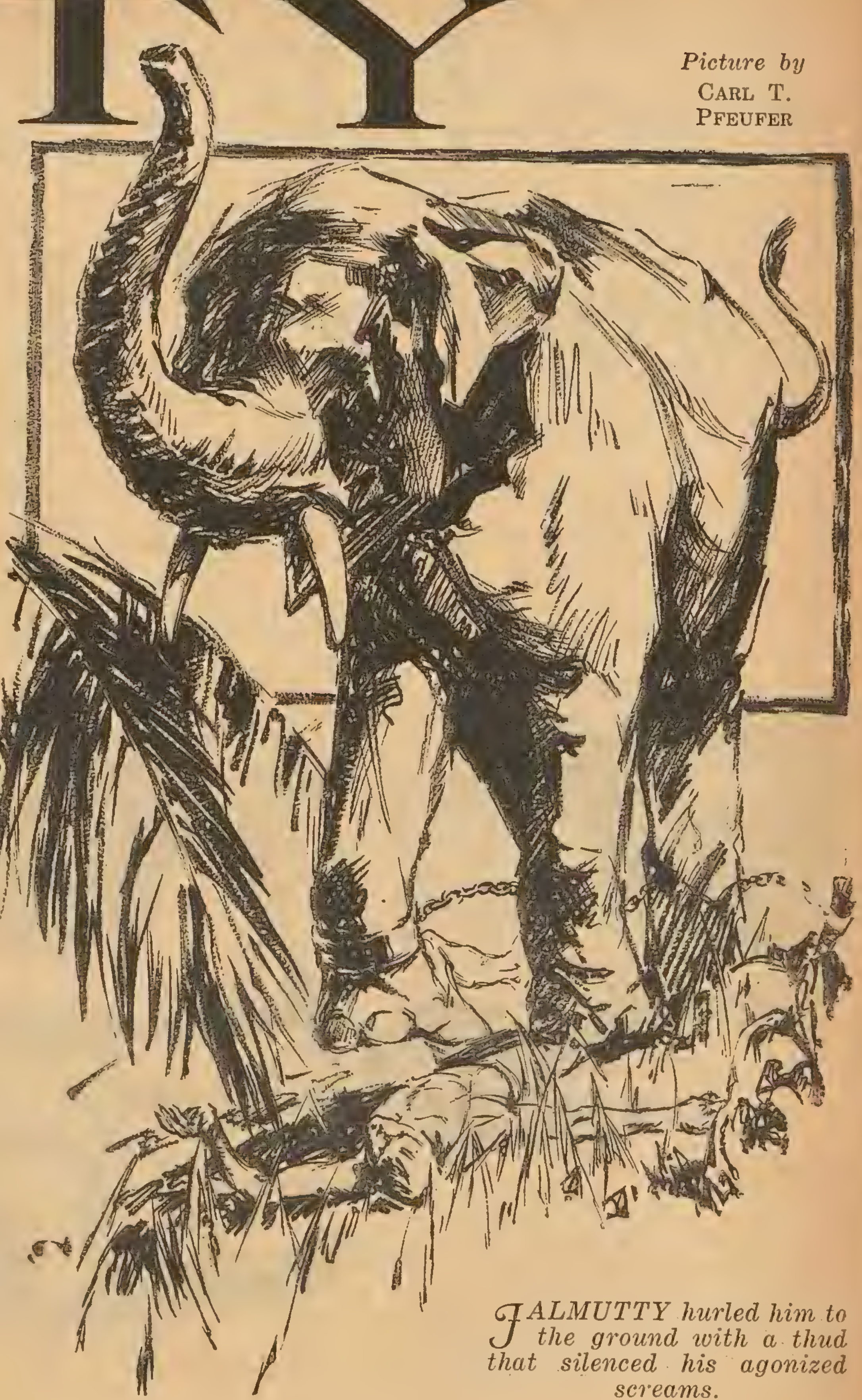
"No, no!" I cried. "Don't! It is hurt already!"

# UTTY

## *Bride of a Murderous Husband*

## SETON

Picture by
Carl T.
Pfeufer



*Jalmutty hurled him to the ground with a thud that silenced his agonized screams.*

I laid my hand on the tip of the quivering trunk. Miraculously Jalmutty understood. Something passed between us. The trunk uncurled from my ankle.

That Jalmutty's trunk was wounded puzzled Sujjan no less than the death of Indira. When I told him what I had seen in the compound the night before, he listened attentively and politely, but his disbelief was plain.

It was the rogue that had killed Indira, he insisted stubbornly. And just retribution, he added. It had not been to drive the buffalo from the corn but to go to the arms of her lover that Indira had left the hut that night.

Three weeks later I again reached Domballa on my return trip to the coast. Jalmutty had behaved admirably for the entire trip.

"He remembers," Sujjan swore, "that the Lady Sahib would not let me punish his trunk."

He was picketed in the compound, while I sought a house for the night.

THE next day I rested while Sujjan made preparations to continue our journey. Through the door I saw him bring Jalmutty up from the river and picket him beside a platform heaped with hay. The other elephants were feeding, their mahouts asleep on the hay.

Jalmutty was at the near edge of the compound, towering above the others. I watched him idly. He was waving his trunk gently, a long wisp of hay held in the tip like a baton. I remember wondering why he did not eat.

Then I saw that he was brushing the face of a sleeping mahout who lay on the next platform. I wondered in amusement if Sujjan had trained him to keep the flies off. But it was not Sujjan, I perceived, for Sujjan always wore his turban. The sleeper kept brushing the straw away; evidently Jalmutty was tickling him. Unconsciously he rolled a turn nearer Jalmutty to avoid the annoyance.

Then I saw the *hathi,* delicately, persistently, lift the grass stalk and draw it along the farther side of his face, and again he rolled completely over, nearer still.

Once more, and he lay beneath Jalmutty's trunk. Then swiftly the trunk wound about his body and lifted him in mid-air. I was frozen with horror, but I saw that it was Hakim, Indira's husband! Jalmutty hurled him to the ground with a thud that silenced his agonized screams, and Jalmutty's great forefeet came down upon his chest.

Through those horrible moments I was numbed. Shrieks died in my throat. But I saw the mahouts running, saw the aroused village rush into the compound.

When, too late, I went out, Sujjan met me.

"Lady Sahib," he said despairingly, "it was but just. Hear!"

A mahout stood beside him, pouring out the story he had carried about with him in fear through the weeks since Indira's death. Hakim, the jealous husband, had been caught in his own pit, said Jehan, this mahout.

When Hakim had taken leave of Indira and left the village it had been but a pretense. He had come stealing back. Jehan, waiting for Indira, had seen a woman coming swiftly through the lower gate of the compound. Though he could not see her face, he had recognized Indira's robe. He was going to call to her, when the figure stopped abruptly beside Jalmutty and struck him again and again upon the trunk. Then he saw that it was not Indira but Hakim.

NOW I remembered the furtive Hakim putting the gourd of oil into his pouch, remembered the neatly folded, unsoiled robe of Indira that had been picked up on the edge of the jungle, and saw how these things had solved the puzzle. Hakim's astute masquerade had deceived Jalmutty when later Indira had stolen across the compound to meet her lover, Jehan, as Hakim had known she would.

Jehan had not sensed the import of Hakim's behavior, and so had not thought to warn Indira. He had kept silence since from fear of the jealous, sinister mahout who could plot such a revenge.

"When Indira came near, Jalmutty was blind with pain and rage, Lady Sahib," Sujjan explained. "The odor of the ointment inflamed the *hathi* because it was in Hakim's hair when he tortured the trunk."

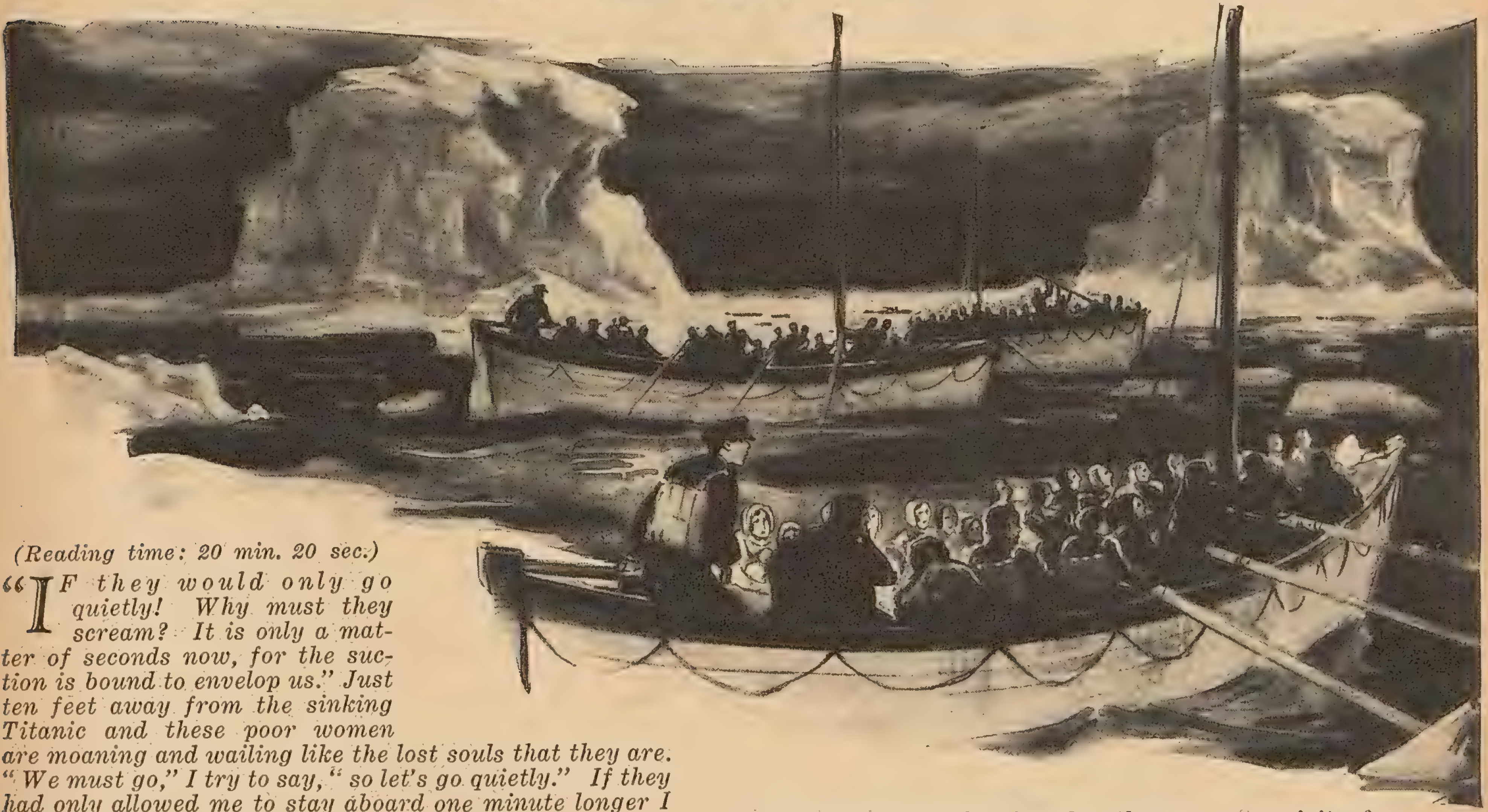
Well, Jalmutty's final revenge quite matched Hakim's in cleverness.

THE END

# *Her* Husband *Went* *with the* TITANIC

### *The Widow of the Celebrated Theatrical Producer Henry B. Harris, Herself One of the Last to Leave the Ship, Looks Back at That Night of Horror Twenty Years Ago*

### *By* RENÉ HARRIS



*(Reading time: 20 min. 20 sec.)*

*"IF they would only go quietly! Why must they scream? It is only a matter of seconds now, for the suction is bound to envelop us." Just ten feet away from the sinking Titanic and these poor women are moaning and wailing like the lost souls that they are. "We must go," I try to say, "so let's go quietly." If they had only allowed me to stay aboard one minute longer I could have gone with him. . . .*

. . . . .

Twenty years ago, and fresh in the minds of the entire world was the news that the Titanic was to make her maiden voyage. A floating hotel, a palace among palaces, the greatest steamer ever launched was to sail from Southampton April 10, 1912.

"She rises sixty-five feet above the water line, with a displacement of sixty thousand tons and forty-six thousand horse power. She consists of fifteen sections with sixteen compartments; each section, being provided with its own water-tight compartment, can be automatically closed by a lever, which in case of danger would insure the vessel remaining afloat. . . ."

Such were the accounts broadcast throughout the world by the White Star Line, intriguing the two thousand or more expectant passengers who were able to book on her. Among them were my husband and myself.

Southampton hotels were crowded with parties who had journeyed from London to wish bon voyage to those for-

Aboard ship the following day there was a spirit of camaraderie unlike any I had experienced on several previous trips. The passenger list, carrying the names of Who's Who in the literary, financial, and social worlds, was not consulted, to judge from the air of good-fellowship that prevailed among the cabin passengers. They met on deck as one big party.

When the "All ashore" had been obeyed and the signal for departure sounded, something happened. There was a terrific commotion, but in the water only. Nobody showed the slightest excitement, however, except a glow of pride in the tremendous power of "our" ship. A neighbor ship, the New York, I believe, was fast moving toward us. I learned from a stranger standing next to me that the cables of the New York must have been broken by the force of the suction created by our giant engines.

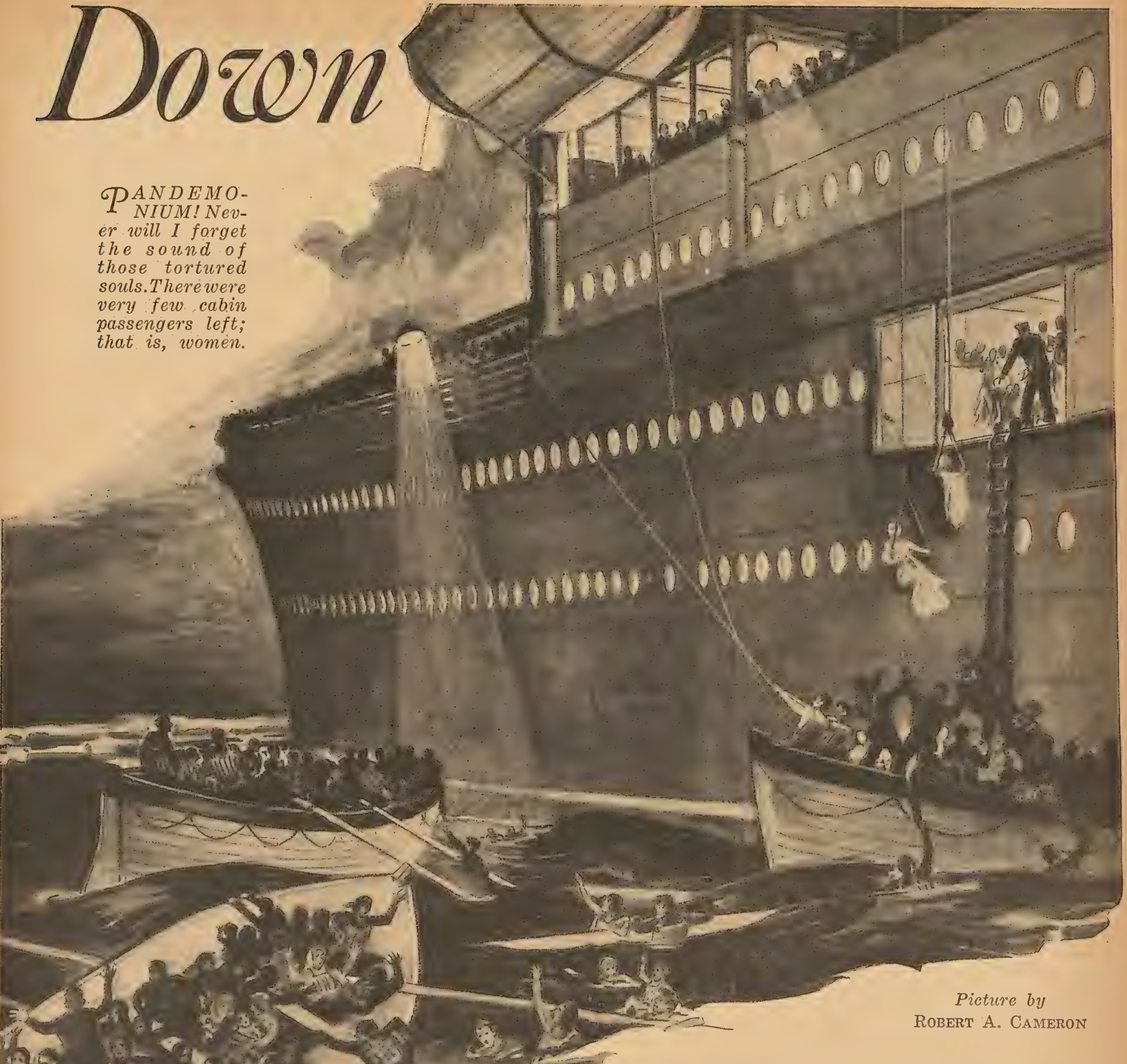
He turned toward me and said, "This is a bad omen. Do you love life?"

"I love it," I replied.

"Then get off this ship at Cherbourg, if we get that

# Down

*PANDEMONIUM! Never will I forget the sound of those tortured souls. There were very few cabin passengers left; that is, women.*



Picture by
Robert A. Cameron

I laughed it off and quoted the glowing accounts I had read of the unsinkability of our steamer. I never saw him again. He may have landed at Cherbourg.

The danger was over in less time than I am telling it, and we went proudly on our way.

We were out on a lark and revelry was the keynote. The weather was superb, the comfort and luxury aboard all that had been promised. With a speed of twenty-four knots an hour there was not the slightest vibration and we skimmed along as on a "silver lake."

THE days passed too quickly. I felt as if I would like to go on until the end of time. Dinner parties, bridge parties, dancing, auction pools, midnight repasts were indulged in to the *n*th degree. The weather continued mild until the following Saturday, when the temperature dropped so markedly that the initiated knew that we were in the iceberg regions. It was so cold that only a few dared venture on the uninclosed decks, most passengers taking refuge in the lounging rooms.

After luncheon my husband asked me if I would sit in, if necessary, in a poker game. He explained that in a previous "session" one of the players had been under suspicion, and rather than bar him from the game this time it would be simpler to let him see that the table was filled. It turned out that I was called on to be the eighth "man." When the suspected person was pointed out to me I thought he was a minister of the gospel, he looked so virtuous.

We played our game of poker on an inclosed deck just outside the main stairway. Heeding the bugle call for dressing, I was making my way to my stateroom when in descending the stairs I slipped, I believe, on a greasy spot left by a tea cake. I took a header down six or seven steps.

My reason for mentioning this incident is that because of it I am here today.

Before I could get to my feet, several men came to my aid, and when they lifted me I knew that I was all right except for my right arm. I couldn't bear to have it touched. I insisted on walking to my stateroom and when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HER HUSBAND WENT DOWN WITH THE TITANIC
Continued from page twenty-seven

I got there I felt an arm around me. It was his, my husband's. I hadn't seen him. I was dazed. He had heard what he thought was my voice in a dull moan and found me in a heap at the foot of the stairs. He sent for the ship's doctor, who immediately pronounced my arm broken, and started to set it in a cast, straight out. I felt it was too serious a situation for a one-man opinion, so I asked him with apologies if he would object to calling in a passenger who, I had heard, was famous as head of a joint-disease hospital in New York City. The little doctor graciously agreed. The passenger surgeon responded immediately to the call and my arm was set, not straight out but at a complete bend, the palm of my hand resting on my shoulder.

Brown Bros. photo

*The late Henry B. Harris, husband of the author of this article. Above, the Titanic leaving Southampton on her catastrophic maiden voyage.*

ALTHOUGH I was suffering torture, I knew I would feel it no less if I stayed in my room, so I insisted on going to a dinner party in the Ritz Room. I struggled into my dinner dress—a sleeveless one, of course. News of an accident aboard ship travels fast. Before I had left my room I had had a dozen or more sympathetic messages.

When I entered the Ritz Room I had a reception from all the diners, most of whom I had not met. It made me feel that a broken arm was an asset. The table to which we were shown was next to that of Bruce Ismay, the managing director of the White Star Line. His party numbered ten or twelve. I had just sat down at our table when Captain Smith came into the room. I had not before met the captain. In passing our table, he stopped, complimented me on my spirit, and went to an unoccupied place at the Ismay table. He was not there five minutes, for on his passing me again I asked him if he wasn't going to stay to enjoy the festivities. He answered that he was going back to the bridge because of the presence of icebergs in the region where we were. Captain Smith had not indulged in any drinking bout, as has been the general impression. On the contrary, he was one hundred per cent on his job.

After dinner we went to the smoking room. It was too cold for me there, so we tried the lounge. That, too, was uncomfortable. My husband urged me to go to my room; I must have looked pretty fagged—I felt it. So at about ten thirty we turned in. I couldn't go to bed, I was suffering too intensely, but I wouldn't take the morphine or whatever it was the doctor had left for me. So, with me in my pyjamas with the sleeve cut out, and with my bath robe and his bath robe and a blanket around me, we sat in our room playing double Canfield. I have never played it since.

I was facing the clothes-closet door. It was open, and I saw my dresses swaying to such a marked degree that I asked how fast we were going. He said he thought about twenty-four knots.

"How dreadful to make such speed among the—"

I had not finished my sentence when, without a jolt or any perceptible motion or sound, the ship stopped. I asked what could have happened. He said, "Nothing, of course," but I insisted that a steamer doesn't stop in the middle of the ocean at midnight for no reason.

He looked at his watch—it was eleven thirty—and said we would be starting off again any minute. I urged him to inquire what had happened. It wasn't fear that I felt, but a strange feeling of an appalling stillness. He did not want to leave me alone, so I suggested that he go across the corridor and ask Mrs. Futrelle to stay with me while he found out what was happening.

As he was about to leave, Mrs. Futrelle came into our cabin ghastly white. She told us that Jacques (Mr. Futrelle) had told her to get ready to go on deck and she had come to see if she could assist me in dressing. She knew nothing of what had happened but that orders had been given for passengers to leave their staterooms.

I was all dressed except my dress when my husband returned. How long he was away I don't know; it seemed an eternity to me. He was very calm but he had a strange look in his eyes. He sent Mrs. Futrelle back to her room where Mr. Futrelle was waiting for her, and then he told me not to be frightened, saying that although life belts had been ordered and he would have to put one on me, it was simply a matter of custom. He slashed the sleeve out of my flannel blouse, a sport shirt, and put my fur coat around me with one sleeve dangling, and before he put the life belt around me he took me in his two strong arms and said: "I'm going to put you in a lifeboat. I'll follow you as soon as I can."

"In the name of God," I said, "what has happened?"

"There is no danger," he replied; "they are launching the lifeboats—women first, of course."

"I won't go unless you do. You know more than you are telling me. Just how much danger are we in? Now is the time to tell me while we are alone."

"We have been struck by an iceberg."

In a voice that he knew was final, I said, "I will wait and go with you."

My last moment alone with him belongs to me. . . .

Standing at a door leading to the deck, two armed officers were directing the passengers to the lifeboats. A couple was just ahead of us. The woman stepped through the door and the man was about to follow her, when one of the officers said, "Women only." The man replied, "I'm only going to place my wife in a lifeboat. I'll come right back." They both went on deck.

I TURNED to my husband. "Why don't you say that too, and come with me?" "No," he answered, "I must obey orders." Later that other man was on the Carpathia. If he were alive today I would say who he was. He lived many years after the tragedy. My husband pleaded with me to let him put me in a lifeboat, but I refused to go. I asked the officer where we could go that we might go together. "To the bridge deck," he answered.

"Room for two more," was the first thing I heard when I reached the bridge deck. I saw men clasping their sobbing wives who were being put into the lifeboats. We went from boat to boat. John Jacob Astor with his foot on the rail was about to get in a boat suspended on its davits when two officers turned him around and one of them said: "Women only, Mr. Astor."

"I'm only going to get into the boat so you can lift my wife into my arms," he said. "She must be handled gently; she is going to be a mother."

There was the boat ready to be lowered and John Jacob Astor safely in it. Nothing could have stopped him had he wanted to remain. They don't shoot at a crowded boat in complete darkness. He climbed back on deck and stood there watching until the boat was on its way.

Then he turned to us and said: "Harris, put your wife in the next boat. We'll make for the rafts. There isn't much time to be lost."

"No," I said; "I'll go on the raft with him."

"It won't be easy to take care of you with a broken arm, and of himself too," he urged.

"I'll take my chances," I answered.

So from boat to boat we went, watching each one filled to capacity with women only, and I counting the remaining women with a prayer that there would be none left so that my beloved might go with me. I had not seen up to that time a rope stretched across the deck with a line of armed officers holding back a mob of screaming men, women, and children—the steerage. Then I knew that if I went into one of the few remaining lifeboats I would have to go alone.

PANDEMONIUM! Never will I forget the sound of those tortured souls. There were very few cabin passengers left; that is, very few women. The last lifeboat had been launched and they were filling the first collapsible boat. Isidor Straus and his wife were in our little group. We were watching the second collapsible being lowered when Mr. Straus and my husband led us two women away from the rail. I did not learn until much later that it was because the boat had been turned over while being lowered and all its occupants were lost. They did not want us to see this disaster, as it was their intention to put us in the next collapsible.

My husband asked Mrs. Straus if she would get into the next boat and take me with her. It sounded as if I myself were speaking when I heard her say, "I won't leave my husband. I will go where he goes."

We crossed to the port side, passing through the bridge where the captain was standing with Major Archibald Butt and the little doctor. I saw the clock—I can still see it with its hands pointing to two twenty.

The captain looked amazed when he saw me. "My God, woman, why aren't you in a lifeboat?" I kept repeating: "I won't leave my husband, I won't leave my husband." The little doctor said, "Isn't she a brick?" To which the captain replied: "She's a little fool—she's handicapping her husband's chances to save himself."

"Can he be saved," I asked, "if I go?"

"Yes," he answered; "there are plenty of rafts in the stern and the men can make for them if you women give them a chance."

"Come along, Mrs. Straus," I said. "We'll make it easier for our men."

Mr. Straus spoke for the first time: "We've been together all these years,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Her skin needs
MILKWEED
"I don't care
who comes!
I won't be here!"

*He* doesn't know what's the matter with her! He hasn't the faintest notion that many, many times of late she's been cut to the quick because all the attention she *used* to get goes to younger women! He doesn't know that today she looked into the mirror by bright daylight, and recognized with a terrific thud of tragedy that she looked old—old—old!

She shouldn't be tragic! There's something she can *do* about it!

Do you realize that 70% of a woman's youth lies in her *skin*? Your hair could be snow-white—but if your skin is fresh, soft, unlined and young, you'd *look* young!

I have helped hundreds and thousands of women bring back youthful, unlined freshness to their skin—smoothness to their complexion. And I can help *you*.

*Only a healthy skin can stay young*. And with my simple, brief Milkweed Cream treatments at home, you can bring back glowing health to your skin!

*Let Milkweed Cream help you!*

I want you to send for the little book which tells you exactly what to do for *your* skin troubles. I want you to get my inexpensive jar of Milkweed Cream—today. I want you to use Milkweed Cream treatments for 30 days, before retiring—and see what lovely things begin to happen to your skin! Will you *do* it?

Milkweed Cream is different from other creams. It brings health to the skin as well as deep cleanliness. It has helped thousands of women to recover the skin of youth. Won't you let it help *you*, too?

Frances Ingram

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*Awake the Sleeping Beauty of your skin. Care for it at the 5 starred places with my Milkweed Cream method.*

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*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

HER HUSBAND WENT DOWN WITH THE TITANIC
Continued from page twenty-nine

and when we must go we will go together. You are very young, my dear. Life still holds much for you. Don't wait for my wife."

I had had no time to protest. I was picked up and I felt myself being tossed into the nowhere. I heard a voice saying, "Catch my wife. Be careful—she has a broken arm." I was thrown a distance of perhaps three feet, and found myself in a boat being lowered from the bridge deck.

The water seemed just beneath me. It could not have been ten feet below the rail. I looked up and there stood my beloved. He tossed a blanket to me; he had picked it up as we left the cabin and had carried it for me all through the trying hours. As the oars touched the water I saw the little group that I had just left make a mad rush toward the stern as if they had been one man. I saw five ribbons of light converging from the bow toward the stern into nothing—then I saw four—then three—two—one. Darkness. "Look out for the suction! Look out for the suction!" kept ringing in my ears. But we seemed to be getting further and further away, and in less than a minute we were out of all sound of the great steamer. I then knew that those men and women on board her hadn't a chance. There was complete silence, just nothingness.

So many fantastic stories have gained credence in the telling, of how the orchestra played Nearer My God to Thee, and how the noise of the bursting engines drowned the tumult of the cries of the panic-stricken. I was the last human being to leave the ship, except those few men who jumped overboard and took a chance in the icy waters. There was at no time any sound of music. The orchestra, most of whom were caught below, were never seen after the first report of danger.

The screaming in the collapsible had ceased. They realized that our little boat was then out of danger, for there was no suction whatsoever. Our little boat didn't swerve an inch. The big boat was drawn down into the waters too quickly for those men and women left on board her to get to the rafts, if there ever were any.

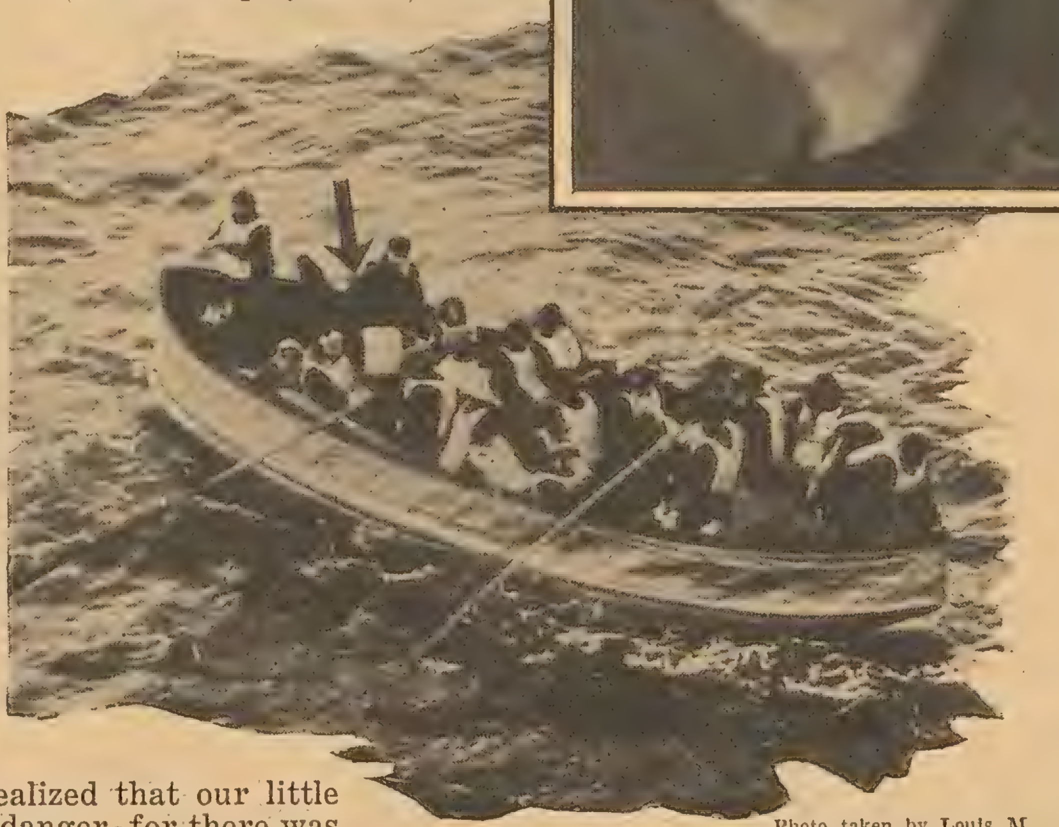


Photo taken by Louis M. Ogden of Tuxedo Park, N. Y., from the deck of the S. S. Carpathia.

*The Titanic's collapsible boat with its load of survivors, as they looked to their rescuers. The arrow points to the author, Mrs. Harris, whose portrait appears above.*

A SAILOR was pulling one of our oars and a woman, a cabin passenger, was handling the other. We had not made ten strokes when a voice from the water shrieked, "Help!" We stopped and a man pulled himself into the boat. "Let me take an oar," he said; "it will help to warm me." Then the woman who was rowing said "Fred!" and he said "Jane!" It was her husband, who after putting her into the collapsible had taken the desperate chance of swimming for his life. Husband and wife were reunited. Fred Hoyt was one of the few surviving men who were saved honorably. I have never seen or heard from either Mr. or Mrs. Hoyt since the tragedy.

Two little girls were sitting at my feet—two little tots whose mother had evidently thrown them into the collapsible when she found there wasn't room for her. The little Belgian babies! I gave the women next to me my precious blanket to wrap around them. I no longer felt cold. I was not conscious of any physical pain. I was waiting for the end to come, hoping that it would come soon. The only sound heard was the pulling of the oars; the occupants of the boat were as still as the night.

We rowed for hours in an impenetrable darkness. The ocean was as calm as a pond. The little babies were too petrified at first to cry, and this stillness was unbroken until they started to whimper. It was then discovered that the boat was filling with water and that these poor little orphans were sitting in it. The canvas was completely water-soaked; as fast as the boat could be bailed out it would fill again. Then the cries of the frightened women again pierced the air. The water was above our ankles; some of us took off our life belts to put under our feet. The little girls were taken up on the laps of the women next to me. The screams for help kept up unceasingly. What help they expected to find I couldn't imagine. I had stopped thinking of God. God went down on the Titanic.

FROM out of the distance a voice was heard calling: "We are coming. Keep calling, that we may locate you." A half hour, perhaps longer, and a faint light started to gleam in the sky; day was breaking. The outline of a boat could be seen at a distance, fast coming toward us. The collapsible was then about two inches above the water line. A lifeboat came alongside of us. The officer manning it took four or five passengers from our boat to lessen its weight, and tied us to his stern.

I looked around and could see for the first time what seemed like mountains of ice surrounding us. Dotted all over the water were thousands of spots of ice, broken bits from the berg that the Titanic had struck.

While we were being towed, a large figure loomed in the great distance. A shout went up: "A ship!" I'm not accurate as to time, but, assuming that daylight broke at about five o'clock, we must have been towed an hour and a half, for at six thirty we were taken aboard the Carpathia. This was the ship that Captain Rostron, now Sir Arthur, had dared navigate into the ice field to go to the rescue of another ship in distress. He had answered the S O S call while others had passed it by.

I was taken on board the Carpathia on a scaffold, and was carried into a large room crowded with men and women. I sat there for hours waiting for I knew not what. A steward came up to me, and on learning that I was Mrs. Harris immediately apologized for the error of putting me among the steerage passengers. "What difference does it make?" I thought.

Up to this time I had not spoken. As I was being half carried between two stewards, a man came toward me—the man who had been pointed out to me as the one under suspicion of being a card shark. I wanted to shriek:

"*You* were saved, and my beloved has been taken away from me!" I couldn't utter a sound. I stood speechless until he spoke to me and said, "Do not grieve. It is God's will." Then I found my voice! Whenever thereafter that man saw me while on the Carpathia, he would run away from me as from a fury.

I was taken into a cabin that had been given for my use by a Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, artists who were on their way to the Mediterranean. They relinquished their comfort, as did all the others of the passengers, so that the survivors of the tragedy might be cared for. My cabin was shared by a widowed bride and a French girl.

The first night I stayed in my room, receiving care for my arm from the surgeon who had set it. He started to tell me how he had been able to get off the boat and save himself. I told him he need not apologize to me for saving his life, and that I would not have had my "boy" back at the cost of another woman being sacrificed.

The second day on board we were all ordered after dinner to the dining salon for a check-up. My attention was called to a couple in full evening regalia. They were a lord and lady whom I had met on the Titanic. The other survivors were dressed as they had left her, so I ventured the remark that perhaps these two had come off the ship in their evening clothes, to which my neighbor responded that the day before they had been seen on the Carpathia's deck in sports clothes. It was afterward disclosed to me that this lord and lady had rescued not only themselves but their luggage.

THE day following I was put on deck with a few of the women who had tried, as I had, to be left to themselves. We were given a secluded corner. Two sailors with life belts on them came toward us. One of the women said, "Good God! What has happened now?" One of the sailors replied, "Nothing, lady. Someone wants to take pictures." And there, with a camera pointing toward us, were the aforementioned lord and lady.

Again the one to come to my rescue was the same officer who had manned the lifeboat that had saved the collapsible from sure destruction. In no uncertain words he told the titled couple what an Englishman thought of his own countrymen. Of course the pictures were not taken. If by some freak of circumstance Fifth Officer Lowe should read these lines, he will know that through all the years he has stood out in my memory as one of the finest men it has been my privilege to meet.

All this time my thoughts were with the one I had left. Though so many had tried to cheer me with the thought that perhaps he had been saved, I knew beyond any point of doubt that he hadn't had a chance. I knew too that I would have to break the news to his father, and I wanted to do it gently. I went to the wireless room to send

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

FROM SNUBS TO SMILES....by ALBERT DORNE

GIRLS SELDOM DANCED WITH HIM TWICE
HIS INVITATIONS WERE POLITELY TURNED DOWN
AT THE OFFICE HE NEVER WAS ONE OF THE "BUNCH"
ONE DAY HE DECIDED TO TRY LIFEBUOY
SUCH A LATHER— FELT SO CLEAN— KEPT ON USING IT

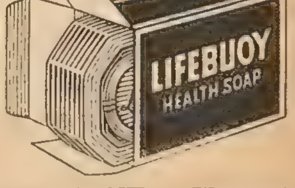
NOW HE'S A FAVORITE WITH EVERYONE. NO MORE "B.O." TO MAKE HIM UNPOPULAR!

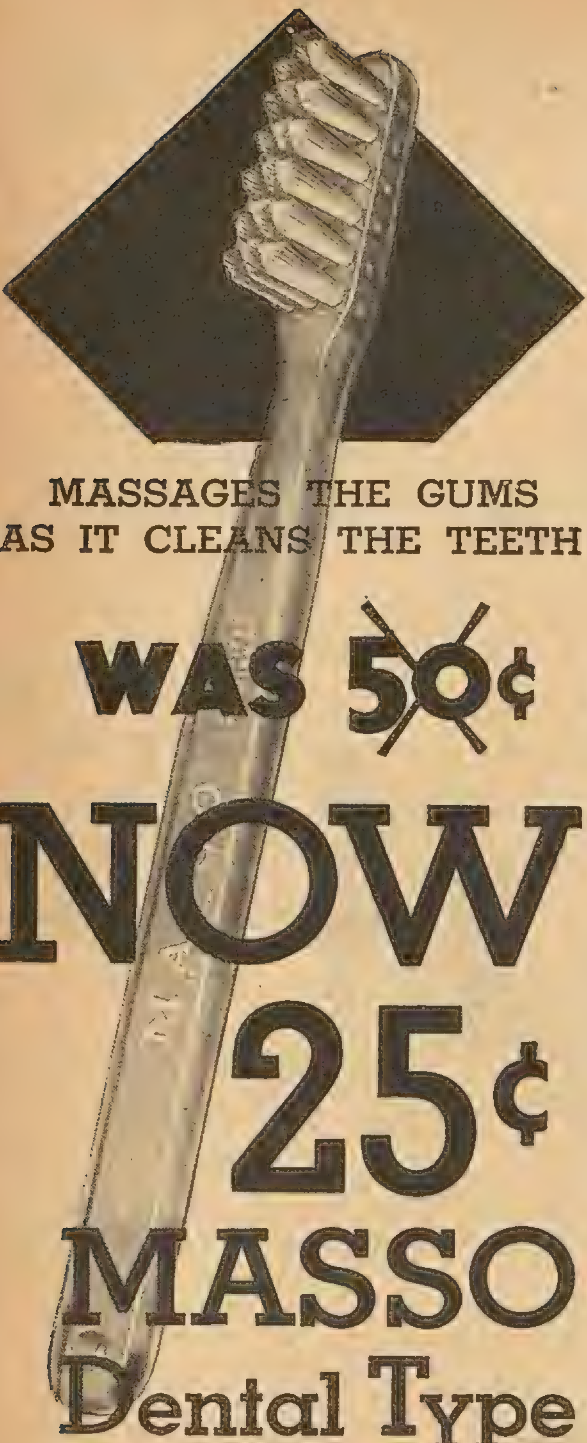
Don't let "B.O." spoil (Body Odor) your good times

THE secret behind many a social or business failure is . . . "B.O." *(body odor).* Watch out! With pores constantly giving off odor-causing waste, it's so easy to be guilty and not know it. Play safe! Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *deodorizes* pores—ends all "B.O." worries. Removes *germs* from hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

**Women praise new "facial"**

Every night massage Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather well into the skin; then rinse. Watch dull complexions freshen—become radiantly healthy.





MASSAGES THE GUMS AS IT CLEANS THE TEETH

WAS ~~50¢~~

NOW 25¢

MASSO

Dental Type

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*finest bristle, sterilized, in sanitary cellophane package*

2,000 dentists dictated their professional specifications for the *ideal* tooth brush. Our laboratory produced 82 models. Above is pictured the brush finally selected as meeting every requirement.

It is the MASSO, the new, small-type brush which most dentists use themselves, now priced at exactly half its former cost. Note the sharply pointed tufts for cleaning crevices. Note, too, the wide spacing between tufts, which permits bristles to flex, insures rapid drying, and prevents accumulation of old paste.

It's the nimblest little brush you've ever had in your mouth. Permits individual cleaning of every surface of each tooth. Makes your mouth "feel like a million" in the morning. Puts a healthy tingle into your gums at every brushing before bedtime.

The bristle is finest pearl quality, extra resilient. The entire brush is broadly guaranteed. Each Masso is sterilized and sold in a sanitary cellophane package. You see the color of the handle, and the bristle, through a cellophane window in the box. Thus you know that no hands have ever touched it before you use it.

Don't buy the Masso merely because its price is 25¢. Switch to it because of its superior results—from whitening teeth to keeping gums in the pink of condition.

MASSO BRUSH COMPANY
FLORENCE, MASS.

HER HUSBAND WENT DOWN WITH THE TITANIC
Continued from page thirty-one

a message, wording it, if I remember correctly: "I am saved. I am praying that our boy has been picked up." When I had dictated this message the operator said, "Three dollars, please." I said, "I have no money; I came away alone." "I'm sorry, madam," he responded, "but it is impossible to send any free messages."

So I went away to find some kindly person from whom I could borrow the money. Mr. Hoyt gave me ten dollars; I believe I still owe it to him. On returning and paying for the message, I met the French girl. She told me she was going to a strange country, not speaking the language, without a cent in her pocket. I gave her the seven dollars I had left.

Years after, while I was in Paris, I received a note from a woman asking me if she might call to see me or if I would visit her in her home for tea. She told me she had met me on the Carpathia and would like to return seven dollars that she owed me. She was married to one of the outstanding figures in the French capital.

Meanwhile, the hour for our arrival in New York harbor came with my mind in a turmoil. How was I to break to those who loved my "boy" the news that he was no more? I was met at the pier by my doctor, my attorney Max D. Steuer and Mrs. Steuer, and my brother, who was facing the ordeal of having to tell me that "Harry" had not been saved. When I said, "I have come alone," they knew that I knew.

Every detail from the time the ship was struck until I gave myself into the hands of my family stands out in my mind as clearly as if of yesterday. For a period of several weeks thereafter, everything is a blank. My first recollection is of the hour when I found myself sitting at my husband's desk in his office, my doctor and nurse with me, I in paroxysms. They let me cry. As years have gone on my heart weeps but I never seem to be able to cry. I believe I cried all my tears away when I awoke to the realization that I would have to face the years without the companionship of that splendid man, Henry B. Harris. I was glad that I felt the full extent of the loss, for then I knew how deeply I loved him. For his loyalty, his modesty, his sweetness of nature, his boyishness, and his fine strong manliness did I love him, and I am grateful for the extraordinary happiness that was mine during those twelve beautiful years I had with him. And so I said good-by to my love. "Good night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

THE END

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### *Mummies and Mummies*

My eight-year-old daughter Betty was taken by her aunt to a museum. Looking at a mummy in the Egyptian Room, Betty asked what it was.

"That is someone's mummy, dear," answered her aunt.

"Aunty," said Betty, "I'm glad my mummy's not like that!"—Mrs. P. Apostle, Box 34, Soo, Michigan.

### *Short in Deportment*

A little boy habitually on the honor roll missed it one month. "What was the matter, son?" asked his father. "Your marks still are high."

"Well, daddy," was his explanation, "last month I was a little short in deportment."—Hubert T. Houston, 361 Thirteenth Street North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

# The Bronx Local

## A Short Short Story

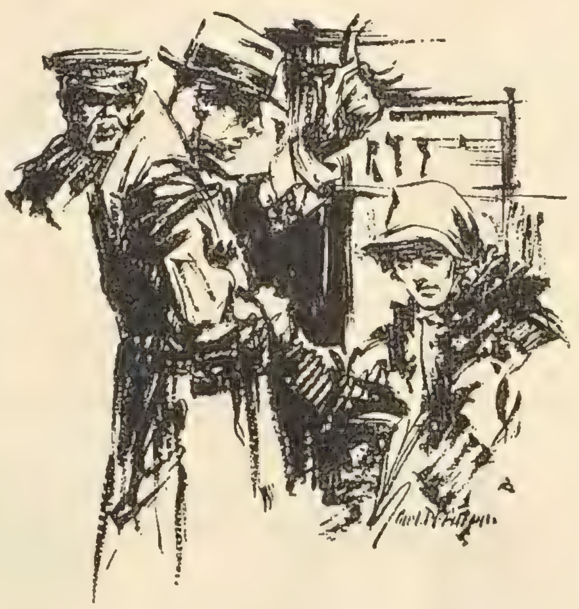
By ISABEL JOHNSTON

(*Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.*)

THE girl wasn't even pretty. Trust Rodney Higgens to go months without as much as seeing the cute little stenog in the office, and then to sink one week's salary in a thief! Rod is one of those solemn-faced, simple-hearted babies, six feet tall and thin.

Goof that he is, Rod lives up at 178th Street, the Bronx. It *is* inconvenient to the office, but he lived there as a boy and never thought to move. He says it's like a home town to him.

The boys at the office might not have known about the girl, if Rodney hadn't been so guileless when he tried to make a touch.



"Weren't you paid yesterday?" demanded the newly married bookkeeper, whom Rod approached first.

"Yes, but I have to eat this week," Rod explained.

"Been stepping out with some peroxide blonde?" Eddie, the lady-killer of the sales-force, butted in.

"She's brown-haired," Rod answered, unexpectedly.

We crowded around, astonished that such a long, lean drink of water like Rod would have a girl high powered enough to burn up his roll in one night.

"I met her in the subway," he said, amid laughter. The boys used to kid Rod about how he always took a local, all the way up and down from the Bronx, in order to avoid the crowds.

"Cute figure?" smirked the bald-headed statistician.

"Kind of undernourished," admitted Rod.

"But with a skin you love to touch," Eddie razzed him.

"No. She'd been crying. Her complexion was washed off."

"But a little beauty," Eddie persisted.

Rod thought that over earnestly.

"I think you'd call her rather plain," he said, and then his big, ugly mug lit up, as if he were a little boy about to say his prayers. "But when I felt that sweet, helpless little hand of hers in my pocket—"

"She was picking your wallet!" said Eddie, almost triumphantly.

"Yes," said Rod, "I didn't mean to tell you."

It seems that Rod saw this shabby little person sniffing back the sobs on the corner seat of a Bronx local. He never could bear to hear a dog whining to come into the living room, or to see a woman cry. But he was afraid she might not like to have a stranger speak to her. At least, he could edge over in front of her, so that the other gum chewers in the subway wouldn't see her tears. They had just ridden past Mott Avenue when he felt her fingers in his pocket.

The goof seemed actually ashamed because his big paw caught hers so strong and quick. He almost blubbered as he told how his fist could have held three of hers.

"Trying to grab your wad, was she?" The subway guard barged up, righteously.

"Naw," lied Rod, after a moment. "She's my girl. She's mad, and doesn't want to hold my hand."

The subway guard gave a horse laugh, and went back to open the door at 149th. The girl didn't try to break Rod's hold, but stared sullenly at a piece of tin foil on the subway floor. They held hands, just as if they'd made up a lovers' quarrel, past Intervale Avenue, Simpson Street, almost to the stop at 174th.

"Thanks," she said at last, giving him a quick, shamed look, or it seemed like that to him. He squeezed her hand, and she began sniveling a little bit again.

"Do you need money, sister?" he asked her. "I've got a week's salary here."

At that, she looked up at him, her eyes big and scared, and began to tremble all over again.

"I'll pay you back. Someone promised me a job if I'd come back next week," she mumbled.

"Oh, I can stave off my landlord two weeks, or three weeks, or even longer. He's a friend of mine." Rod kept on talking to make her feel more comfortable. "But I'd like to see you sooner, never mind the money, if you'll give me a ring, Rodney Higgens, Canal 6-1903, Extension 17."

She just stared at him, while he wrote down his name and address and telephone number, office and home.

"How about Thursday? Maybe we could have lunch?" he said.

"My name's Minnie Evans," she admitted in a faint, dead voice, as she stowed away his card. "I've been traveling on the subway since yesterday. My . . . my landlady . . . turned me out, 'cause I didn't bring home no money."

He didn't like to ask for her address. Maybe she might not want to go back to such a mean landlady.

"So, if you will just lend me a tenner, until she comes around on Thursday," he told the crowd.

My, how we did laugh, but Rod grew very dignified, and bet all his next week's salary, he was so sure she'd come.

"That girl will come, because she knows I . . . I . . . love her," he gulped out and then walked off.

BY Thursday the odds were high that the girl wouldn't show up, but a few sentimental Irish guys kept insisting that she would. Three o'clock, no girl. Four o'clock, and Rod put on a clean collar. At five, Eddie began telling a few of his good ones about women who'd failed him. The Irish guys were just getting ready to pay up, when in walks the doorman with a dirty and bulky envelope. He said someone left it on his table, during a temporary absence.

Everybody crowded around. Rod fumbled at his letter. His fingers were so clumsy, Eddie grabbed the envelope and tore it open. Out tumbled one of those high-powered diamond-and-platinum wedding rings! Rod just stared. Eddie recovered first, and read the note with a comic flourish that fell flat before he was half through:

"DEAR MISTER,

"It wasn't my landlady turned me out. It was Danny. I had to give him the money, but maybe you can hock this.

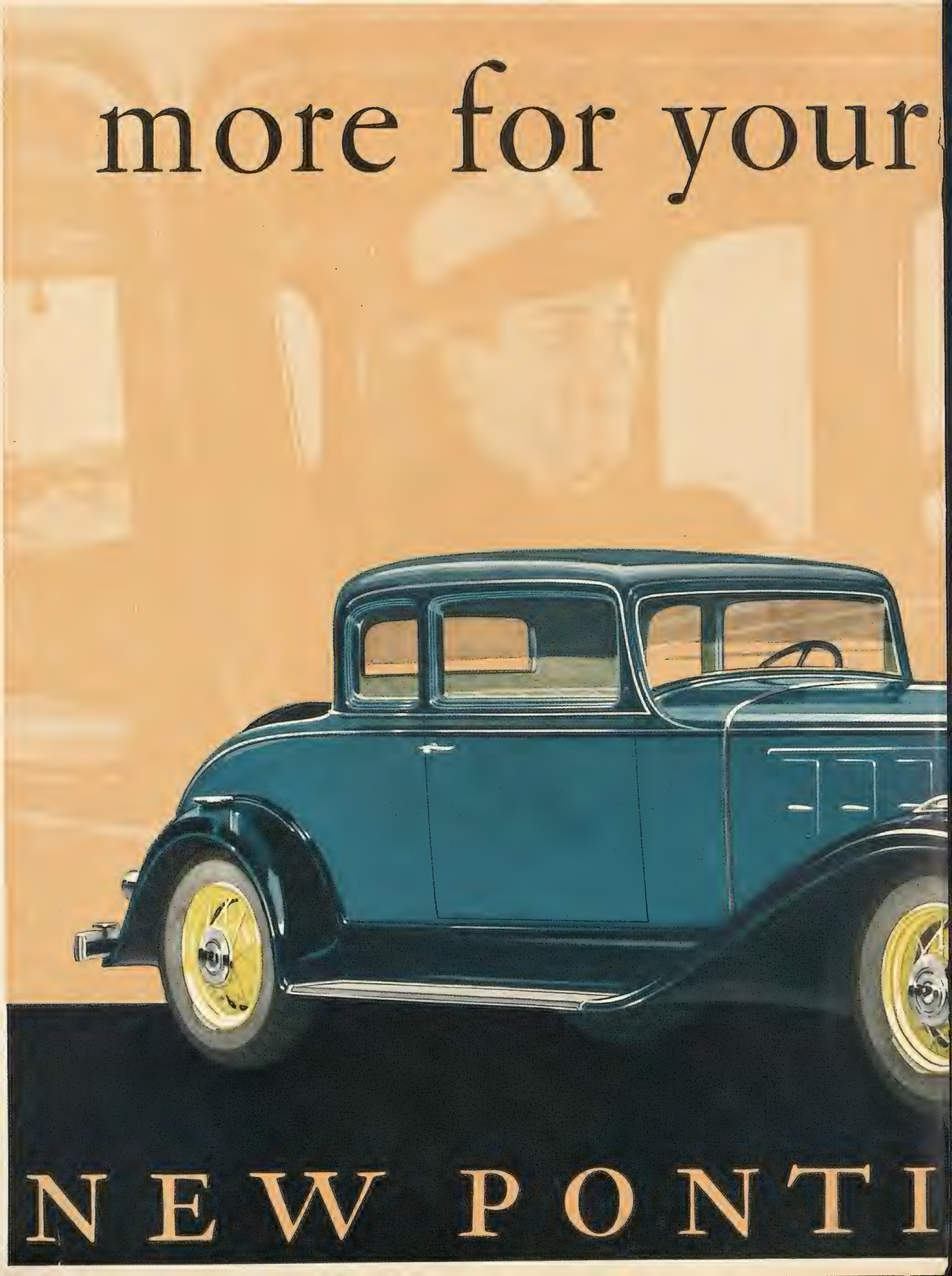
"After you treated me like I was a lady, I didn't want you to go on thinking I was a good girl.

"MINNIE.

"P.S. I copped this ring a long while ago, and I never let Danny no I had it. It was so pretty and respektble."

Yes, sir, that ring is worth ten times what Rod gave her, but that sentimental fool wouldn't think of hocking it. He won't even advertise and maybe get a swell reward. He says he is keeping it in case he ever meets her on the subway. It is so pretty and respectable. He thinks she might want it back.

THE END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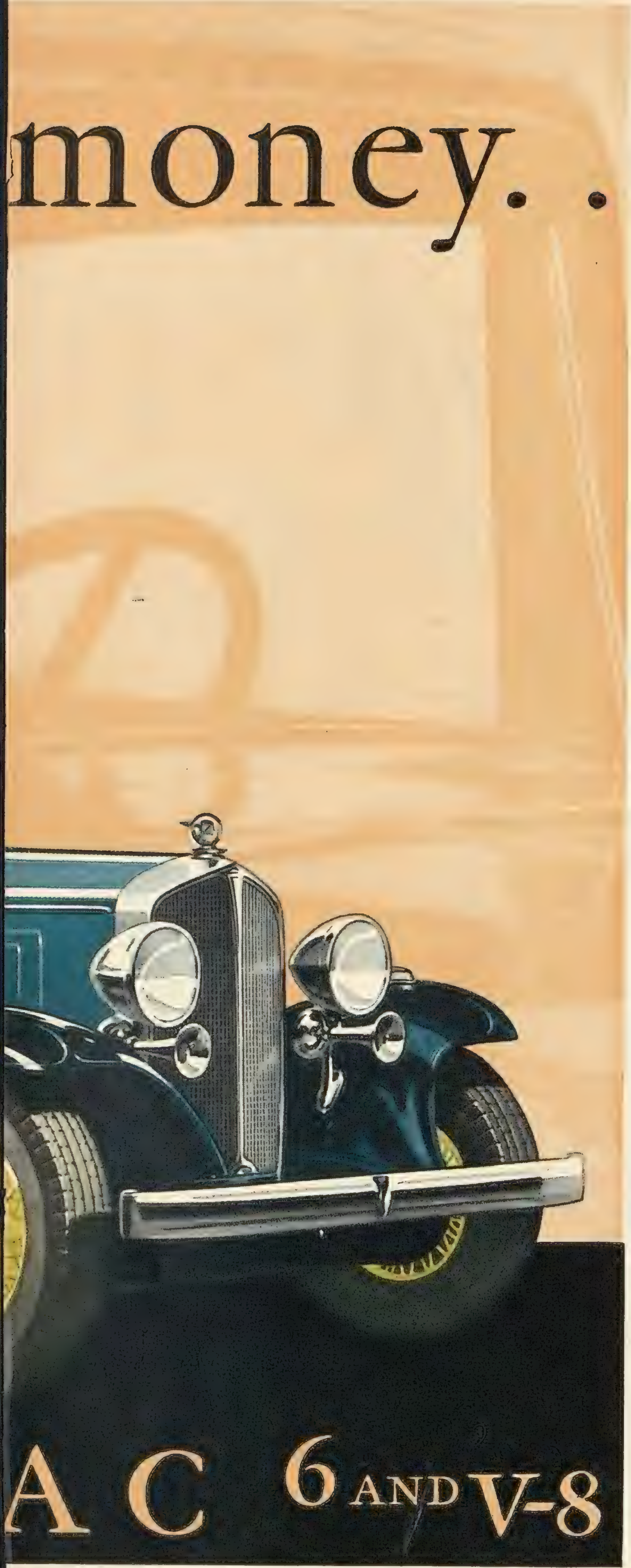

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At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY "FIRST STORY" EDITOR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

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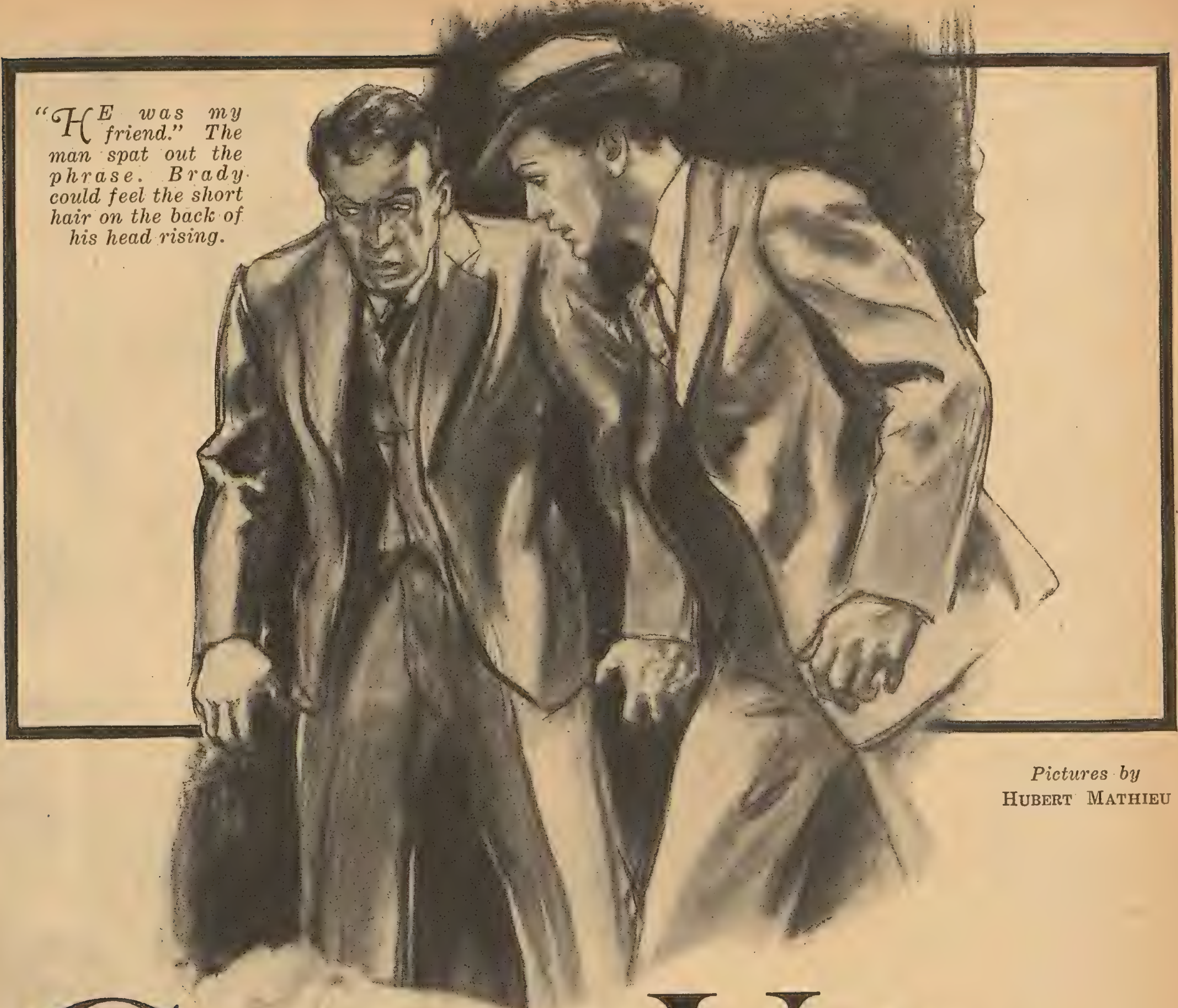


*"HE was my friend." The man spat out the phrase. Brady could feel the short hair on the back of his head rising.*

*Pictures by*
HUBERT MATHIEU

# Charred Vellum

## *The Story of a Fatal Supper that Made the Final Edition*

## *By* GEORGE S. BROOKS

*(Reading time: 22 minutes 31 seconds.)*

IT was Brady's long night.

Every Tuesday he had to stand the dogwatch for the Morning Chronicle. From one o'clock, when the editorial staff went home, until four thirty, when the final city edition was off the press, he was supposed to keep in touch with fire and police headquarters.

That night, as usual, he was playing stud with the telegraph editor and two fellows from the sports desk.

The copy boy answered the phone. " He wants you, Leo."

The reporter grunted. He had an ace buried and a pair of jacks showing. He shoved a nickel into the pot to pay for his fifth card, picked up the extension, and barked " Brady talkin' " into the transmitter. He wondered why he was never called except when he had a good hand.

" Mr. Brady? This is Charles Beeman Sears. I have often seen your name attached to news articles in the paper . . ."

Hurrah! thought the poker player, here's my public.

". . . so I took the liberty of calling you personally."

His final card was another ace. If the telegraph editor bet his queens, there was money to be made.

" There has been a terrible accident here," the man's voice went on, calmly and steadily.

" Ayah? What kind of an accident? "

He pushed a dime toward the center of the desk. Those queens had to be nursed. The telegraph editor was pretty cagy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHARRED VELLUM
Continued from page thirty-seven

“A fatal accident, Mr. Brady.”

Come on—you've got my attention—sell it to me, he thought, watching the queens meet his bet, hesitate, and offer a nickel raise. “You mean there's somebody dead?” he asked the telephone.

“Two are dead.”

Nothing halfway about this guy Sears. Two o'clock in the morning and two dead. Why didn't he wait an hour and have three dead? He boosted the pot with another nickel. “Two people dead? Who are they? Do you know them?”

“Mrs. Sears and a friend—”

“You said your name is Sears.”

“Yes, Mr. Brady. My wife is dead and one of our closest friends.”

The reporter started, not so much at the news as at the telegraph editor's ten-cent raise. “Here”—he spoke sharply—“I'll see you,” flipping in a dime with his forefinger.

“If you can come out here, perhaps it would be better,” the man's voice answered him.

“Oh, sure. I'm on my way.” Brady grinned. “You live at—”

“One-o-six Brighton Terrace.”

“I'm starting now. See you in five minutes. Thanks for calling.” He hung up the receiver. “Whatch got?”

“Two pairs,” bragged the telegraph editor.

“So've I. Aces up.” He turned over the hole card and scooped in his seventy-cent winnings. That put him forty-five cents ahead on the game. He was glad of an excuse to quit while he was ahead. “Call me a cab, Morris,” he shouted at the office boy. “Who's Charles Beeman Sears? Important?”

“Well, we put something about him on the wire once,” the telegraph editor remembered. “He wrote something scientific. Yes. About the heredity of plants.”

“You got him mixed with Mendel.”

“Naw. Sears wrote it, too,” insisted the other. “Th' N'York Times ordered seven hundred and fifty words on it special, besides the regular story. That was four or five years ago, about the time of the Shriners' Convention.”

“WELL, he says his wife's dead in an accident.”

“Auto?”

“S'pose so. I'll phone you back from his house.”

Brady picked a thick red volume from the reference shelf, yawning as he opened it.

“You know”—his voice was more cheerful—“it might be worth page one. It *is* worth page one. He's in Who's Who.”

“That's something,” admitted the telegraph editor. “You can't get in there for bigamy.”

“He must be quite a guy. Listen.” He stumbled over the words. “This Sears is a plant physiologist, bacteriologist, and plant pathologist. He's out at the government laboratory doing original research for the plant disease survey.”

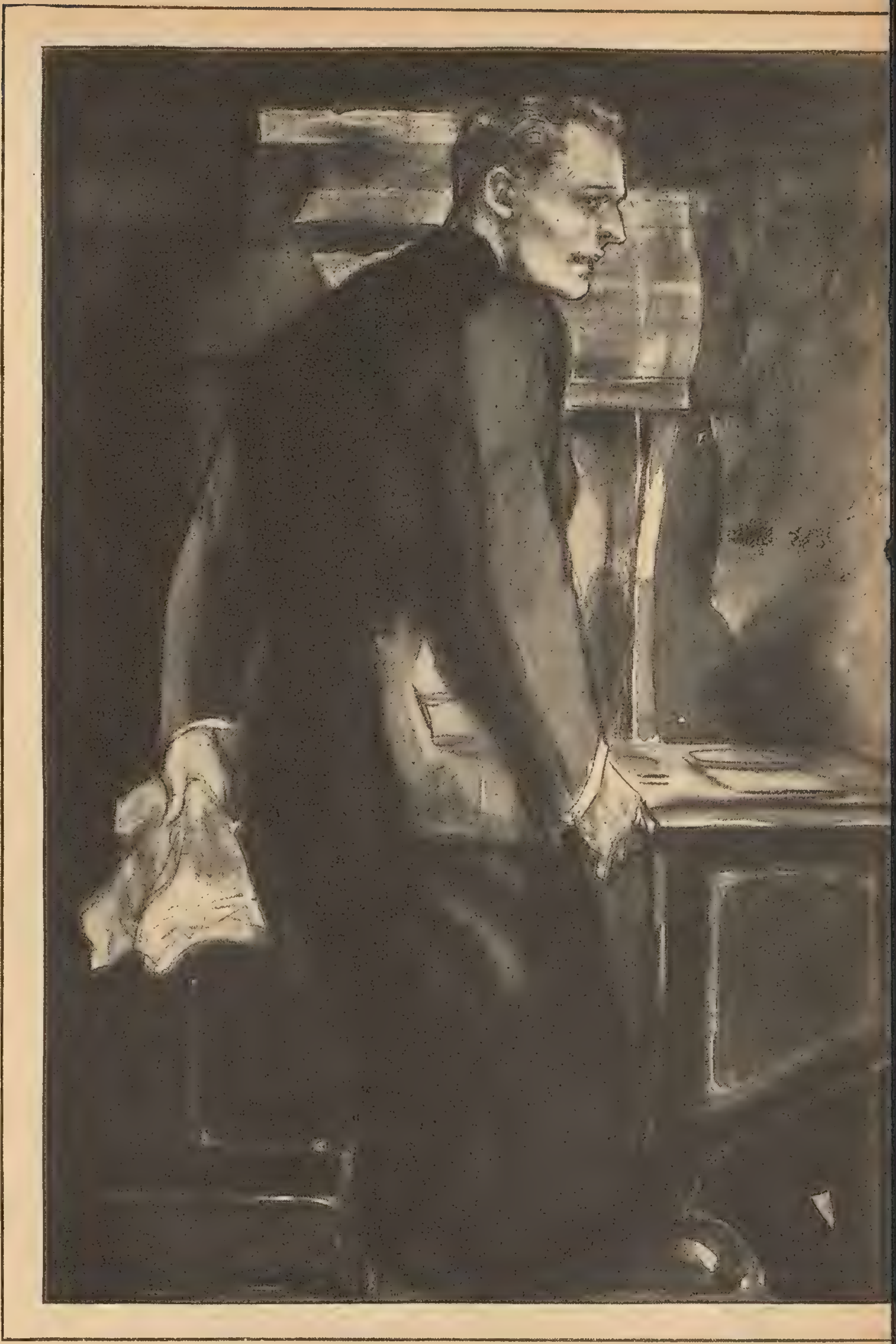
“Say.” One of the sports writers came suddenly to life. “You ask him what makes the leaves turn yellow on my mother's tomato plants. She told me to find out.”

“Didn't I tell you his wife's dead?” Brady retorted.

“It would take his mind off himself, and I gotta find out.”

The reporter turned to the telegraph editor. “O. K. this taxi voucher, will you, Ed? I forgot it once and I had to pay for the cab right outta my own pocket.”

Brighton Terrace was a depressing street, originally Bismarck Avenue until the Common Council, in a spasm of patriotism, changed the name.



“Stop!” a voice hissed. He turned

“The place smells of black-walnut whatnots,” thought Brady as he rang the old-fashioned bell, the kind of gong that fastens on the inside of a heavy oak door and is wound up like an alarm clock.

“Come in,” ordered a voice as the door swung open.

There was nothing stooped or bony or scholastic about the short, squat, powerful man who stood silhouetted against the light. “Thank you for coming.”

“It was pretty nice of you to call me. I appreciate it.”

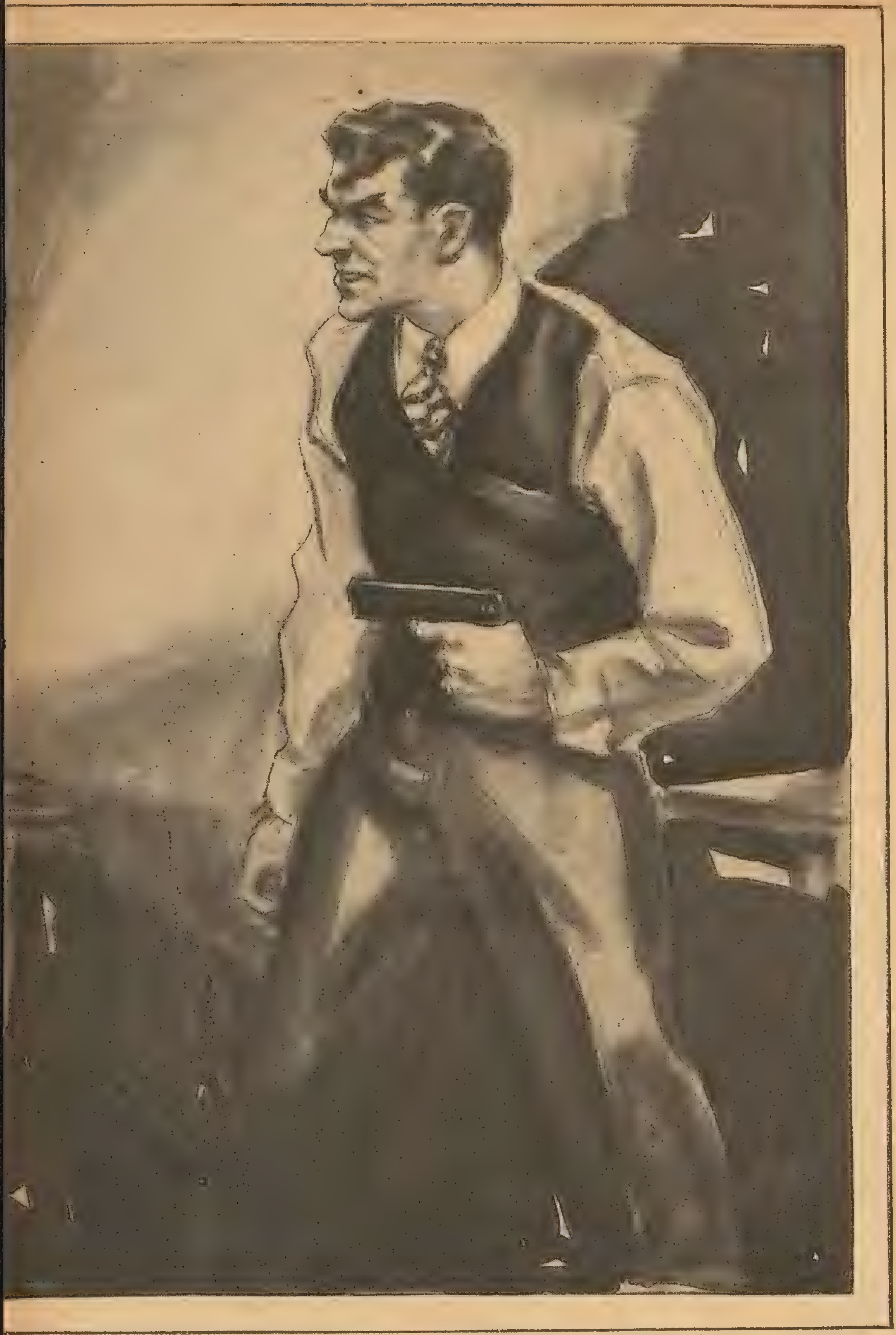
The reporter stepped inside, and turned to get a good look at his host. But the man's back was to him, for he was shutting and barring the door again with a long brass rod that would have defied a battering-ram.

“The bodies are in here.”

Brady started. “What?”

“I say the bodies are in here.” Sears' tone was cold as a cemetery vault. The door barred, he took two quick steps down the hall. All that the other could see of his face was an unpleasant impression of a heavy jaw and shaggy pepper-and-salt eyebrows.

The reporter followed under the overhanging stairway into the dining room. His heart action was quicker, he realized. Inside him was an uneasy feeling, as if something were about to happen.



*here was Sears, a pistol in his hand.*

"That's Mrs. Sears."

Even in daylight it would have been a gloomy room. And now, at two in the morning, when only one amber bulb glowed in the ornate, discolored, old-fashioned chandelier, the place was depressing and ghastly.

There was a white cloth on the table, and a chafing dish, the bottom blackened where the alcohol lamp had burned out. There was a smell of scorched food heavy in the air. Two persons had eaten. Their unwashed plates and crumpled napkins, the uncut layer cake, their chairs companionably side by side, told of a clandestine dinner.

"You see?" asked Sears harshly, pointing at the floor. She had evidently been in agony when she died. Her knees were drawn up and one of her white hands clutched the nap of the rug. She must have been dainty; pretty, too, in a pathetic, faded way.

"What was it? What killed her?" gasped the reporter.

"I'll show you in a minute." There was a bitter note in the husband's voice. "Here's the other one." He raised the edge of the cloth. A man's body lay beneath the table. He, too, had died in acute pain.

"Do you know him?"

"Know him?" echoed the scientist. "Why, he was the family friend. Henry Goodard. He was my friend, he claimed." The man spat out the phrase. "They knew I would be at the laboratory until after midnight. They told me I was working too hard."

Brady drew in his breath sharply. This was page one, right-hand column, top line. "What killed them?"

For the first time Sears looked the reporter squarely in the eye. "*Amanita muscaria.*"

"What? What's that?"

"You would call it a mushroom."

"They ate poisonous mushrooms?"

The other nodded.

Brady could feel the short hair on the back of his head rising and stiffening, just as if he had suddenly discovered a coiling snake. The husband was a botanist. The wife and her lover were dead, killed by toadstools they had eaten. That wasn't so smart, for a scientist. It showed premeditation. He would have been better off had he used a gun and pleaded unwritten law. "Where'd they get them?"

"Out here."

THEY went through the tiny serving pantry into the dingy kitchen, where the coal range seemed to fill the room to overflowing. Sears unlocked the back door and produced a flashlight. In the shade of a hedge the reporter could see colonies of mushrooms.

"Part of an experiment," said the man. "Ideal place for 'em. There are seven species in this bed, developed from as many kinds of spores." He bent over and pointed the light at one clump. "They probably ate these. The common name for them is fly-killer."

"But how'd they happen to make the mistake?"

"God willed it, Mr. Brady." He tried to speak with unction, but there was more bitterness than belief in his tone.

In spite of himself, the newspaper man shuddered. Murder was murder, even when you got away with it.

"It is my theory, although we'll never know"—the man's tone was now openly mocking—"that they mistook the fly-killers for these." His torch flamed on a group of exotically colored fungi. "We call these *Amanita Cæsarea.* They are edible. In fact, their flavor is unsurpassed."

The reporter said nothing. He was remembering *Amanita muscaria,* the fly-killer, and *Amanita Cæsarea,* the good kind. He wanted to hang on to those names.

"Perhaps"—the scientist thrust his ugly face closer—"you don't believe me."

Just because he's got me out here in his corpse factory, Brady reflected, he needn't think he can kid me. I've chewed tough meat and liked it. "Well," he replied aloud, "it's always a lot easier to convince twelve men than one." He was proud of that gag.

Sears grunted.

"You didn't notify the police or the coroner, did you?" The remark was edged with sarcasm. "I thought not. You figured I'd do that for you after I got here. You were going to be overcome by grief and shock, so you wouldn't have to answer questions."

He paused. The scientist made no reply.

"Why," Brady continued, "you probably read my stuff and figured I was dumb. You thought if you gave me an exclusive story I'd be too tickled to ask anything. Don't judge a man by his copy. If he wrote all he knows he'd be in a libel suit in thirty seconds. Now, I'm going to phone up the elbows at headquarters. Not because I'm stooging for you, but I want a statement out of the homicide squad before we go to press."

"Call whomever you please." The man turned back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHARRED VELLUM
Continued from page thirty-nine

into the house. "I'll be in my room." He left the kitchen door open.

*Amanita muscaria*—that's the bad one. *Amanita Cæsarea*—he'd eat those himself. I wonder how you spell *Amanita,* mused the reporter as he followed the other inside.

Upstairs a bedroom door slammed shut. Brady found the telephone in the library. He dialed 4-444 and asked the operator for the detective bureau.

"Charlie," he said, "this is Leo. I'm at a hundred six Brighton. Got that?"

"Right, Scoop."

"Well, chase out the boys and the fast wagon and don't forget to notify the coroner."

"A murder?" Charlie's voice rose slightly.

"There's a pair of stiffs here on the floor."

Over the wire he could hear the alarm gong ringing in the detectives' dormitory to call out the men on reserve.

"How'd they die and what's there to it, Scoop?"

"Poison. And it's one of your love stories, Charlie. If you want to find out about it, buy a paper. Now you hang up because I gotta call my office."

The Chronicle number was 1-100. "Listen, Ed. Throw away th' President an' Congress and the depression story. Yeah. Dump it in the hellbox. Write a banner and open up page one. I need room to spread. Why, I got news."

"Hot, kid?"

"It's burnin' me and that's no lie. Tell Morris to go through the index and the files and the morgue. Our morgue. Pull out everything on Charles Beeman Sears. On his wife, too. Get her maiden name. She's local and about forty. Wake up her relatives. Talk to 'em. Get an address and a background for Henry Goodard, a neighbor, about the same age. Ring up his family. Oh, yes indeedy. They're done. Poisoned."

"That's swell, Leo. Love pact? Suicide?"

"Not a chance."

"Can we say it's murder?"

"Not until I call you back."

"Well, be busy. We're not printing a weekly."

"Say, I got to let the bulls in. The front door's locked. I'll call you back."

"Good. Let's hear from you again sometime."

DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT HOFFMAN, with his chewed cigar butt between his gold teeth, backed the reporter away from the dining room. "You might as well call the coroner. And the district attorney's office. And the photographer and the fingerprint man and the city chemist." He spoke over his shoulder to one of his men. "And anybody else you don't like. That's the only fun in working nights. You can spoil the sleep of everybody who doesn't. Don't touch anything in there. Now, Leo." He faced the reporter. "Speak your piece." He winked. "Let's hear your alibi first. If I can't hang it on you I'll look for somebody else."

"The guy you want is upstairs."

The headquarters man's face fell. "If he's as handy as that, there's a catch to it. But I'll have a talk with him, just the same."

When he came downstairs again he threw away his cigar.

"That," said the detective, pointing to the dining room, "is a nice clean job of killing."

"Didn't I tell you Sears did it?"

"Sure, Scoop. Everybody knows that."

"Aren't you going to lock him up?"

"What for?"

"For murder, of course."

"Where's your case?"

Leo Brady looked at the other accusingly. "If you're too thick to figure this one—"

"Oh." Hoffman blinked. "I can figure it. And you can figure it. There's the bodies and the motive and the method. But you could run a subway through the hole in that case."

"I tell you that Sears did it."

"I said I knew it."

The newspaper man swore. "What did they give you that badge for?" He pointed to the gold-plated shield beneath the lapel of the other's coat. "So you wouldn't be touched for speeding? Come on, will you? Quit your foolin'. Make the pinch. I got to see him arrested before I can write my story. It's getting along toward press time."

"I can't take him in. He's got a better alibi than you have. You can't prove he put those toadstools in the chafing dish. He's all ready with his answers."

"But, lieutenant—he's guilty as—"

"ABSOLUTELY," agreed the other. "And he's up there laughing at us. Why, he gave me the bird to my face. For a fact he did. But look at his out. Listen. He left home at nine o'clock in the morning. He was at the laboratory until seven minutes before one o'clock this morning; caught the last bus in on the interurban line, and he can prove it. He never left that laboratory. Every minute he was with somebody. He give me a list of scientists and professors and assistants so I could check him up. By the time he got back here it was nearly two o'clock, and that pair in the dining room had been dead six or seven hours. Rigor mortis was setting in."

"I tell you he did it."

"I know." The detective scowled. "You show me how he got those fly-killers into their skillet and I'll throw old Sears into the oven."

"Probably he picked 'em himself, before he left home. Probably he said to his wife, 'See here, honey. Here's something nice for your supper.'"

"Who'd testify to that? Mrs. Sears?" Hoffman drawled. "That was the idea I had. But he is even covered there, the rat. Oh, he thought of everything! His yarn is that he was experimenting with the spores of various kinds of fungus. About four o'clock this afternoon, he says, he sent a messenger here to this house. He offers to produce the boy. The messenger talked with Mrs. Sears. She let him go into the kitchen, open the ice box, take out the only basket of mushrooms there was, wrap it up, and bring it out to the laboratory. You should have heard him sneer at me when he told me that."

"Then there isn't any way?"

The detective shook his head. "I tell you he's slicker than a stock-salesman. The wife and her lover themselves went out into the garden. They themselves picked whatever it was that they ate."

"But how did he induce them to do it?"

"Kid, if we could find that out we'd be just as smart as he is."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, so far as I'm concerned, it's accidental death." Hoffman shrugged his broad shoulders and walked away.

"Sure," Brady called after him—"and the Czar of Russia committed suicide because he was out of work."

He kicked at a shadow on the hall rug. It made him mad to have the thing all wrapped up to carry to the office, and then drop the murder angle right out of the package.

Besides, he hated this Sears. A musty old volume like him thinking he could make a monkey out of a newspaper man—and then doing it!

Well, his bet was to salvage whatever he dared print out of the facts. He could point a mean finger of suspicion at Sears and keep outside the libel law. How did they spell that name for mushrooms, now? Was it *Amanita* or *Amaneta?* No proof reader would know that.

He'd better look it up before he went back to the office. He'd quote Sears directly, big words and all. That would sound authoritative. There must be a botany book somewhere in Sears' library that would have the spellings. Maybe he could find a paragraph of description of the fly-killer.

In the case with the textbooks and foreign-language dictionaries and encyclopedias he stumbled on the very thing he wanted. It was a whole bookful of colored plates of mushrooms, the best job of hand-tinted engravings on vellum paper he'd ever seen. A publication like that cost some dough, twenty bucks anyway. He turned to the index. *Amanita Cæsaria* with an i. Opposite page twenty-seven.

But it wasn't. It was opposite page twenty-nine. Funny that they'd make a misprint like that in the index. But that was the *Cæsarea*, all right. It looked exactly like the things Sears had showed him in the garden. No mistake—it was opposite page twenty-nine.

Hello! The reporter started. Pages twenty-seven and -eight were missing. If you looked close, you could see where one sheet had been trimmed out neatly, close to the stitching, with a razor blade. That was peculiar. Why had Sears mutilated his book?

Again he turned back to the index of illustrations. *Amanita muscaria*, popularly called fly-killer. To face page fifty-four. His breathing was quicker now. His hair was bristling, as it had in the garden.

There was no plate, no colored engraving that faced page fifty-four. Pages fifty-five and -six were missing! Another sheet had been subtracted from the book, removed by the same razor blade.

OF course there was some reason for that. There must be. There is a reason for everything except saxophones and dumb women. What good could it do Sears to detach those two pages? If he was in Sears' place, what good could it have done him?

Spoiling a twenty-dollar book wouldn't help a murderer. This thing had him going cuckoo. He was walking on his heels. He was punch-drunk from it. The book didn't have anything to do with the killing. But, at that, it was peculiar that the pages relating to the very fungi they had talked about—

Three twenty o'clock in the morning and he was guessing riddles. He'd have to get moving. He'd hand the book to the detective lieutenant for what it was worth. Those guys got paid for guessing. They didn't get paid much and they guessed wrong. He wished he had a drink.

Suppose there was some connection between the missing pages and the murder, now. Just grant that, for the sake of argument. What had old Sears done with them? Put them in his desk out at the laboratory? That might be searched. Burned them in the furnace or the fireplace? That would be noticed. It was summertime. That heavy paper was hard to burn.

The coroner had come, and the photographer. He heard them talking to the detectives in the hall. They were moving into the dining room. It was kind of pitiful—poor Mrs. Sears

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY NEW WASHER. IT WORKS ALL RIGHT — BUT THE SUDS ARE SO FLAT. I WONDER WHY
I HAVE A BRAND NEW WASHER. YET I CAN'T GET MY CLOTHES AS WHITE AS YOURS
MAYBE IT'S THE SOAP YOU USE. TRY MY KIND NEXT WEEK, YOU'LL LIKE IT
NEXT WASHDAY
WHAT A DIFFERENCE RINSO MAKES! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE CLOTHES SO SNOW-WHITE BEFORE
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, MRS. WAITE. I NEVER SAW SUCH THICK SUDS. AND THEY CERTAINLY DO MAKE THE CLOTHES GLEAM!
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT. TRY IT FOR THE DISHES, TOO

"Does wonderful lot of cleaning," says Mrs. Charlotte Hanwell of Philadelphia

"I'VE used Rinso for a long time so I knew how easy it was to get clothes white and bright. But I never realized until last week what a lot of work one large box of Rinso will do. I started with my week's wash consisting of:

2 bureau scarfs
6 doilies
10 face cloths
12 pillow cases
6 sheets
5 table cloths
19 towels
12 dish towels
38 handkerchiefs
4 men's pajamas
9 shirts
6 aprons
6 dresses
10 men's underwear
24 pairs socks

"And that's not all! I washed the woodwork and floors 3 times, cleaned the tubs and basins a couple of times, and washed my dishes 25 times *all with the one package.* I think that's a record."

MRS. CHARLOTTE HANWELL.

• • •

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* Thick, lively suds that soak out dirt and save scrubbing and boiling. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 40 famous washing machines. Try Rinso. See how much work one box will do for *you.* Get the BIG household package today. Use it for all cleaning.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

Rinso
The Granulated Soap

2 sizes most women buy the large package

GUIDE TO SHIRT BUYING

Beware of collars that won't lie flat, or that curl like a scroll. For the collar is the most important part of any shirt—the part the world sees.

Demand your exact sleeve length. Then, and only then, can you be sure that the cuff will extend the proper half-inch below the coat sleeve.

And whatever you do, guard against shrinkage! All your care in getting a perfectly-fitting, perfectly-setting collar—and proper-length sleeves—will avail you naught if the shirt *shrinks* several sizes too small

●

Arrow Shirts have the best-looking, best fitting collars ever put on shirts. They're made with all the secrets of style and fit Arrow has learned in making over four billion collars. Arrow Shirts come in a wide range of sleeve lengths to assure you your proper length. And Arrow Shirts will stay your size forever, because they are Sanforized Shrunk. This process—the only one of its kind—guarantees that, no matter how often the shirt is laundered, it will fit you perfectly or you get your money back! This week, the Arrow store in your town is featuring two famous Arrow Shirts—the Trump at $1.95, and the Paddock at $2.50. Collar attached, or neckband, whichever you prefer. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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[CHARRED VELLUM
Continued from page forty-one]

being caught that way, dead with her boy friend, advertising her affair after she was dead. Anybody who knew Sears wouldn't blame her too much. His cab was waiting. Back to the office and the typewriter, and hurry like a fool to catch all of the final edition.

Why, he thought, the only place Sears had to burn those sheets was in the coal range in the kitchen. He'd noticed there was no gas stove. Maybe it was worth a look, just to see if there were any trace of the scorched vellum paper.

There was a door into the kitchen from the hall, as well as from the serving pantry. The coroner was telling the photographer where to set up the camera.

He had to look around for the stove-lid lifter. It was over in the sink. That was a funny place for it, but the kitchen was all upset, anyway, just as the dead woman had left it when she carried the steaming, savory chafing dish in through the swinging door to her lover and her death. Below the crack of the door he heard the dull, muffled *poof* of a flash bulb. The coroner was having the pictures in case the cops got a break and a pinch. The pictures would be evidence to show the jury if that rat Sears was ever brought to trial.

His hand was shaking and he dropped the stove lid with a bang.

"Who's out there?" called Lieutenant Hoffman's voice.

"Me."

"Oh, you, Scoop. I thought you'd gone."

He raised the stove lid and peered down on the dying coals.

THERE were scorched vellum pages. He snatched them up. There were parts of the two missing pages, pasted together. His breath whistled in through his nostrils. A paragraph of printed text had been joined to the colored engraving.

*Amanita Cæsarea* [he read]. This brilliantly colored, stately agaric is the famed boletus served at the feasts of the Romans. It was lauded in prose and verse by the writers . . . [Here a spot was burned and charred.] . . . was it esteemed that young patricians would not trust their chefs to prepare it for the table. . . .

That devil upstairs had removed one engraving and one description from his text and had pasted the description of the edible and delicious *Cæsarea* below the picture of the deadly fly-killer! There in his hand was the scrap of evidence that Hoffman needed to make his pinch.

It's a murder and an arrest and a front-page trial to follow, after all, thought Brady. He took one step toward the serving-pantry door.

"Stop!" a voice hissed in his ear. "If you make a sound—"

He turned. There was Sears, in his stocking feet, a pistol in his hand. The man's eyes were flashing. But Brady had only a quick impression of the eyes. Mostly he saw the muzzle of that .45. It looked bigger than a stovepipe. He noticed that the murderer's hand was steady. He had come down the back stairs in his stocking feet when he heard the stove lid rattle.

"If you make one sound—" whispered the man.

Here was his luck again. Brady luck. Typical Brady luck. He was being stuck up within sound of the police voices! Just a shout and he'd have the best help in the city. And that's all the good it would do him, too. Sears meant to kill. Sears was desperate. That pistol muzzle never wavered. It was pointed right at his belly. They'd get Sears, but Brady wouldn't be there to write it.

He backed up a step. Sears came forward. He backed up again. He was against the wall.

In the other room, he could hear Hoffman's laugh. He held out the charred vellum pages. Maybe Sears would take them and let him go. His right hand held them out. His left grasped behind him at the wall.

SEARS was frozen there, covering him, steady as a marksman before a bull's-eye. Sears didn't offer to take the sheets. He was through. He knew it. He was going to kill this newspaper man who'd found him out, then commit suicide.

Triple murder and suicide, thought Brady. What a story for the afternoon papers! But it'll all be over in one day. On the front page one day and under the jelly glasses on the pantry shelf the next.

His hand hit a metal handle just behind him. What— One of those fire extinguishers! There was another across the room by the back door. His left hand unhooked it from the wall.

"Take 'em," he whispered to Sears, looking at the charred paper in his outstretched hand.

Sears' eyes followed his.

Brady swung the fire extinguisher in front of him and, before the other man could again point the gun, he pumped the acid and water into the murderer's eyes.

Thirty seconds after he pumped and yelled he had more help than he needed.

• • • • •

Ed made them hold the presses while he wrote and wrote and wrote. The delivery trucks were late, and all of the drivers were squawking their horns in the alley when he shot the last sentence down to the machines.

"Honest, Leo," asked the telegraph editor, "on the level, now—how much of it's so?"

"You'll see when they try him. And when they burn him, too. Unless he proves he's crazy, he's due for the hot squat."

"But how much is so?"

Brady lighted a cigarette. "Quite a lot, Ed. You'd be surprised. Say, I want some rum and coffee. It's been an awful long night."

THE END

# Spinach Wise-Crack Winners Explain All!

"WHY do farmers cultivate spinach?" Liberty put the question to its readers in the issue dated March 5. Below are published the names of the readers who sent in the prize-winning wise cracks in explanation of this controversial agricultural phenomenon.

### $100 FIRST PRIZE

*Because it needs raising in the estimation of so many people.*

Mrs. E. G. Strassburger, Cedarburg, Wis.

### $50 SECOND PRIZE

*Because everyone seems to think it's good—for somebody else.*

Catherine Quinn, Cleveland, Ohio.

### $25 THIRD PRIZE

*Because anybody has to cultivate that "stuff" before he can like it.*

J. Milton Wigley, Birmingham, Ala.

### $10 FOURTH PRIZES

Eileen Manthe, Minneapolis, Minn.; Kelsey Bowman, Sequim, Wash.

### $5 PRIZES

Dorothy E. Lucking, York, Pa.; George R. Vaughan, Grapevine, Tex., Hazel Webber, Salem, Mass.; Richard D. Harty, Chicago, Ill.; Douglas Allenwood, Lakewood, Ohio; L. H. Evans, Freeport, Ill.; Glade E. Rupert, Vincennes, Ind.

### $2 PRIZES

G. A. Fletcher, Dallas, Tex.; E. B. Correll, Milwaukee, Wis.; I. C. Quinn, Portland, Ore.; L. B. MacManus, New York, N. Y.; Charles E. Hess, Swarthmore, Pa.; W. C. Albright, Brainerd, Minn.; Mrs. Dan Dyer, Los Angeles, Calif.; George G. Sawdy, E. Lansing, Mich.; R. C. Lee, Seattle, Wash.; Lawson C. Dreese, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cecil W. Norman, Lebanon, Tenn.; Frances C. Wheeler, New York, N. Y.; Ida Simpson, Middletown, N. Y.; Mrs. D. R. Harvey, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Nonie Kelly, New York, N. Y.; G. V. D. Jehu, Groveland, Fla.; Adolph Mueller, Noblesville, Ind.; Mrs. Pauline Dixon, Washington, D. C.

Robert H. Evans, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. H. Ralston, West Allis, Wis.; Eva J. Whitaker, Omaha, Neb.; C. S. Head, Los Angeles, Calif.; Casey Cieslak, Chicago, Ill.; Frank O'Brien, Los Altos, Calif.; S. G. Morse, Dorchester, Mass.; Grace Rappleye, Detroit, Mich.; D. K. Stephen, Detroit, Mich.; George Risk, Independence, Iowa; C. H. Quist, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Cora B. Wharton, South Yarmouth, Mass.; Mrs. G. P. Preston, Montreal, Can.; Miss S. G. McManus, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Edgar Daniel Kramer, Baltimore, Md.; G. H. Pope, Findlay, Ohio; Mrs. A. W. Evans, Petros, Tenn.; George Philpot, Albany, N. Y.; G. B. Messinger, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. E. Diene, New York, N. Y.

William Krohn, Ardmore, Okla.; H. C. Williams, Gate, Okla.; J. L. Albertson, International Falls, Minn.; Wallace D. Jennings, Ridgewood, N. J.; Mrs. R. W. Bush, Pasadena, Calif.; Aaron Lee Carthage, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. J. C. Carter, Far Hills, N. J.; Edward B. Egan, New York, N. Y.; Chester L. Grover, Rochester, N. Y.; Harold K. Ellis, Edgewood, R. I.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Charles S. Profitt, Ocean Beach, Calif.

### $1 PRIZES

B. J. Coplan, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. O. R. Jarratt, Mooringsport, La.; Shirley Jackson, Wakonda, S. D.; Mrs. R. M. Croft, Atlanta, Ga.; Zady Harvey, Oakland, Calif.; Theodore Allen, Deer Lodge, Mont.; A. C. Coorpender, Winnfield, La.; Mrs. M. W. Nation, Oklahoma City, Okla.; G. H. Daniels, San Francisco, Calif.; C. W. McClain, Columbia, S. C.; Molly V. Lalor, Bronx, N. Y.; Lee R. Young, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Katherine McM. Woodson, Albuquerque, N. M.; F. J. Sammons, Trail, British Columbia; William Pratt, New York, N. Y.; Margaret Anderson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Lillian Crofton, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Paul A. Wangerin, Jr., Camden, N. J.; William J. Heffernan, Allentown, Pa.

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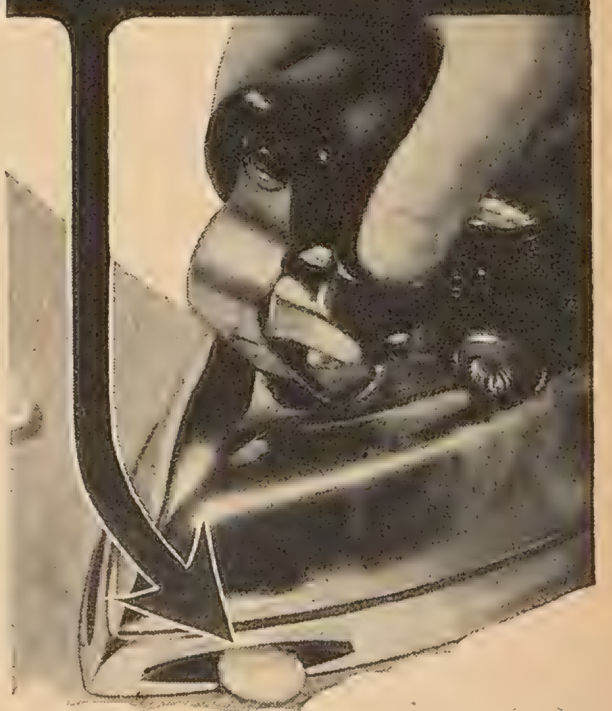
## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—St. Paul.
2—Six.
3—One who is overcurious; a gossip.
4—At the end.
5—Great Britain.
6—Carbolic acid.
7—The thigh bone.
8—Eaglets.
9—A Polish dance.
10—Australia.
11—Five.
12—An iron-pointed staff used in mountain climbing.
13—Germany.
14—A prophetess.
15—The last but two.
16—Washington.
17—The eye.
18—Benjamin N. Cardozo.
19—James S. Sherman.
20—A figure of speech in which the expression

Irons UNDER Buttons



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# The True Story of the 14 Points and the League Covenant

*How Wilson and His Confidential Adviser Remade the World and Won the War in Two Hours; A Revelation Based on the Correspondence of the President, Facts Obtained from His Associates, and Conversations with*

## COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

*(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)*

THAT President Wilson meant to resign, if defeated, immediately after the election of 1916, has been asserted before, but the assertion has been denied. It was proved true beyond question by disclosures in the last-published installment of this series of articles, in Liberty for April 9. Previous installments had laid bare the inner history of Colonel House's interview with the Kaiser and his audiences with King George V, of President Wilson's gentleman's agreement with the Allies, of the Wilson-House friendship and its ending, and of the period "when a woman was President."

### PART NINE—THE STAR IN THE WEST

JEHOVAH needed seven days to make the world. It took the duumvirs only two hours to remake it. It is not the first time that the world was thus divided. Pope Alexander VI once apportioned the globe between Portugal and Spain with a stroke of his goose quill. Wilson's task was more complex.

On January 5, 1918, Colonel House made the most astounding entry ever set down in a political diary:

> Saturday was a remarkable day. I went over to the State Department just after breakfast to see Polk and the others, and returned to the White House at a quarter past ten, in order to get to work with the President. We actually got down to work at half past ten, and finished remaking the map of the world, as we would have it, at half past twelve.

On January 5 House and Wilson agreed on the Fourteen Points. It was Clemenceau who noted that Woodrow Wilson promulgated fourteen commandments, while God himself was satisfied with ten! Clemenceau himself was responsible for the situation which compelled Wilson to state his war aims. House had vainly pleaded with the Allies to restate their objectives in terms of the new ideals championed by Woodrow Wilson. The Allies, especially Clemenceau, French Premier, could not be budged. The secret treaties hung around their necks like millstones. Wilson was not so hampered.

Scenting the necessity of setting the world's imagination on fire, House cabled to Wilson on December 1, 1917: "I hope you will not think it necessary to make any statement concerning foreign affairs until I can see you. This seems to me very important."

"I find it useless," he noted, "to try to get either the French or British to designate terms. Great Britain cannot meet the new Russian terms of 'no indemnities and no aggression,' and neither can France. Great Britain at once would come in sharp conflict with her colonies and they might cease fighting, and France would have to relinquish her dream of Alsace and Lorraine. . . ."

The very first subject which the duumvirs took up when House returned was the restatement of war aims. Eventually this manifesto assumed the shape of the Fourteen Points. The most effective piece of propaganda ever de-signed by any human brain in the history of mankind, the Fourteen Points owe their effectiveness to Wilson's sincerity. Wilson and House literally believed in the gospel they promulgated. There were liberal men in other belligerent countries who saw a new star, like that of Bethlehem, rise over Washington. But the men in control in London and Paris held aloof.

U. S. Official photo

*CLEMENCEAU speaks at the Peace Conference, standing between Wilson and Lloyd George, on whose left is Bonar Law. At the right, Wilson delivers to Congress one of those messages that made history.*

Acme photo

The duumvirs did not depend entirely upon the spirit of the moment or their own inspirations. How often had they debated the various points, drawing for their information now upon the Inquiry, now upon the private correspondence of Colonel House, before the conference of January 5! On that day Wilson confessed his chagrin that he could not reduce the number of points to thirteen, his lucky number. He confessed to House that he had made the attempt but had failed. As it exists today, the map of the world coincides largely with the one which Colonel House made with Woodrow Wilson between ten thirty and twelve thirty on Saturday, January 5, 1918.

Wilson made no notes of his momentous conference. The world owes its knowledge of the scenes behind the curtains of the White House to the Colonel's diary.

The duumvirs took up their work systematically. First they outlined general terms such as open diplomacy, the Freedom of the Seas, the removable economic barriers, the establishment of equality of trade conditions, guaranties for arms reductions, adjustments of colonial claims, and an association of nations to preserve peace.

House was especially insistent upon the Freedom of the Seas. Misled by the assurances of his liberal British friends, he expressed the opinion that England would accept this doctrine. He believed that it assured harmonious coöperation between English-speaking nations, which was, in his opinion, the most solid foundation of permanent peace. Wilson hoped more for peace from the League of Nations.

The duumvirs had no difficulty in agreeing upon the restoration of Belgium. They differed on Alsace-Lorraine. House advised Wilson not to mention the two provinces specifically. He also suggested that the message should read: "If Alsace and Lorraine were restored to France, Germany should be given an equal economic opportunity."

The matter worried Wilson for several days. He modified his language, but retained the specific reference. The President wrote that the "wrongs" done to France by Prussia in 1871 *must* be righted. House suggested *should* instead of *must*. Here House prevailed. Both the President and his duumvir agreed that certain clauses in the Treaty of London, giving Italy sovereignty over foreign nationalities, were plainly in conflict with the principles espoused by the United States. A marginal remark written by Wilson on a report of the Inquiry on this question became Point Nine. The two men agreed that Turkish rule in Europe must end.

POINT SIX, a fine summary of Wilson's idealistic position, insists that the treatment of Russia by her sister nations would be the acid test of their good will. The Russians, dealing with realities, regarded it as bait which they would not swallow. Point Thirteen guaranteed an independent Polish state. This was in accordance with the avowed principles of the Colonel and with his promises to his friend Paderewski. Point Eleven, dealing with Balkan complexities, complicated still further by the uncertain future of the Dual Monarchy, was vague and general.

In the turmoil of the Peace Conference Mr. Wilson forgot that "if Austria-Hungary had not existed it would have been necessary to invent it." It was the only formula capable of sustaining the economic balance in that part of Europe. But, as one of her own statesmen said, Austria-Hungary's clock had run down. It is possible that nothing could have saved Austria-Hungary. Nevertheless, the pattern could have been cut by the Treaty of Versailles in such a way as not to make the map of Central Europe a crazy quilt.

The Allied leaders intimated to Wilson that the details of the settlement were none of his business. Wilson's jaw assumed its most determined angle. "A just peace," he said, "is everybody's business." That was one of his finest statements. It emphasizes more than any other phrase the spirit of the Fourteen Points.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

### THE TRUE STORY OF THE 14 POINTS AND THE LEAGUE COVENANT

Continued from page forty-five

## II

THREE days before Wilson delivered his speech on the Fourteen Points, Lloyd George tried to steal his thunder. But the British Premier's statement lacked Wilson's fiery sincerity. He supported the League of Nations, but did not make it a fundamental condition of the new peace. The question has often been raised who first conceived the Fourteen Points. "The suggestion of a statement of Allied war aims," Colonel House replied to my inquiry, "first appeared in my cable to Wilson from Paris in which I asked him not to commit himself until I returned. Subsequently I spent a week with him in Washington. Jointly we labored upon a document which afterward became known as the Fourteen Points."

*Elihu Root, with whom Colonel House conferred before he drafted the Covenant.*

I: Did Wilson consult anyone except you about the Fourteen Points?

HOUSE: I do not think so. When he had finished writing them he thought they should be printed before he delivered his speech. He sent for the printer and told him that he would hold him personally responsible for any leakage. The Fourteen Points were our secret until Mr. Wilson appeared before the joint meeting of the two Houses of Congress.

I: What inspired you to call your program the Fourteen Points?

HOUSE: *(smiles)* We did not christen the child. The name grew afterward. I presume the decalogue was not labeled the Ten Commandments when it was first promulgated by Moses.

I: No statement of Wilson's could brush aside the secret agreements of the Allies.

HOUSE: Even if the Allies gave only lip service to the Fourteen Points, they formally adopted them. It seemed to us that the Fourteen Points, being of later date, superseded all secret covenants of the past. That was the reason I fought so hard to make the Fourteen Points, and Mr. Wilson's subsequent speeches interpreting their spirit, the basis of the Armistice agreement.

I: Was that also the opinion of President Wilson?

HOUSE: It was.

I: You are quite certain that Wilson knew about the secret treaties?

HOUSE: He did.

I: But he denied this knowledge before the Senate Committee?

HOUSE: Mr. Wilson's denial was based on a misunderstanding or some confusion of memory.

I: Why did Mr. Wilson in Paris consent to secret negotiations, in spite of his insistence upon open covenants openly arrived at?

HOUSE: The United States asked for open discussions in Paris from the very beginning, but did not make that point a condition of its participation in the Peace Conference. Open covenants openly arrived at does not necessarily mean that every preliminary discussion must be a public debate. It merely means that the larger lines of policy shall be made known and maintained without secret reservations.

I: Why did you permit the transference of Alsace-Lorraine to France without a plebiscite?

HOUSE: Point Eight, though somewhat equivocal, committed us to the return of these provinces to France. I originally objected to the inclusion of the phrase about Alsace-Lorraine. I had it out with Wilson one night. Before dinner Wilson agreed to drop it. After dinner he put it back.

I: What solution did you have in mind with regard to this problem?

HOUSE: I wanted to make Alsace-Lorraine an autonomous province of Switzerland, creating a neutral barrier between Germany and France and giving both nations free access to its resources. The people of Alsace-Lorraine are much more akin to the Swiss than to the French or to the Germans. They were not happy under German rule and they do not seem to be happy now.

I: Why did Wilson drop the Freedom of the Seas?

HOUSE: He had come to the conclusion that a war contrary to the judgment of the League would automatically bar the offending nations from the seas. I did not agree with this view. I fought for the Freedom of the Seas at all times.

I: To what extent did you receive inspiration for the Fourteen Points from British sources?

HOUSE: We owe nothing to England. The Fourteen Points were evolved entirely between Wilson and myself. But, naturally, others were thinking along similar lines. Lloyd George decorated his speech with plums from the same tree. I had just left the President in his study and got downstairs when Irving Hoover, the White House usher, handed me an afternoon paper with Lloyd George's speech. I immediately rushed back with the news to Mr. Wilson. I remember his consternation when he discovered some passages paralleling his own in the Lloyd George speech. "I am afraid," he said, "that kills our effort." "By no means," I replied. "Just hold back for two or three days and then issue your message. No one now living can contend with your magic. You are today the most powerful man in the world. The same thoughts, uttered by others, are leaden until your eloquence gives them wings."

Acme photos

*Lord Cecil, an early British advocate of a League of Nations.*

THE purpose of the Fourteen Points was fourfold:

1. To secure the adhesion of the new Russian government, which was distrustful of the purposes of the Allies.
2. To weaken the German government by strengthening the revolutionary forces in Germany.
3. To align liberal opinion everywhere on the side of the Allies.
4. To compel the Allies to reconsider their war aims and to revise their secret agreements.

Wilson failed in his first objective completely. He succeeded completely in the second and third. The last objective remained undetermined. Lenin and Trotsky suspected the skeleton of secret treaties under the cloak of Wilson's rhetoric. But the promise of the Fourteen Points enthralled the Germans. Austria, coquetting with a separate peace, listened to the American President.

To the Allies, the Fourteen Points were a strategy of war. Both Wilson and House saw the fighting value of their program. That in no way detracts from their honesty.

Wilson's moral offensive, which reached its culmination in the Fourteen Points, was more decisive than the millions in men and materials which America poured into Europe. His pen won the war for the Allies.

## III

THE League of Nations has many fathers. Foremost among them are the two men whose friendship is strangely interwoven with the fate of the world between 1913-1919. A League of Nations of some sort was present embryonically in the mind of the duumvirate when Colonel House first set forth upon his great adventure in 1913.

During the World War able minds in many lands created patterns upon which such a league could be formed. England, the nation most interested in holding on to her slice of the globe, was fertile soil for the idea. Lord Parmoor, Lord Cecil, and many others exchanged thoughts on the subject with Colonel House. It was a frequent topic of conversation between the Colonel and Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, and frequent references to an association of nations guaranteeing the peace of the world appear in the correspondence between the duumvirs. Elihu Root, William H. Taft, and others associated with the League to Enforce Peace revolved similar ideas in their minds. It was Colonel House who, encouraged by Wilson, worked out the plan most completely.

Wilson's interest in the League idea, growing gradually, spread like a tree until it overshadowed all else. A League of Nations, a covenant between the peoples of the earth, was the only achievement that justified Wilson the warrior before his own Scotch-Presbyterian conscience. Without a covenant of peace, the blood of all those fallen in battle cried out against him.

France and England, too much preoccupied with their own troubles to consider the League seriously as a part of the Peace Treaty, nevertheless appointed commissions to study the problem. House suggested to Wilson an unofficial commission to study the League idea. Wilson refused. He wanted no discussion, no "woolgatherers." He intrusted the nurture of the embryo entirely to his duumvir. House sent out feelers in every direction to collect all varieties of opinion.

Receiving the essence of all his information from House, Wilson prepared a message to Congress on the League in the first week of February, 1918. House found much to criticize in the draft. Wilson had laid too much stress upon peace, too little upon the war in which the nation was engaged. House advised the President to focus the world's attention on the military party in Germany. Intended solely as an instrument of peace, the speech, by the intervention of House, became an instrument of war. When Wilson delivered it before the joint session of Congress, he connected it directly with his Fourteen Points and their echo in all Central Europe.

House had not miscalculated the effect of this speech. Within a week the British Intelligence Service picked up a secret peace offer from the young Austrian Emperor Karl. Even before this an Austrian Liberal leader, Dr. Lammasch, had flirted with Wilson's unofficial spokesman, Dr. George Herron, in Switzerland. Six days after the Emperor's message had been decoded in London, the Spanish ambassador gravely presented it at the White House. Wilson had difficulty in composing his face and in trying to look surprised. If he had followed his first impulse, Wilson would have grasped the hand thus extended. But, swayed by House and the Allies, he made a noncommittal reply and ostensibly sought more information.

At all events, Wilson's speech,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE TRUE STORY OF THE 14 POINTS AND THE LEAGUE COVENANT
Continued from page forty-seven

stressing the necessity of meeting force with force, allayed the panic of the Allied statesmen, who were shaking in their boots. Together the duumvirs prepared the speech. Wilson the warrior completely dominated Wilson the pacifist. But even here he pleaded for a righteous and triumphant force which should make right the law of the world. Beyond the bloody battlefield he saw a glimpse of the Covenant.

Acme photo

*Former President Taft, one of the Republicans with whom House discussed the League*

He encouraged House to throw out his net, a fisher of men and ideas. House conferred at a luncheon with Root, Taft, Lowell, with Mezes and with the Archbishop of York.

He delivered to them a message on the League:

"My own conviction, as you know, is that the administrative constitution of the League must grow and not be made. . . . Any attempt to begin by putting executive authority in the hands of any particular group of Powers would be to sow a harvest of jealousy and distrust which would spring up at once and choke the whole thing.

"To take up one thing and only one, but quite sufficient in itself: the United States Senate would never ratify any treaty which put the force of the United States at the disposal of any such group or body. . . ."

Most of the Colonel's guests thought that Wilson did not go far enough. Root volunteered to draw up a memorandum embracing concrete proposals for a machinery establishing a court or bureau of arbitration. While House conveyed to Wilson the essence of his negotiations with peace lovers in the United States, the Phillimore Committee in London drafted a constitution for the League. House now urged upon the President that the time had come to make at least a tentative draft of the American plan.

Wilson, sweating blood over the Russian problem, did not even read the Phillimore report. He turned it over to the duumvir and asked him to supply data for an answer. Instead of getting up data, House wrote the Covenant, christened it by that name, and returned the document to Woodrow Wilson.

HOUSE struggled with the task imposed upon him by Wilson. His letters are deft appeals to Wilson's psychology. "In spite of the skepticism of the financial world," he wrote to Wilson, "panics have been made impossible and impending disaster has been lifted. Now, if war can be made impossible, what a glorious culmination of your other accomplishments!" Assisted by David Hunter Miller on legal and technical points, House wrote the Covenant. This plan, with minor variations, was laid before the Peace Conference by Wilson. He forced it, at Versailles, upon conqueror and vanquished alike. But he was unable to secure its adoption at home.

The Covenant, expressly proclaiming a new code of international morals, affirms the right of any nation "to butt in" to preserve the peace of the world. Wilson felt strongly on this point. He carefully went over the Covenant and made several important changes. The essence of the instrument remained untouched. He incorporated two or three preliminary clauses into the Preamble, eliminated the World Court provided by House, and added military to economic sanctions. In order to read his version of the Covenant to Colonel House, Wilson secretly left Washington and arrived at Magnolia, on the North Shore of Massachusetts, where House was summering, on August 15, 1918. The Presidential train waited on a siding at Magnolia Station. Mrs. T. Jefferson Coolidge, a member of the branch of the Coolidge family descended from Thomas Jefferson, put her beautiful country house, a few minutes' walk from the residence of Colonel House, at Wilson's disposal.

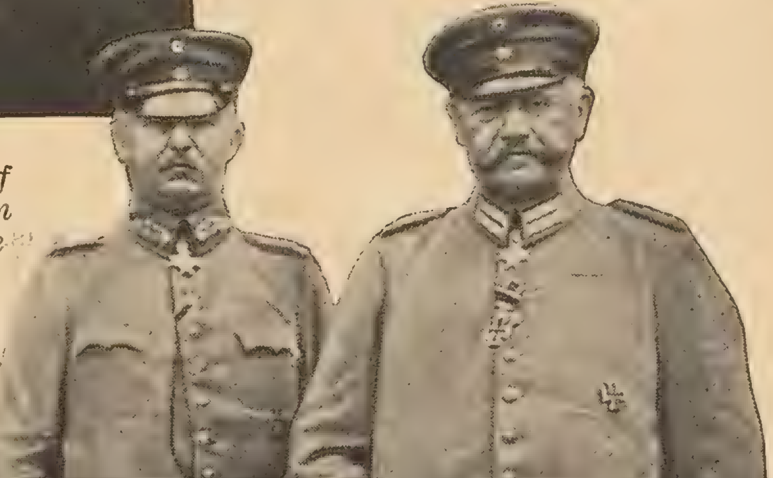
I visited the historical spot on the North Shore where Wilson, in a secret conclave with his duumvir, put the finishing touches upon the Covenant. I retraced with Colonel House the path which the two men had trodden and the ideas which they had exchanged.

"This," Wilson said to House, "is what I have done to your constitution of the League of Nations." The immediate exigencies of the war were forgotten. Wilson the pacifist, released from the tyranny of Wilson the warrior, embraced his friend. Their souls met in a common ideal.

Thus the New Sanction was born. History stalked through Magnolia.

## IV

WHEN Germany crumbled under Wilson's bombardment, the German government promptly offered the Kaiser as a visible scapegoat on the altar of the New Sanction. In spite of the hunger blockade, Germany, victoriously holding her own against twenty-two nations, could have held out many more months. But what was the object of continuing to fight when the Moses in the White House was showing the way for all mankind to a new Promised Land across the Red Sea of war?



*Generals Ludendorff and, at the right, von Hindenburg. The one demanded an immediate armistice; the other advised the Kaiser to abdicate.*

The diplomats of the Wilhelmstrasse forgot in their calculations that the Emperor was the keystone of the German arch. Without him the whole structure tumbled. The High Command, equally blind, failed to thwart the conspiracy of Berlin. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, told the Kaiser: "Blood is flowing in the streets of Berlin." It was a lie. Hindenburg, his most trusted military admirer, assured the Emperor that the army would refuse to fight or march under his command. Men close to William II assert that the Field Marshal's statement was not based upon a careful survey of the army. It was the opinion of a few political generals, influenced by the Cabinet in Berlin.

The Germans, like Wilson, took the Fourteen Points seriously—too seriously. Hindenburg told the Kaiser: "Stay, and we shall have war abroad and revolution at home. Go, and we shall have peace at home and an honorable peace based on the Fourteen Points with the Allies." The poor, harrowed Emperor had no choice. Ill advised and misinformed, William II laid down his imperial crown. But he refused to abdicate as King of Prussia. His cousin, the Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, took the unwarranted liberty of proclaiming William's abdication as Emperor and King. Without consulting the Crown Prince, he simultaneously announced that the Emperor's heir had relinquished the right of succession.

Apologists for the German revolution claim that Ludendorff's demand for an immediate armistice made the debacle inevitable. Ludendorff attempted to explain his act to me and to others. It still remains incomprehensible. He suggests that it was a bluff to force the vacillating Chancellor into action; he expected to rally the German people for a last desperate fight, once the peace terms of the Allies were known. If so, the Fourteen Points upset his game. Others claim that Ludendorff lost his nerve.

WE shall never know the full truth. History is ever a patchwork of facts and fancies. But there is no doubt that Ludendorff never contemplated surrender. He saw no possibility of victory; but he was far from acknowledging defeat. The German army was undefeated in the field. Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points were the Trojan horse that carried defeat into Germany. House was the Ulysses, Wilson the Agamemnon of this siege. But their intentions, unlike those of their Greek predecessors, were honest.

Germany, though hamstrung by the revolution, did not lay down her arms unconditionally. Her peace offer was predicated upon the Fourteen Points and the subsequent speeches of President Wilson. The Allies themselves, out of breath, were willing to make peace on this basis until it became apparent that Germany was a rudderless ship. When the truth dawned upon the Allies, they deemed it convenient to forget the new solemn gospel enunciated in their behalf by the President of the United States.

It was here that House leaped into the breach. He saved the Fourteen Points.

Wilson had not handicapped him with instructions. "I have not given you instructions," he said, "because I feel you will know what to do."

Wilson designated House officially to represent the United States in the Supreme War Council. Nevertheless, his power flowed less from this designation than from Wilson's friendship. In a letter dated October 14, 1918, "To Whom It May Concern," Woodrow Wilson writes:

"Mr. Edward M. House, the bearer of this letter, is my personal representative, and I have asked him to take part as such in the conferences of the Supreme War Council and in any other conference in which it may be serviceable for him to represent me. I commend him to the confidence of all representatives of the governments with which the government of the United States is associated in the war."

SIMILAR notes went out to the premiers of all nations and to the ambassadors of the United States at London, Paris, and Rome. The spectacle of a private citizen armed with the affectionate confidence of the President, sailing back from the New World to redress the balance of the Old, was, as G. P. Gooch remarks, indeed unique.

The President's eloquence reverberated throughout the world. It aroused responsive chords in Central Europe. Before transmitting the German demand for an armistice and peace to the Allies, President Wilson exacted from the Germans a clear-cut acceptance of the Fourteen Points and their progeny, assurances that the Chancellor spoke in the name of the German people and not of its "military masters," and the evacuation of the invaded territories.

The Allied generals, aware of the crack in their armor, regarded the German offer of an armistice as a godsend. Pershing had visions of marching at the head of his troops into Berlin. Colonel House laid Pershing's memorandum before Clemenceau and Lloyd George without recommendation. The Allied leaders brushed it aside contemptuously. The word is Seymour's, not mine.

Haig, the British commander, wanted to impose generous conditions. Foch, while desiring peace, insisted on harsher terms. The terms finally agreed upon were more severe than necessary. The Allies still could not believe their good luck. No one realized the extent of Germany's demoralization. No one seriously expected her to bend her neck under the yoke. The German armies were still holding Belgium and vast stretches of France. The Allies had advanced, but they lacked the equipment to follow up their success. Foch—he told me so himself—expected the Germans to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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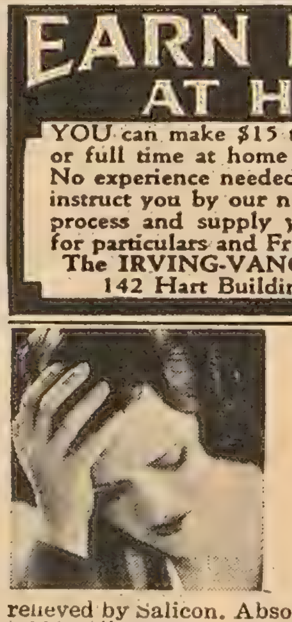

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Salicon

THE TRUE STORY OF THE 14 POINTS AND THE LEAGUE COVENANT
Continued from page forty-nine

hold certain strategic lines behind the front until the spring. The roads were destroyed. Allied resources were failing. Their peoples were tired of war. The Allies could not disentangle their transportation snarl and advance. American troops were only beginning to get into action. Without America the Allies were worse defeated than Germany. With America they could hold their own. The duumvirs held in their hands the scales of history.

### V

HOUSE, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George were the Big Three who made the Armistice. The Italian, Orlando, played a subordinate part. House opposed the Tiger's sometimes unreasonable demands, but he would have opposed them even more resolutely if it had not been for the fascination which Clemenceau exercised over him.

But underneath his velvet House now and then displayed steel. He made many concessions, perhaps too many; but he was adamant when Clemenceau, Sonnino, and Lloyd George, each for a different reason, wanted to discard the Fourteen Points. He was prepared to defend the new map of the world which he had drawn up with Wilson on that historic Saturday between 10:30 A. M. and half past twelve.

"Have you ever been asked by President Wilson," Clemenceau, eyebrow uplifted, inquired of Lloyd George, "whether you accept the Fourteen Points?"

"I have never been asked."

"I have not been asked, either," retorted the French Prime Minister. "What"—he turned to Colonel House—"is your view? Do you think if we agree to an armistice we accept the President's peace terms?"

"That is my view," replied House.

"I cannot consider the Freedom of the Seas," Lloyd George insisted, "unless the League of Nations is established first. If the League of Nations is a reality I am willing to discuss the matter."

He held that the doctrine of absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas wrested the trident out of the hand of Great Britain.

"I do not believe," Colonel House expounded, "that the United States and other countries will submit to Great Britain's domination of the seas any more than to Germany's domination on land. The sooner the English recognize this fact, the better it will be for them. Challenged, our people will build a navy and army greater than yours."

When the Allies balked, House threatened: "I shall advise the President to go before Congress and say: 'We have attained our war aims. Shall we make peace upon the terms which we ourselves have proposed, or shall we pursue the war until all the separate war aims of Great Britain, Italy, and France are achieved?'"

The threat of Colonel House to telegraph to the President excited both Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

"That," Clemenceau shouted, "would amount to a separate peace between the United States and the Central Powers!"

"It might," the duumvir replied firmly but cautiously.

"If the United States made a separate peace," argued Lloyd George, "we would be sorry, but we could not give up the blockade, the power which enables us to live. As far as the British public is concerned, we will fight on."

"Yes," interposed Clemenceau, throwing his weight on the side of his British colleague. "I cannot understand the meaning of the doctrine. War would not be war if there was Freedom of the Seas."

The Colonel's diary records the vehemence of the discussions between himself and the English.

"Great Britain," Lloyd George insisted, "would spend her last guinea to keep her navy superior to that of the United States or that of any other Power. No Cabinet could officially continue in the government in England who took a different position."

"It is not," replied House calmly, "our purpose to go into a naval building rivalry with Great Britain. But it is our purpose to have our rights at sea adequately safeguarded, and we do not intend to have our commerce regulated by Great Britain whenever she is at war."

When Lloyd George sent Reading to argue the matter, House told him bluntly: "You are wasting your breath. Under no circumstances will we yield the point about the Freedom of the Seas."

THE policy of House throughout the war had been to guarantee coöperation between the English-speaking nations. The sole menace to the coöperation was the naval policy of Great Britain, which was blamed for the War of 1812 and very nearly engulfed us in the war of 1914 on the side of England's enemies. If that danger was not removed, then House's policy had failed disastrously.

Wilson seconded him: "I feel it my solemn duty to authorize you to say that I cannot consent to take part in the negotiations of a peace which does not include the Freedom of the Seas, because we are pledged to fight not only Prussian militarism but militarism everywhere.

"Neither could I participate in a settlement which does not include a League of Nations, because such a peace would result within a period of years in there being no guaranty except universal armaments, which would be disastrous. I hope I shall not be obliged to make this decision public."

Faced with this ultimatum, the Allies at last relented. Wilson in Washington was more powerful than he later was in Paris. House could appeal to the absent Cæsar. If present, Cæsar himself might have weakened.

"Would Wilson have backed you up?" I asked.

"He always did," House replied. "Wilson never once failed to live up to a definite promise I made until he himself came to Paris. Even then he never disavowed any act of mine."

But House was unable to prevent Lloyd George and Clemenceau from making certain significant reservations. The French inserted a clause reserving the

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"future claims" of the Allies. Apparently innocuous, this sentence became the focus of an infection from which Europe may never recover. The reservation made by Great Britain may prove an apple of discord between the United States and England in the next World War. The Freedom of the Seas was not "rejected." Its discussion was merely postponed for the consideration of the Peace Conference.

In a letter to House, Lloyd George declared in black and white England's unwillingness to "discuss" the Freedom of the Seas in the light of the new conditions which had arisen in the course of the war.

SONNINO, speaking for Italy, made certain complaints concerning Point Nine which touched upon the Italian frontiers; but his argument was ignored on the ground that this was a matter which concerned Austria, not Germany. The Austrians were in such a hurry for an armistice that the Fourteen Points were not formally included in the agreement between them and the Allies.

Unlike Sonnino, House considered that the benefit of the Fourteen Points extended to Austria. He advised Wilson to accept the reservations of Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

Wilson replied: "I am proud of the way you are handling the situation," and did as he was advised.

The postponement of the issue of Free Seas was a costly, perhaps a fatal blunder. House fought bravely to secure the acceptance of that fundamental American doctrine. If he failed, the blame rests partly upon his shoulders. When Wilson had been willing to respond to Austrian and German peace feelers, House had urged delay. If Wilson had acted more swiftly, the complete collapse of Germany would have been averted. One week or a fortnight gained would have saved the government of the Kaiser. After the war the German people could have asked for an accounting from its leaders. But the revolution, on the brink of peace, bred chaos and ruin. Germany's weakness militated against the unreserved acceptance of Wilson's program. It weakened Wilson's position because America was no longer indispensable to the Allies. To that extent Colonel House must share with Prince Max of Baden the responsibility for the miscarriage of his own high hopes.

But House had no such reflection. On November 11, 1918, Armistice Day, Duumvir House, for once emotional, cabled to Duumvir Wilson: "Autocracy is dead. Long live democracy and its immortal leader. In this great hour my heart goes out to you in pride, admiration, and love."

*Deductions, drawn from the wealth of inside information that has been at Mr. Viereck's disposal, concerning the personality of Woodrow Wilson and his "equal partnership" with Colonel House, and an amazing examination of Colonel House's novel, Philip Dru, as a sidelight on the Wilson régime, will appear in next week's, the concluding installment of this series.*

# DETECTOGRAMS

*By* H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

## *No. 6—A Rum Regatta*

"I HEARD an amusing story last night," said Jud Squires to Professor Stiggins, as the two men sat in the latter's study.

"Everything amuses you," the professor remarked, "so perhaps you'd better let me judge its humor."

"Well," continued Squires, "I was talking last night with Dan Starritt. Starritt, you know, provides our élite with prohibited beverages. However, despite his so-called profession, he's a scintillating fellow.

"According to his story, three rumrunners came to him one morning in Nassau, where he is well known, seeking advice in connection with a wager they had made among themselves the night before. It seems that the three of them, having sampled too freely of the liquor they were to take the next day to Miami, had agreed to put up $3,000 which was to be the prize of the owner of the last boat to reach Miami. They forgot for the moment that their boss was in a hurry for the liquor.

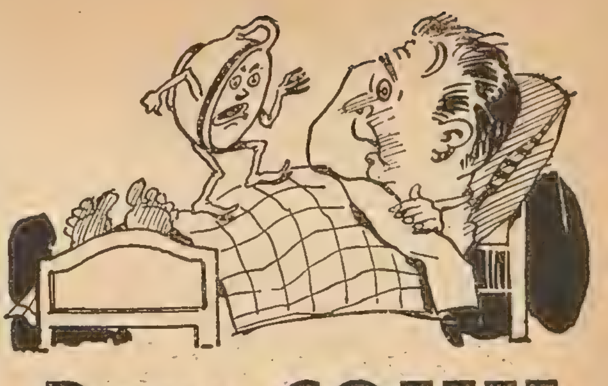
"In the sober light of morning they wondered how they could reach Miami on schedule without changing their wager, which these sporting gentlemen were reluctant to do. Eventually they had come to Starritt, who solved their problem by whispering the same advice to each of them. These whispered words sent them racing to the boats and they started for Miami at top speed.

"The wager hadn't been changed any," continued Squires, "so what had Starritt whispered that caused them to race the boats in an effort to win the $3,000 prize?"

The professor was momentarily stumped, but at last he smiled and said: "Why, there's only one thing Starritt could have said."

Now, What Was It?

*The solution will be found on page 63.*



Does COFFEE Give You Sleepless Nights?

COFFEE (also other drinks and foods) often keep you awake. Frequently this is due to an acid condition they create. The next time you raid the ice box before retiring, eat two or three Tums (often only one Tum is enough) to relieve the Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Gas, Acid Indigestion, which cause many sleepless nights. Easy to prove—get a roll of Tums at any drug store and try them. Only 10c.

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TUMS 10¢
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TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25c
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One drop gives instant relief —corn soon lifts off

An amazing liquid has been discovered that actually ends all worry over corns. One tiny drop stops pain instantly... and a few more drops make the corn so loose you can lift it off with your fingers. It's FREEZONE—the safe, quick way to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

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214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

# Vox

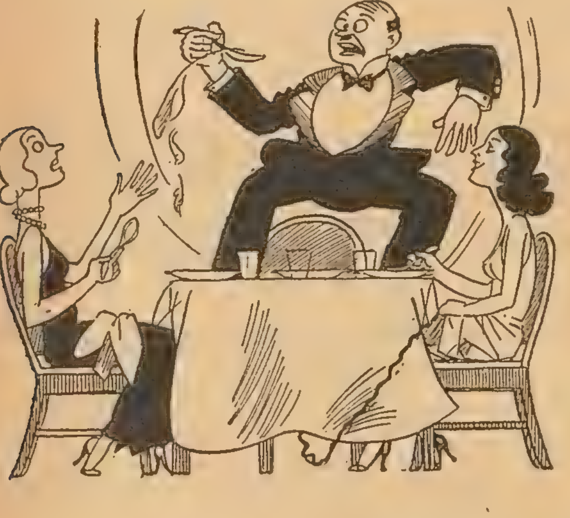
### *What a Shocking Hostess!*

St. Paul, Minn.—For crying out loud! That article by Franklin P. Adams, called "Hosts," made me see red.

In my line of business I have to entertain a lot.

You might almost say I'm a professional host.

And for a guy like Mr. Adams to come right out and rip hosts, with very few exceptions, right to pieces, seems to me the darnedest ungratefulest thing that's been pulled off for years.



If he only knew it, Author Adams has had it pretty soft on his week-end visits.

Yes, sir. I've heard of guests that weren't treated quite so good. Guests that had mean and aggravating practical jokes played on 'em.

The other day I heard of a guest who, after he'd sat down at the table and had a spoonful of soup in his hand, on its way to his mouth, felt a sharp shock where mama used to spank, and got up from that chair in a hurry. There was an electric battery under the seat of that chair, and a wire leading from it, and the hostess could have her fun by pushing a button.

Here's hoping Author Adams sits down in a chair like that on his next visit, and that the battery is extra strong.—*F. Norris; a host.*

### *Putting the Knockers on a Spot*

Oswego, N. Y.—I see that the Vox Popping nickel-nursers have been sounding off loudly.

I have this to say to them:

You who have been making such a fuss and finding so much fault with Liberty's short stories, etc., come on out! Let's see what you can do.

In its $5,000 Amateur Story Offer, Liberty is giving you your chance, and paying you for it.

You might be able to get your name in print by finding fault with others, but let's see you do any better, or as well, by writing a story yourself.—*Frank A. Forbes.*

Frank A. Forbes

### *"Prohibition—A Great Campaign to Popularize Booze"*

Portland, Me.—Say, my friend, Mr. Vox Pop, I'd like to meet the writer of Liberty's editorial, "Prohibition—A Great Campaign to Popularize Booze." Why, he took the words right out of my mouth.

I'm only twenty-six, and, of course, was but a youngster when national prohibition went into effect. Maine's been dry longer than that, but as soon as I got old enough to find out that the state said I couldn't have something, why, I went right out and got it, and I've been getting it ever since.

Not only that—the price is going down, so we don't have to drink extracts any more. The only thing I can say is that this prohibition is O.K. just as long as they let us drink. But if they ever really dry up this country, then look out!—*Joie Frisby.*

Buffalo, N. Y.—Your editorial article, "Prohibition—A Great Campaign to Popularize Booze," is the clearest presentation of the effects of prohibition which I have ever seen printed. When we see the shapely tell-tale booze flask for sale even in the ten-cent stores we realize, greatly to our regret, that your statement is only too true.

The wide advertising campaign which prohibition unwittingly has created for booze has made the bootlegger the only beneficiary.

Some of the ardent drys who believe only in the whip will tell you, if you annul the liquor prohibition law why not also annul the law against murder? They forget that the law against murder is one of the Ten Commandments, while we are taught by the Bible that even Jesus produced wine when it became necessary for a dinner party.—*Carlos Cebrian.*

### *Mrs. Wilson's Husband*

New York, N. Y.—I am convinced that Colonel House was a great statesman. In fact, he almost admits it himself. If he would only authorize an article on "How Colonel House Won the World War," the American people would finally appreciate his true greatness, I think.

Such an article would enlighten a few historians, fool a few people, and place the honor of such an achievement where it rightfully belongs.—*John Carter.*

P. S. Mr. Editor, just exactly who was this man Wilson who seems to owe so much to Colonel House?

### *Typographical Error*

Chicago, Ill.—Congratulations on your slogan, "America's Best Read Weekly." Only, it should be "America's Best *Dead* Weekly."—*Just Another Libertine.*

### *Some Advice and—*

Palatka, Fla.—Jane Addams, in a recent issue of Liberty, said, "Disarm and Have Peace."

I am a pacifist and also a member of the Woman's International League and liked what Miss Addams said—only there was not enough of it.

The question is, can we rely on different nations abiding by their agreements?

They do not always do so.

Fannie M. LePla

In my opinion the proper and only practical method by which we can make peace secure is the plan outlined by C. C. Allen of St. Petersburg, Florida, who for years has been advocating an international government which shall be made up of representatives from all the different nations, and shall have a strong army and navy to enforce its will.

But no nation shall be allowed any army or navy except just what is needed for revenue and domestic use.

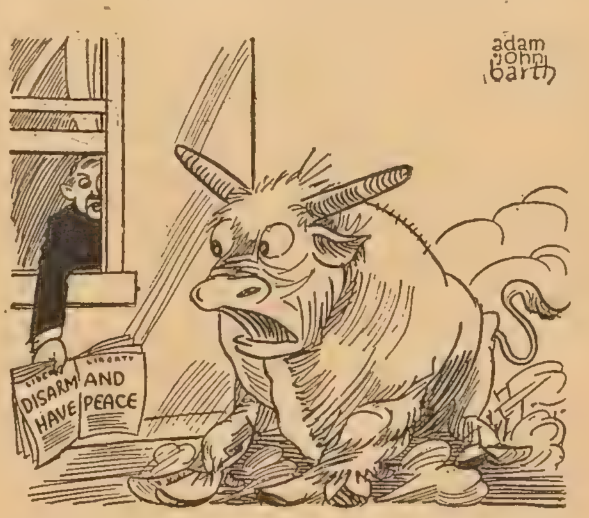
All quarrels between nations would then be settled by this international government.

Warring between nations would be impossible.—*Fannie M. LePla.*

### *—A Little Bull*

Los Angeles, Calif.—The other day, out in Si Slocum's pasture, I was reading Liberty, when Si's gentleman cow spied me, chased me across the pasture, and gave me a boost on to the back porch.

However, when I stuck my head out of the window and showed him Jane Addams' article, "Disarm and Have Peace," which I had been reading, he was immediately pacified and apologized like Japan apologized to China when shown the Kellogg Pact.

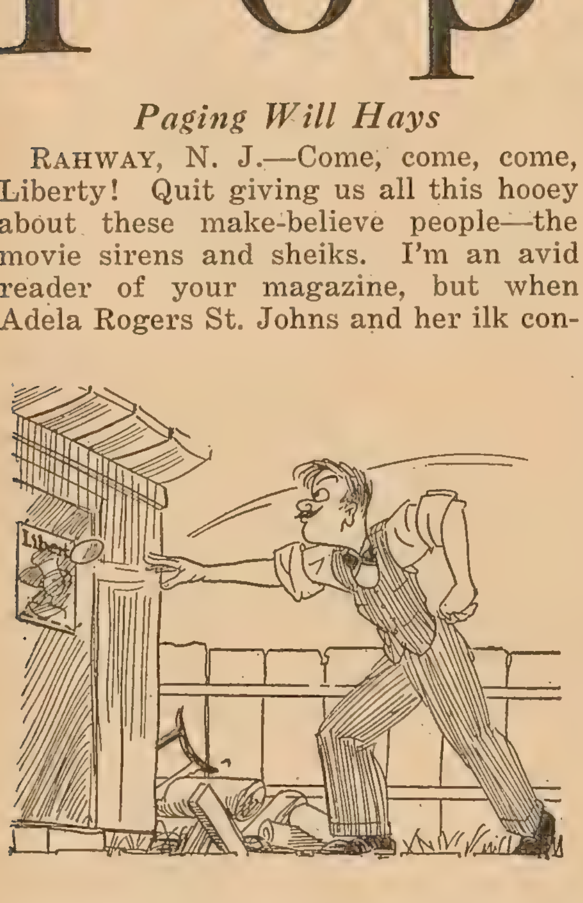


Being grateful, I'd like to admire Liberty's policy of printing the other side of the question, but would like to know: Is there nothing to be said for pacifism —or did Liberty merely pick someone who couldn't say it?—*Pat Knoles.*

# Pop

### Paging Will Hays

RAHWAY, N. J.—Come, come, come, Liberty! Quit giving us all this hooey about these make-believe people—the movie sirens and sheiks. I'm an avid reader of your magazine, but when Adela Rogers St. Johns and her ilk contribute their articles to your pages I drop the d—— thing the way I'd drop a red-hot poker.



Really, I'm tempted to nail it to the woodshed door and throw rotten eggs at it every time I see one of these senseless, idiotic movie interviews within its covers. Just take, for example, "The Great God Gable." Please don't cheapen it any more with character articles about the most useless, non-practical, least purposeful crowd this country contends with today, namely, the motion-picture crowd.—*O. L. P.*

### A Man's World? Yes, and—

DULUTH, MINN.—How much cash did Helen Christine Bennett pay you for printing that thing called "It's a Man's World"?

I'll say it is just that! And because the real women—those that really count—really want it to be so. They are the mothers and home lovers.—*N. Oliver.*

### —No

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I would like to say something in regard to Helen Christine Bennett's article on the males getting all the cake. I am only nineteen years old but have six sisters. Now, let me tell you something!

In the first place, who got the most spankings? Huh! They could all knock me around but, if I laid a finger on them, down came the hairbrush. Who had the most work to do? Who was expected to earn his spending money?

Did I ever do the dishes? *Yes.* I'm not kicking, but don't think all the males are the best off.

Maybe Helen Christine Bennett does wash her silk undies. I'll bet she don't shave, though. What is the washing of undies compared to that lifelong chore? I'll have to start soon.—*Herbey Wadlin, Jr.*

### Back to the Farm and Good Food

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I've been hearing a lot of comment on Liberty's back-to-the-farm movement, and I hear more good things said about it than bad.

I see by the papers that, since November 1, 1931, ten thousand people have been living in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on a charity ration costing six cents a day per person. The papers say, too, that their health is better than the average for the entire city of 150,000. This ration is chiefly vegetables, and is a very simple diet.

Now, the simple food that the jobless who go back to the land will provide for themselves will cost them very little save the labor they put into the soil, and, judging from the above facts, their health will be better than that of the richer people in the cities who eat less simple foods.—*A Girl Who Is Hopeful.*

### Just as Simple as You Are

DETROIT, MICH.—Eureka! At last, the secret of Liberty's enormous circulation!

The people crave something for nothing—only in this case you, not they, get it.

You see, it's like this: The people give you something: a nickel; while you in turn give them nothing: Liberty.

Simple, isn't it?—*Frank R. Moore.*

### Why Don't You Tell Hoover?

BALTIMORE, MD. — I sincerely trust that you will give us more articles and editorials on aëronautical warfare, bringing out the fact that we *must* have adequate air defense for the nation.

There is always talk about "bigger and better battleships." Such controversy always gives rise to the query: "What good is a big navy?" The money necessary to build one superdreadnought would build sufficient airplanes to sink an entire navy.

Captain Warner S. Hull

Why deliberately waste the nation's money?

If only the government would wake up! If only Washington would put someone in full charge of our air force—someone like General William Mitchell or General Fechet.

Then something could be accomplished, and would be accomplished.

Make America supreme in the air!—*Captain Warner S. Hull, President, The Baltimore Aëro Club.*

### Dry Humor

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—After reading Liberty from cover to cover I've come to the conclusion that Liberty is a good magazine just like prohibition is a success.—*Jack Harrison Pollack.*

### A Short Argument

WHEELING, W. VA.—I've been reading Liberty for a long time. I began long before you changed the size to a smaller and better one. So I hope you'll print this little kick of mine.

Please don't go ruining your splendid magazine with those terrible short short stories. (There, maybe I shouldn't have went that far.) But, really, I don't like them. Why, you no more than get interested in them and they end. It's like sitting down to a meal and having the meal snatched away from you after you've taken only a few bites.

George R. Leithe

Give us longer stories and serials such as "The Shackled Cinderella," by Edward Doherty—longer stories full of action.—*George R. Leithe.*

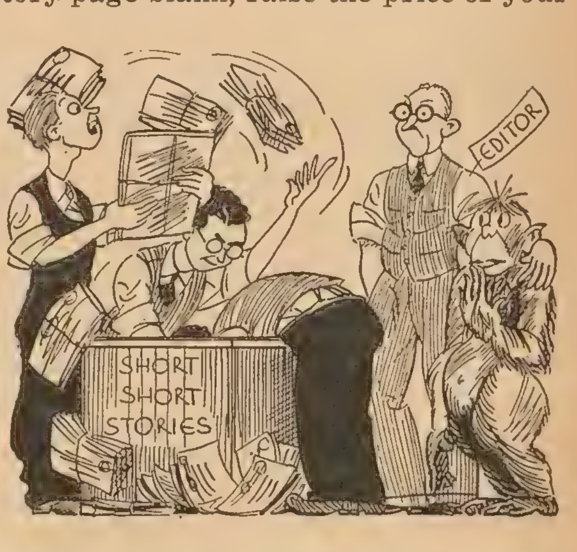
### Aw, He Just Pulls His Punches

EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO—Say, is this guy Frederick James Smith taking Robert Benchley's place, or what's the joke? He says about "Wayward"—". . . moves sluggishly"—". . . never surprising"—". . . conclusion obvious"—". . . production mediocre"—". . . Miss Carroll, badly photographed, does little with the chorine-wife. Richard Arlen is lost in the rôle of the young husband."

Mr. Smith says two stars mean "good." Then he gives "Wayward" two stars!!! I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and blame it on prohibition. Steady, Fred!—*Edward Horton.*

### You Know Too Darn' Much

BUTTE, MONT.—Take this tip from me; it is gratis. Have your short short story page blank, raise the price of your magazine to ten cents—and double your circulation.



Say, I bet I know how you people select those short shorts. The department receives 5,000 of them every week, the big boss calls all you good-for-nothings, and says: "Here they are, boys! The man that finds the worst one gets my pet gorilla as a prize."—*A. P.*

# I Want *an Unkissed* Daughter-in-Law

*But She Must Be a Lot of Other Things First, Says*

## MARGARET DOUGLAS WINN

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)*

SOMEBODY wants an unkissed son-in-law. Somebody else thinks that idea is ridiculous. And I'm interested because I'm going to furnish three sons-in-law to three other mothers. But what about the daughters-in-law with which those other three supply me? I suppose the mother of a son also has a right to certain preferences as to what sort of a mate her child gets.

I might as well admit in the beginning that I dread my daughters-in-law. Not, I protest—and violently, at that—that I am a jealous mother. I absolutely am not. In the first place, I am completely in love with my husband. I do not, thank God, have to compensate for a starved emotional life by overdevotion to my children. In the second place, I am, I hope, too intelligent to permit myself any such foolishness.

Yet my daughters-in-law loom some ten years or so ahead, menacing and gloom-inspiring figures.

A daughter-in-law is such an uncertain quantity, and she can do so many disagreeable things to our happy family life. Everybody knows that almost any kind of wife can make it impossible for a man to belong any more to his people, while he must adopt hers absolutely and forever.

And many wives do make it impossible. Because women are possessive by nature. A great many of them are jealous of all the past affections a man has had and all the old ties that bind him.

If the devoted mother of a devoted son draws this sort of daughter-in-law, there are just two things she can do: she can fight or she can give up. If she fights, she will probably be beaten. If she is not beaten, her victory has cost her son his married happiness.

So that's the sort of daughter-in-law I don't want; one sort I don't want, at any rate. And what sort do I want? Well, first of all, for my son's sake primarily and next for my own, I want a daughter-in-law who has a sweet and generous disposition. I don't want my boy to have to live with a woman who nags and scolds and frets and complains. I want a good sport for him.

Second, and a very close second, I want health. Physical health and mental health. The job of being a wife and mother calls for physical vigor. And mental health is even more important. I'm not at all sure that every man and woman who marry oughtn't to have a sanity test, anyway.

Third, I'd like my boy to marry an intelligent woman. I don't really think any of my three are stupid themselves. And so I don't think any of them could be permanently happy with a pretty fool.

Fourth, I'd like this hypothetical daughter-in-law to possess a reasonable degree of efficiency in the job of being a wife. Nerves and tempers suffer, and characters actually disintegrate, in an atmosphere of confusion and disorder; of unattractive and poorly balanced meals; of everything running behind time.

And fifth, I want--oh, I do want!—a girl with a fair ideal of what the partnership of marriage really ought to mean. I want one who doesn't expect it to be all take and no give—one who loves unselfishly.

But, "Goodness!" you say impatiently. "When are you going to get to the question of kissed or unkissed daughters-in-law?" And I seem to hear a chorus of indignant voices asking me whether I am perfectly willing to have my sons marry girls who are not "virtuous"?

Of course not. For the matter of that, I suppose I'd like them to marry angels straight from heaven. But I was compiling a minimum list; not all the things one might like to have, ideally, but the few that seem absolutely necessary (to my mind) for married happiness.

NOW please don't misunderstand me. I have no lurid past myself; I consider a lurid past in a girl's life decidedly in the nature of a tragedy; and I am doing my level best to furnish these future daughters-in-law of mine with unkissed husbands. I don't mean that I'm trying to make prigs or prudes of my boys, or that I shall die of grief if they do not live up to the ideals I and my husband are endeavoring to implant in them. Nevertheless, all our influence is, and will be, thrown on the side of staying in the straight and narrow path.

One can scarcely claim, when this is true, that it doesn't really matter to me what kind of record my daughter-in-law has. It does matter. But, quite simply and honestly, it matters less than that she should be a certain kind of girl, the kind I have been trying to describe.

If my boy is fortunate enough to get this kind, I'll be very happy if she adds to her other charms the charm of never having committed any cheap and vulgar youthful follies. But if youth and impulsiveness should have tripped her up for a time, why, then . . . I'd be sorry, naturally, . . . but I'd still consider my boy lucky and myself a happy woman. One hates to see a spot on beautiful fabric, of course. But good fabric cleans well, as a rule. And when it is cleaned it is still beautiful fabric, much lovelier and much more durable than—for instance—cheesecloth which has never been stained.

Perhaps what I'm trying to say is that what one *is* is more important than what one has done.

For, after all, virtue isn't, to my way of thinking, a negative affair. It doesn't consist entirely of the sins one hasn't committed.

And I am coming to believe that we need to learn to appraise sins and virtues somewhat differently, anyway. We attach such an immense and distorted importance to some, and consider others so lightly. Maybe the time will roll round some day when we'll call a lazy, selfish, whining, hypochondriacal feminine parasite an "erring sinner," too!

THE END

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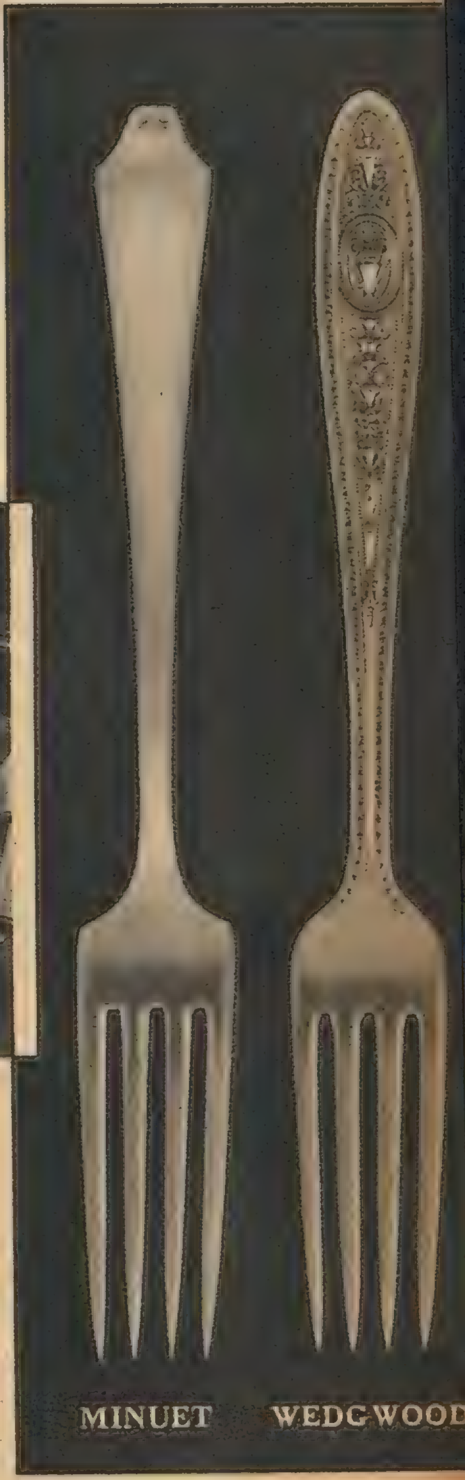
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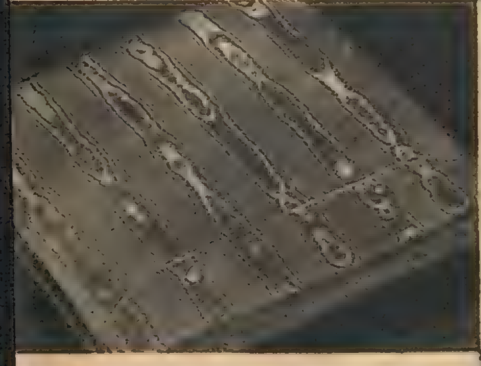

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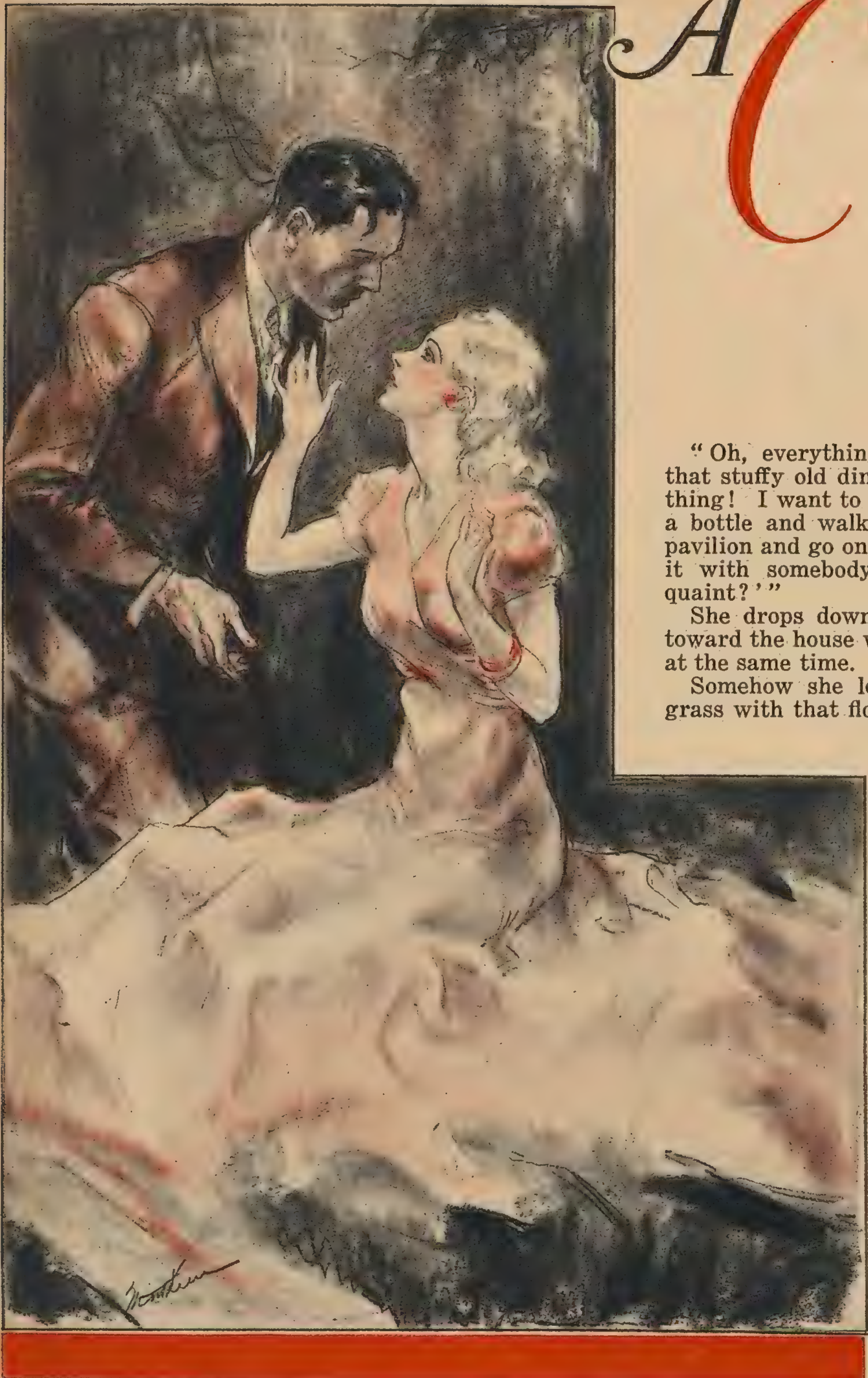
# A Chance

### A Kiss for Glory—Sad
### Her Home—Commanded to

By VIÑA

Pictures by



*Somehow she looks right sitting on the grass with that floating stuff lying all around her. She's so small and pretty.*

*(Reading time: 37 minutes 45 seconds.)*

*THIS is Blacky Gorman's surprising story. Blacky ran a filling station at Silver Beach. There, Marjory Harris proposed to him, and was accepted. Then beautiful and rich Glory Franklyn appeared, and captivated Blacky. Glory was engaged to a Dr. Clinton Larrick, who thought her neurotic. Marjory was frightened by Glory's beauty, and Blacky angered the doctor. But Mrs. Franklyn asked Blacky to dine. After dinner Glory beckoned him to follow her.*

## PART THREE—THEIR GREAT DECISION

WE go walking around the lawn, every now and then smiling at each other. That's about all that happens for a few minutes, and then she says, "Isn't it terrible?"

"What?"

"Oh, everything. Mama and Clinton playing chess, that stuffy old dinner, walking on the lawn—oh, everything! I want to eat hot dogs and drink red pop out of a bottle and walk on the boardwalk and dance in the pavilion and go on the merry-go-round, and I want to do it with somebody who won't keep saying, 'Isn't it quaint?'"

She drops down on the grass then, and sits looking toward the house with her big blue eyes sad and mad all at the same time.

Somehow she looks right sitting on the soft green grass with that floating pink stuff lying all around her. She's so small and pretty. And I think again of Marje saying that she looks like every kid's idea of what a fairy queen should look like. I'm not in the greasy clothes tonight, so I sit down alongside of her, and I find out that her hair smells like flowers. That song I learned back in the fifth grade starts running through my head again—the one about the nodding violets and the wild thyme and everything.

The sky is getting pretty deep blue by now, and I notice that the moon has gone to work. I get sort of a goofy feeling just then. It's a kind of sad feeling, and it makes me think that there's no use ever getting up off the lawn, because nothing I do is ever going to be any use. It's the band over in the pavilion, I guess, that gives me that feeling.

"I want to go down there and dance," Glory says.

I feel that I've been misrepresenting myself. She's got the idea, I figure, that I'm a merry-go-round hound and just one of those big, simple fellows who gets a kick out of pavilion dancing.

"Listen, Glory. You wouldn't like it there. The floor is rotten and the music's worse. The crowd is a bunch of pot wrestlers and bell hops. It's terrible. So is red pop out of a bottle and merry-go-rounds."

"Is it? Oh, why did you tell me?" She looks at me with big hurt eyes and her lips all trembling like a kid who's going to cry. "You shouldn't have told me! I dreamed it was fun. I dreamed that it was something different and exciting."

"No, kid, it's a bore. You wouldn't like it."

"Is everything a bore, Blacky?"

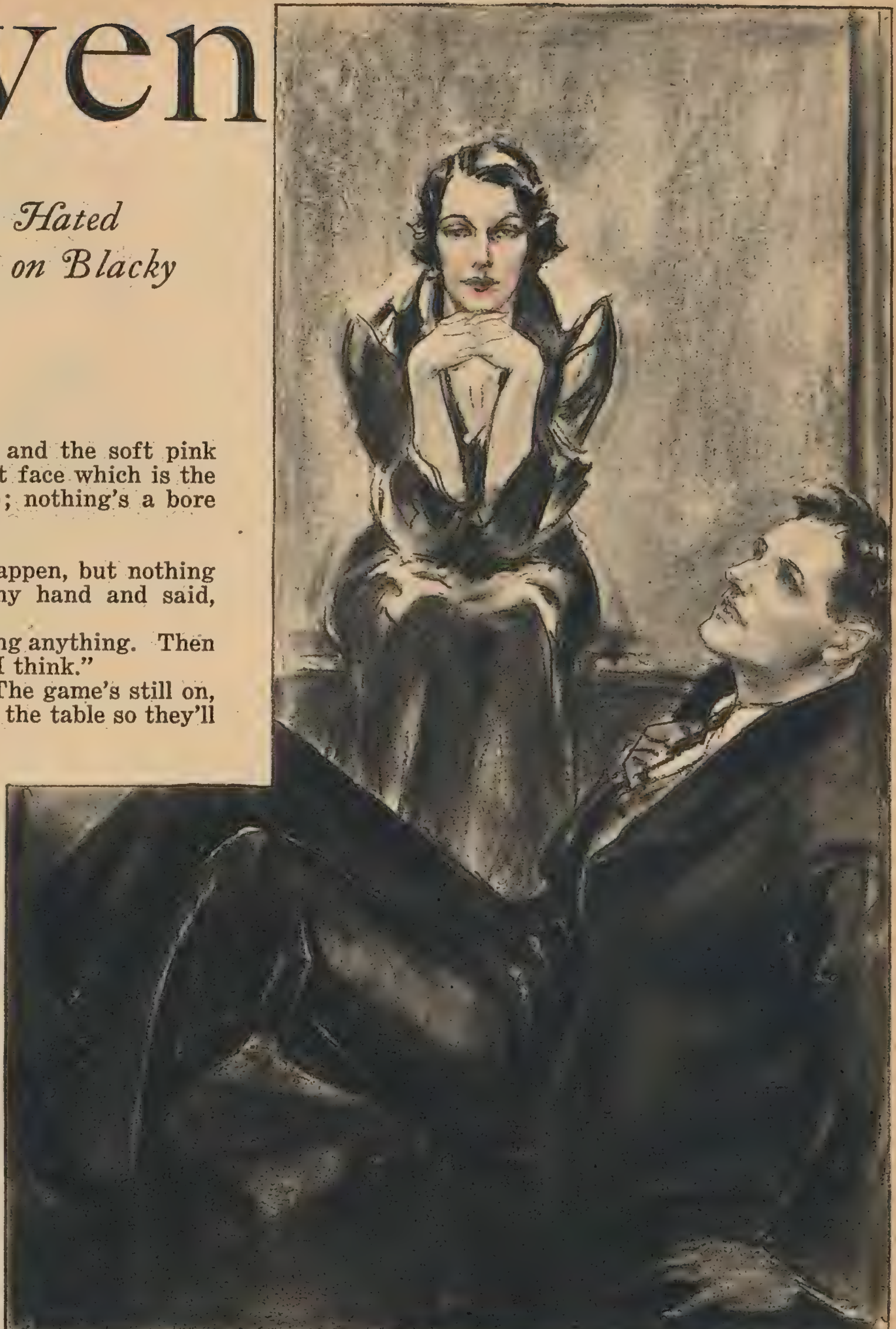
This is the part that's tough to write. I thought when I started I'd skip it, but here it is. When she said that I looked around at her and she was looking at me. I haven't been able to give you a clear picture of what she looks like, so this'll all sound dumb, I know. But there

# at Heaven

## *End of an Idyl—The Girl Who Hated Marry—A Big Truth Bursts on Blacky*

### DELMAR

HUBERT MATHIEU



*"I'm a big horse who can take you home when you've had too much to drink, or tote up a column of figures for you. But I'm not Glory."*

she was, with the moon coming up, and the soft pink floating stuff all around her, and that face which is the kind you dream about. I said, "No; nothing's a bore right now."

And I kissed her.

I expected something terrible to happen, but nothing did. She just smiled and patted my hand and said, "You're sweet, Blacky."

We sat for a long time without saying anything. Then she said, "We'd better go back now, I think."

So we went back to the veranda. The game's still on, and they've got a dinky little lamp on the table so they'll be able to see what king to move next. Everybody kept quiet, and I don't know about Glory, but the rest of us did a lot of thinking. I felt like the lowest form of animal life, barring psychologists. I was thinking that Glory is a swell scout to take things as she did. Some dames think that they can prove they're ladies by throwing a scene when a fellow kisses them. This little one just takes it, suggests we call it a day, and probably decides that there's no use trying to make a dinner guest out of a sow's ear. I wonder if she'll ever feel friendly toward me again.

THE chess game never does get finished while I'm there, but by and by they call it enough for the time being. They serve drinks, discuss wild animals Dr. Larrick has seen, and finally I say, "Thanks; I've had a swell time; good night." And I get going.

Just before I turn the corner I look back at the house, and there's Glory standing on the steps waving good night. I wonder if she's going to get the devil for that, and just wondering about it makes me so mad I pass a red light. Two great big people like Mrs. Franklyn and the doctor have no business picking on a little thing like Glory.

Now, I have a step that leads up to a flat little porch which juts out in front of my bungalow. I only mention that because when I got home that night Marjory was sitting on the step.

She says to me, "I'm all of a flutter, Blacky. Tell me about it. How do rich people act at home?"

I'm surprised to see her. I don't mean to be tough or anything, but I'm surprised. I say, "What the hell are you doing here?"

I could have took a running jump in the lake the minute after I said it. She looks as though I've given her a sock on the chin.

"Why," she says, "I just thought we could go have some coffee together. But if you'd rather be alone, Blacky, that's all right." She turns and starts away.

"Come here, sappo. I didn't mean anything."

So she comes back and re-sits herself on the step.

There's plenty of privacy there, because the bungalow is set away back from the street. I've always intended to build a bigger house in front to rent for the summer, but I've never gotten around to it and probably never will. I figure that here and now is as good a time as any to tell Marje about the strange interlude I've had tonight. She's got to know, and it may as well be now as then. It takes a long time for me to get to it, because, being a woman, she's got to tell me everything she thinks before I can tell her anything I know.

"The doctor suggested the game of chess because he wanted Glory to have time alone with you. He wants her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-seven

to see that you're not romantic at all but just a dumb cluck. I bet he was shocked to see how snappy you looked in your lovely little Sunday suit. I'll bet he was disappointed, too, that you knew what your knife wasn't for. He's trying to get her fed up with you. He wants to give you enough rope to hang yourself on, don't you see? He wants you to do something wrong."

"I did," I said. "I kissed Glory."

For the first time since I met her, Marje was stuck for a smart answer. She didn't chirp for ages. Then she says, "Did you?"

"Yes, I did. Look here, Marje; let me tell you how I came to do it."

"I know," she says, just as though she was there. "The moon and Glory's face and she was about to cry." She says it slow and dead-like.

"See, Marje, I told you because I thought you ought to know on account of us being engaged and all. It doesn't mean anything, though. She's a sweet kid and she's as unhappy as hell."

"You figured a kiss would clear her troubles all up, eh, Blacky? Well, you were probably right, but you're too masculine to understand why. You just follow your instincts and you'll always be right. I'm going to see that you get a decent chance to follow those instincts, Blacky. I'm going to call our engagement off."

"Marjory, don't be a fool! Listen—"

"I DIDN'T just decide that, honey. I've been thinking about it all day. I want you to act natural about things and you can't while I'm in the picture. I'd sooner be the woman scorned than the woman who gets sacrifices made for her. I want you to go ahead and see if you can win the little lady, because you're sure to God in love with her, Blacky."

"Oh, she'd never have me in a million years!" I said. Five minutes later I realized that I'd admitted in those few words what I'd figured I'd never tell to anybody.

"I'll stick around, Blacky. We can be friends, can't we? Look here. You can't tell; maybe you'll still pick me—and think how complimented I'd feel then."

"Please, Marje, don't talk like a damn' fool."

She was slipping off the diamond, but I made her put it back again. "It's yours, kid; keep it," I said.

She argued about it, but in the end I got her to go on wearing it.

This sounds like I didn't fight very hard to keep engaged to her, but I did. I tried to tell her lots of things, but she wouldn't listen. I got a panicky feeling as I sat there looking at her. Soon she wouldn't belong to me any more if I didn't find the right words to say to her. She was so damn' real and solid and I was so used to her. I asked her to marry me in the morning, but she shook her head.

"What, Blacky—and go through life knowing that I gypped you of the prettiest girl that God ever let live? Don't be a jackass."

"I'd have you, Marje. You're more than any guy could expect from life."

"But I'm not Glory, Blacky. I'm a big horse who can take you home when you've had too much to drink, or tote up a column of figures for you, and in a pinch perhaps I could even fill tanks and change oil. But I'm not Glory. You can have her, Blacky. She wants you. Go ahead, kid. Here's a chance at heaven."

"Marjory, I—"

"Stow it, Blacky. Come on; let's go down to the diner for that coffee."

I go with her, although I don't want coffee any more than I want two tails. I don't believe Marje wants coffee either, but I don't like to say good night to her out there in the dark after all the blues we've been singing.

The diner is cheerful. It's just a beanery with tables and chairs and a counter running lengthwise, with guys in white outfits dishing out soft-shell crab sandwiches and coffee or what will you have. It's got a nice way about it, though. It's the only place to go late at night, and often you find it jammed with girls in dress clothes and drunks in hard-boiled shirts. Many's the time after good parties Marje and I have ended up there to talk over the crowd and the party and lap up a couple of saucers' worth of Java.

Tonight it's kind of quiet in there. There's a cop at the counter tossing off a bottle of milk, and Nicky Annella's at a far table with his crowd and they're drinking coffee. They say hello to us, and Marje and I sit down elsewheres and have a space-staring contest.

We drink the coffee and smoke a cigarette and then we're ready to go again. After all, it hasn't been so damn' cheerful in the diner. I think of Glory and wonder is she lying in the canvas swing on her porch waiting for the chess game to come to a finish. And I wonder what she's thinking as she's lying there.

MARJE and I walk around the corner to the bungalow. She's got her car parked in front of it. We stand for a minute looking at the car as though neither of us had ever seen it before. "You need air in your tires," I say by way of conversation.

"Yes," she says. "That's what I need, all right."

Then after a minute she says, "Well, good night, Blacky."

She climbs into the car. But I can't let her go like that. "Marje," I say to her, "listen. All that junk you said before don't go."

"Yes," she says, "it goes, Blacky. It's every man's right to have a chance at heaven. Good night, darling, and good luck."

"DO you know that you've made a nervous wreck out of her? And that she'd sooner jump in the lake than marry you?"

She beats it then, and I stand on the sidewalk feeling like I haven't felt since I was four years old and I lost my mother in a department-store basement during a Christmas shopping rush. I feel down-hearted as hell, and I think of going back to the diner to see if Nicky has anything on him in the way of a stimulant. Then I remember that after all I'll be seeing Marje often. This isn't New York, where a girl can dodge you if she wants to. I figure that by this time tomorrow night I'll have Marje all reëngaged to me and a wedding day all staked out. She has to marry me. This lost feeling is the bunk and I don't like it.

Then I go in the bungalow and to bed; but the damn' coffee has got me wide awake and I never shut an eye till long after it's light.

I'm dead over at the station all day. Sleepy as the devil. I'd doze a little bit on the bench, but I couldn't get much out of that. All day long people who would be better off tending to business were driving up asking for gasoline. The palookas think that just because you got a filling station you want to keep jumping up every minute pumping gas into tanks. Not only that, but most of them wanted water, too, in their radiators. A couple of guys asked me to check their oil. Wouldn't you think they'd know enough to shut up about oil? I'm the greatest "Check your oil, cap?" in the industry, and if I didn't ask you'd have thought they'd realize I had a reason. People make me sick when I'm sleepy.

Once Marje sails by, but she's got the old lady in the car and she just waves but doesn't stop, and I get wondering if she'd have stopped if she'd been alone. I guess not, because I see she's had her tires pumped up somewhere else. Probably got gas there, too. That's the worst of women. A guy ought never to know them socially. They're swell on these big emotional scenes, but when the scene's over you lose a customer. But considering that Marje never paid me for gas or oil anyhow I got no kick coming.

She never does stop all day. I figure that at seven thirty I'll kind of ooze over to her house, and this time I'll do the proposing. Marje is a good scout and don't deserve any sock on the chin like she took last night. I keep wishing that I knew some good words which would convince her that I'm crazy about her. I figure that even if she didn't give in right that minute, it won't make her feel bad to know that I haven't taken my release as though I liked it.

YOU can see for yourself that I really intended drifting over to the Harrises' house that night. I would have done it, too, except that a young lady who has come down for the summer drops over and asks me to take her to the movies. It's Glory. On the level. Can you beat a thing like that?

She says there's a man coming to coach the old lady and the doctor on their chess game and that she's not going to have a single thing to do and that she's just dying to see the picture that's playing that week.

Well, I'm not dying to see it, on account of it being the one about the guy who didn't believe in marriage and the girl with the big feet. But I didn't let on to Glory that I'd seen it. That would be a mean thing to do when she's trying to be so kind and good-natured. I see through her scheme right away. I'm not the fool about women that Marje thinks I am. I see that Glory is trying to show me in a deep and roundabout manner that she forgives me for forgetting myself last night and that she's willing to give me another chance to show I can behave myself.

I tell her that I'll be pleased to take her, except how do her mother and old Doc Yak feel about it? She says they feel great about it. All they want, she says, is to get rid of her so they can listen to the big chess guy in peace. Then I see that this is something Marje is dead right about. They figure that Glory will get so much of me that I'll make her sick and she'll have to call the doctor. Well, I says to myself, I might make her sick, but I'll have a good time doing it.

So that night I take Miss Glory Franklyn to the movies. I call around for her in the car and she comes running out to meet me, and I see for myself the old lady and the doctor smiling and waving good-by to her. There's another bird there, too, and Glory says he's a chess champ and a side kick of the doctor's.

And we get to the theater without anything unique occurring except that everybody gives Glory the big looking over wherever I walk with her. They get a big surprise too, I'll bet, when they take a flash at me and see what's dragging her around. We sit in the last row in the theater because she likes the last row, and she watches the picture for a while and says that she remembers seeing it in New York, so we blow.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-nine

I suggest places to take her, but she says that she isn't much on going places and that she'd just like to go sit on a bench on the boardwalk facing the ocean. So that's what we do. It probably doesn't sound like a very hilarious way to spend an evening, but it was really very nice. I always thought that people were yaps who scattered themselves about on boardwalk benches, but that was because I'd never tried it. It's really all right. The ocean looks swell as you sit there looking out at it, and every once in a while there's a kind of salty mist comes springing up at you. I liked it, and she said that she did too. As a matter of fact, she liked it so much that it caused a hell of a lot of trouble. I might have known that staring at that restless mess of water wasn't going to do her any good.

Around the time I saw the theater letting out I suggested that we start home. I didn't care about myself, but I was thinking that Dr. Larrick would be worried about Glory's psychosis taking cold.

"Oh," she says, "I hate to leave the ocean."

Now, if that had been Marje I'd have said, "Well, sappo, you can't take the ocean with you." But you'd never in a million years say anything like that to Glory. So I just says, "Yes, it is swell tonight."

Then she says: "I hate to go home. Oh, Blacky, you don't know how much I hate to go home! Everything is so—so tight there. I can't do one blessed thing that I want to do. Tonight's the first time in ages that I've felt free. I've been so happy tonight!"

"That's fine," I says. "I've been happy, too."

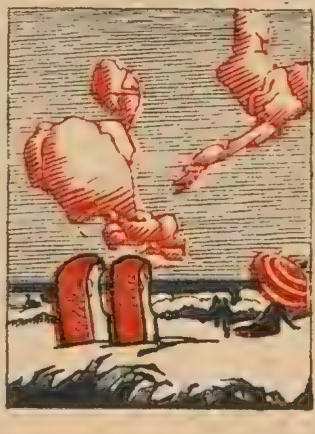
"But you don't understand. You're always happy. You do what you please. You live as you please. Where do you live, Blacky? What's your home like?"

"It's a bungalow. It's got four rooms."

"Oh, that sounds sweet, Blacky. Tell me about it. I'd love to have a good idea of it so I could picture the place where you live."

I try to think of something to tell her about the bungalow, but the only thing that comes to my mind is that I've forgotten to empty the ice-box pan and the damn' kitchen is going to be flooded again. So like a lunkhead I say again, "It's got four rooms."

The idea of the bungalow having four rooms seems to tickle her to death. She goes off in spasms over the very idea of having four rooms. When she gets through chirping about my cunning little home I decide to look when I get home and see if the little darling's getting a tooth.



"I WISH I had some place that I could feel was really mine," she says. "Mother gave me two rooms in the apartment at home, but they're not mine. I wanted them done in cream color and scarlet, but I couldn't have them that way. Mother set interior decorators loose in my rooms and they did them in gray and robin's-egg blue. That might sound silly to a man, but it means a lot to a girl to have every one of her ideas overlooked or disregarded. It's the same with my clothes, my tastes in books or plays or people—in everything—and it makes me miserable."

And then she started to cry. Well, of course, as I said before, she cries like pretty girls were meant to cry. None of this red-nose business at all. But she cries thoroughly. When she's miserable it's no joke. She catches the spirit of the thing quicker than anybody I've ever met before. I hate to see her feeling so gloomy, but at least this is a better location for it than the shack. I can give her more time and attention here, and because my hands are clean I can pat her encouragingly on the arm, and when she gets exhausted from crying she can put her head on my shoulder on account of me having decent clothes on.

"Oh, Blacky, you don't know how miserable I am!"

"Well, why don't you have a talk with your mother and tell her that Larrick and this business of never getting your own way are out? Tell her you're unhappy."

"I have, Blacky—I have. She means to be kind but she doesn't know much. She thinks Clinton is just the man for me and believes that I'll wake up to the fact in time. Also he has her sold on the idea that I need care, that I'm in need of the kind of understanding that only he can give. She's wrong. He doesn't understand me. If there was only a person who understood who wanted me as much as Clinton does!"

"Just keep holding out," I said to her, "and don't give in until you have to. Some place there's a guy good enough for a girl like you."

She started to cry again then, and I see that, true to form, I've said the wrong thing again. I'd have been glad to say the right thing to her, only I don't know what it is.

"Do you think the doctor is nuts about you?" I ask her.

She nods her head meaning yes.

"Well, of course any guy ought to be," I says, "but I don't think that guy has much in the way of feelings. The way I size him up is this: I think he's plenty brain but not much in the way of heart. I think he loves you, understand, but not much."

SHE looks kind of hurt then, so I hurry right along and explain. "He loves you as much as he can, Glory, but I don't think that's an awful lot. The guy is too brainy to be much of a hound at popular sports. I suppose he can't help being like he is, but I hate to see him crack down on a nice little girl like you."

We sit for a while saying nothing. She goes on about her crying and I sit there wondering what I'll do if she goes on like this till all hours. I can't bring her home bawling and I can't keep her out too late. The doctor might think she's not getting fed up on me fast enough if we loiter about watching the sunrise.

But after a few minutes she kind of snaps out of it and says, "I am a foolish girl, I suppose. The quicker I get it through my head that happiness is not for me, the better off I'll be."

"Oh, sure, you'll be happy," I says, trying to cheer her up. "One of these days when you least expect it you'll run into some guy with a load of jack who looks like Ronald Colman who'll just be nuts about you."

"I'm not crazy about those drawing-room types," she says, "and I'm sick of money. All I want is to be let live in peace and never see another interior decorator, dressmaker, butler, or chauffeur. I want to walk into a kitchen and try to make fudge when I feel like it, instead of the butler telling the waitress to tell the cook that Miss Glory would like some homemade candy. I want to straighten a bureau drawer myself some day, and I'd even like to try cooking dinner."

"Too bad you weren't a big girl back when your folks lived near mine," I said.

"Yes, Blacky, it's terribly too bad. Well, I guess we'd better start home now."

So we leave the ocean flat and amble over to the parking space and grab off my car. Glory's very silent and well behaved on the way home. Everything's O. K. till she lamps the house, and then she starts again. I see the big tears splashing down on the scarf she's wearing. She says, "I had a lovely evening, Blacky. Thank you and good night." But I can't let her walk in dropping tears.

"You'd better stay out here for a while," I says. But in or out doesn't make any difference, because old lady Franklyn is coming down the walk to greet us.

"I didn't want you to run away, Blacky," she says to me. "Come in and have a little snack with us."

She doesn't let on that she sees Glory bawling. I figure that the easiest way is the best way, so I go in.

There's sandwiches and drinks and things in the big room off the veranda and Doc Larrick and the chess bird are wading into them in great shape. Glory doesn't stop in the big room to even say good evening. She dashes on upstairs and I figure that she's gone to powder up a little and wash away all signs of tears.

"Another demonstration?" Larrick says to the old lady.

Mrs. Franklyn sighs and nods, and Larrick looks at the chess bird's white goatee as though he could get some idea there what it's all about. "What started it?" Mrs. Franklyn asks me.

Now, this is kind of an embarrassing question. I don't like to tell them that the kid's sick of looking at them, so I just say, "She's got the blues, I guess."

The white-haired guy looks at me sternly. "Didn't she tell you definitely what she's crying about?"

"I thought your racket was chess," I say to him.

Mrs. Franklyn says, "We didn't want Glory to know who this gentleman is, Blacky. We thought it best to keep his identity a secret. Answer his questions, please. This is Dr. Karl Umpfelschtelz."

"Well, strike me pink!" says I. With the proud smirk she's got on her face, I thought she was going to say he was President von Hindenburg.

"How did she explain this sudden melancholia?" the old bird asks me.

"She didn't explain it," I says.

"She just burst into tears and offered no explanation?" It was plain the old guy didn't believe me.

The sandwiches are very small and thin and I gobble two of them before I say, "That's right."

"Come on, Blacky," Mrs. Franklyn says. "The doctors are trying to cure Glory of something which can become serious if it isn't checked. Don't hinder them, please."

"What's she got?" I ask.

"You wouldn't understand, Blacky."

That burns me up, so I grab off three more sandwiches and edge toward the door. "She's got something that don't need any psychologist to figure," I says. "She's got just plain everyday misery. She doesn't want this house or a duplex apartment or ten servants. She's bored and she's sick of being Miss Glory Franklyn with her life all planned out for her."

"Did she tell you that?" the old guy asks.

"Certainly she did," Dr. Larrick chips in. "That's her regular prelude to a demonstration. I know everything that this young man can tell us, doctor."

"Do you?" I says to him. "Do you know that you've made a nervous wreck out of her? And that she'd sooner jump in the lake than marry you?"

Now it's Larrick's turn to ask, "Did she tell you that?"

"No," I says, "she didn't; she doesn't know we have a lake. But just take a tip from a fellow who doesn't know anything about your racket. Leave her alone. Quit trying to find out what makes her tick."

LARRICK smiles pityingly at my ignorance, but I see the old bird raise his head suddenly and look thoughtful like a hound dog who's scenting something interesting.

"Just a minute," he says to me. "Does Miss Franklyn strike you as being just like all the young girls you've ever known?"

"I've never known anybody before so pretty or so rich," I says. "You see, I own this filling station—"

"Yes, yes, I know. I mean, would you describe her as being fundamentally different? Would you say to a friend that she was saturnine or vehement or paradoxical?"

"Never in a million years," I says truthfully.

The old bird looks satisfied and I duck. I figure I've given them enough to talk about for the rest of the night. Old lady Franklyn walks to the door with me, but she doesn't say "Come again."

I kind of wish as I drive toward those cunning four rooms of mine that I'll find Marje sitting on my front step again. I sure would have liked to give her a blow-by-blow description of the evening's happenings. She'd have found more meaning in them than I ever could. She'd probably say that Mrs. Franklyn pyramiding psychologists means that Glory's going to make a pass at me early next morning. But of course Marje wasn't sitting on my step, so I piled in and went to bed.

Just before I fall asleep I wonder what's going to happen next. Will the Larrick gang take me out of the game or not? I decide that they won't. "After all," says I to Blacky, "you're no jellyfish, are you? Until Glory says herself that you're out, you're in. Get that?" So I go to sleep and rest as calm as a baby angel.

When I'm dressing next morning I get to thinking again about Marje. I start making bets with myself about whether or not she'll stop in to see me that day. I know that as far as Glory's concerned I'll be free as the air all evening, so I figure that this is the night to go ask Marje to take up her option on me.

Well, as it happens, the morning drifts past without sight or sound of Marjory. I thought she at least would drive by and wave at me; but she doesn't and I get kind of sore at her. After all, this business of snubbing me isn't a bit like Marje. I get sore enough to tell her what I think of her. So at noontime, when the guy from the diner drops in with my sandwiches, I get him to watch the place while I take two minutes to fly over to the Harrises'.

*Old lady Franklyn walks to the door with me.*

I jump in the car and I'm there in a second. My one worry is will there be time enough to tell Marje all the things I think of her. But there's no Marje. The colored girl the Harrises have opens the door.

"IS Miss Harris in?" I ask her. Calling Marje Miss Harris always gets a laugh out of me.

"No," she says. "Miss Harris and her mother went away this morning early. They've gone to Bangor, Maine, for two weeks. Up with Mrs. Harris's brother's family, you know."

"That's funny," I said. I was kind of dazed. "She never said anything about it to me."

"Well, I believe she went over last night to say good-by to you, Mr. Gorman, but you weren't in. Seems I heard her tell her father that she went but you weren't in."

"Yes, I was out. Well, thank you."

I went back to the station then. The guy from the diner reports that two cars have come in my absence. One wouldn't wait for me and one did. The one that did has Glory in it. She says: "Tell me everything that happened last night at our house, Blacky. They sat up till all hours after you went. The other man's a doctor too, isn't he? What did you tell them?"

"Nothing much. I told Larrick you didn't want to marry him. That's about all."

"Oh, Blacky, you didn't!"

"Sure I did. It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes; but I didn't want his feelings hurt."

"They aren't—don't worry. He's too conceited. As far as he's concerned, that'll just prove you're crazy."

"Blacky darling, I don't know whether you've made a mess of everything or saved my life."

"When will you know?"

"In a day or so, I guess."

"How about this evening?" I ask her. "Would they like you taken off their hands?"

"I don't know. Blacky, what about Marjory? I can't take you away from her every night."

"She's out of town. She's gone to visit relatives in Maine."

"Oh, *that* accounts for the long face on you when you drove up here. You two haven't quarreled, I hope."

"No. We never quarrel."

"I thought maybe she objected to me calling around so often."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page sixty-one

"No," I says; "she's just gone to Maine."

"When you write send my love, will you?"

"Sure I will."

As things work out, Glory can't go places with me that night. Even for dear old psychology it seems that Doc Yak can't let her loose two nights in succession. So I don't do anything much after I leave the place. I stroll up to the beach and watch the wild waves for a while, and then play a round of miniature golf with Ed Rodgers for a quarter a hole. I won a dollar doing that. Then I run into Nicky Annella and he says we should go to the movies because he wants to see the picture that's there this week, and I damn' near die laughing on account of me having gone to see it twice so far. Then he says let's get a couple of mamas and go dancing; but I don't feel like that either, so we go stag up to a place he knows and drink a couple of glasses of beer, and I'm in bed by half past ten.

Glory calls again next day and also the next. I'm not cheating you of anything when I say it quick like that. Only nothing important was said or done on either of those visits. The only interesting thing about them was that Glory called, and I'm telling you that. Maybe I've said this before, but, honest, she was so darn' pretty that every time I looked at her I was surprised. Did you ever know anybody like that? When she wasn't around I'd kind of think about her, you know, and I'd say to myself, "Now, she can't be *that* good," and then I'd see her again and she was even better. But on the third and fourth times she called things were said that amounted to something, and I'm going to tell you about that. We'll start with the third time.

She drove in and hopped out of the car and lighted on the bench. She said, "Oh, Blacky, I've got so much to tell you!"

"Anything good?"

"Well, listen and see what you think. Mama's been telling me the truth about things."

If that had been Marje that would have been a swell place for a wise crack, but with Glory you didn't say everything you think on account of her being so little and—you know—sweet-looking. So I let her go right on and she says, "Mama says that Clinton is afraid of you."

"I don't blame him," I say modestly. "I could do big things to and for that boy."

"Oh, he's not afraid of you that way."

"He isn't? Well, I—"

"HE'S afraid that I—that I like you better than I like him. He's—well, I suppose if he wasn't a psychologist you'd say he was jealous. Mama didn't mean to tell me all this, but she started and I dug the rest out of her. At first, you know, he didn't want me to see you and then he almost threw me at you. Well, Blacky, that's a smart way of doing something or other, but I don't know what it is. Mama doesn't either, but she says it's very smart."

"Has it worked?" I asked her.

She giggled a little. "I don't know what it was supposed to do."

"It was supposed to make you sick of looking at me," I said.

"Really?" She laughs cute as hell.

Now, that was the third time. The fourth time was five days later. Now get this. She hadn't been around in five days. I didn't know what to make of it. I asked Thompson up at the post office if the Franklyns had blown, and he said no, they were still in town. So I knew that she hadn't gone. I wanted to ring her up, but I was afraid that I'd get her in a bunch of trouble. So I waited around, thinking that any minute she'd drop in. I had made up my mind, though, that if she didn't report in a week's time I'd call at her house and take a sock at Larrick just for good luck. I was worried about her. I kind of thought that maybe she was sick or something.

But then she sails up this day in the little French car and she says to me, "Hello, Blacky."

The minute she said it I could tell something was wrong. Her voice sounds like the world's caving in and her eyes look as though they've been doing other things besides just seeing.

"Hello," I says. "How have you been?"

"Not well, Blacky."

"What's the matter?"

She just looks at me for a minute. Then she says, "Blacky, I've got to marry him next week."

"The hell you do!"

"Oh, I do, Blacky. I've argued and argued till I'm exhausted and I can't find another objection to offer. Mama and Clinton have me thoroughly beaten down."

"What kind of a guy is he that wants to marry you against your will knowing you don't want him?"

"He says he wouldn't do it except that he knows he can make me happy. He says I need him without fully realizing it. Mama says the same thing."

"Did you give them a little hint that you weren't sold on him?"

"Oh, I told them I hated him! I hollered it and stamped my feet and everything."

"Well, they can't make you marry him, you know. No what-you-call-it would perform the ceremony if you said you didn't want him."

"BUT I couldn't say it there and make a big show of myself. It's terrible, Blacky! They've promised me everything. Mama says she'll give me anything I want for a wedding present, and Clinton says if I'm still unhappy at the end of six months he'll let me divorce him. How can I argue when they've so many answers and I'm so exhausted?"

"Can't you keep saying no, Glory?"

"You don't know what it's like, Blacky. Mama cries and Clinton argues, and you can't fight a combination like that. Clinton says I used to love him and that I will again. He says that I must marry him now before outside influences alienate me completely. He says my life needs settling if my nerves are ever to be right. He says that once my mind has accepted the fact that he is my husband and that his life is my life I'll be better. All these foolish ideas of mine will be uprooted and flung away once I've completely accepted him, he says."

"What foolish ideas?" I ask her.

"Ideas of picking my own husband and living my own life, I suppose. Oh, Blacky, Blacky, I'm so miserable!"

She was crying again, so I led her toward the shack. I had a feeling that this was going to be the best cry she'd had yet under my auspices. I didn't feel so damn' good myself. I kind of envied her for being able to break down and cry when something lousy happened. Men are considered pansies if they let an eyelid quiver. I'm in favor of the single standard on hysterics.

She sat down in the chair and got busy with two handkerchiefs, and I sat down on the floor and watched her. I couldn't think of anything worth while to say.

"What can I do, Blacky?"

"Stall them off a little. Tell them you want to wait till Pete gets home so he can see you married."

"I did, Blacky, but they laughed. Nobody would want Pete at a wedding. When I said that they thought I was being funny. Don't you see, Blacky, every argument I offer is either laughed down or a bigger, better one comes back at me. I guess I'm weak. I can't keep saying no when they offer strong arguments. They say I used to love Clinton and that I will again and that if I don't he'll set me free. What can I say to that?"

"Tell them you won't even take him for thirty days' free trial. You see, Glory, marriage is the kind of thing that—well, I'm surprised at your mother."

"I know what you mean, Blacky. They had an argument for that, too. Clinton just wants to marry me to be sure he has me. He says he won't—what is the word he used?—oh, yes, he says he won't claim me till I love him. I tell you, Blacky, they answered every argument."

Then she couldn't speak for twenty minutes because she was crying so hard. I was plenty worried about her. It was one of those big, sobby cries that you have to put your chest in to get the most out of it.

I got her a glass of water and put some on her head, and after a while things let up a bit.

She says, "Oh, if some other man only loved me enough to marry me immediately! They'd have no arguments for that."

I looked down at my hands and got a load of the dirt and grease on them, and at the pair of pants I wear around the place. Oil, dirt, gasoline. I'm a hell of a fine sight, I am.

"Stall 'em off a little longer, kid, even if you have to tell them you're sick or something. Maybe a good guy will come along yet. If I had money and education and things like that I'd pick you up and run so far with you that they'd never catch up with us."

"I haven't much education myself," she said in a little, tiny voice, "and I'm sick of money."

"Yes," I says. "But look here, Glory; you see—"

And then it dawns upon me what she means. I look up at her and I find she's looking at me. Her eyes are kind of starry like and her hair is all wild and floating around that pretty little face of hers.

I know what I said to her. It seems kind of silly to write it, but it seemed O. K. at the time. I said, "Gee, Glory!" And then I got up from the floor and kissed her. I wanted to put my arms around her, but she was dressed so pretty that I couldn't. She didn't seem to care anything about her pretty clothes, though. She threw her arms around me and said, "Blacky, I'm the happiest girl in the world!" And when she kissed me I kind of got to thinking of what Marje had said about heaven.

WE sat for a long while in the shack and I don't know whether any cars drove up for gas or not. I didn't look because I didn't give a damn. We just sat in the shack holding hands and every once in a while we'd kiss each other. It wasn't what you'd call petting. Petting is something different. When you pet there's usually a little playful talk mixed in between kisses and sometimes an argument. With Glory you couldn't call it petting because we didn't say anything to each other.

And besides, "petting" is a rotten word to use for the kind of kisses that make you think you hear sweet music.

After about fifteen minutes of this sort of thing I come down to earth and get thinking about how I'm not good enough for Glory. Why, I asks myself, should I be the guy to walk off with a girl like her? I think of the handsome guys in the movies and the rich guys all over the world, and it strikes me kind of funny that it's me who's sitting with Glory and kissing her whenever I feel like it.

I get to thinking that life's a funny thing and that maybe Pete Franklyn and I roasted potatoes together in Fleigelmeier's lot just so that some day Glory and I could sit holding hands in a shack at Silver Beach. The whole business is too deep for me.

All I know is that I'm no rose geranium for a girl like Glory Franklyn to grab off, and I tell her so. I also tell her that she's going to find me a big mistake. But she clings to me and she tells me a lot of things which surprise me considerably. She tells me that she's liked me plenty all along and that the other night when I kissed her she knew Clinton would never do.

SHE also says the thing which clinches the matter as far as I'm concerned. She says that I'm the only thing she's got in the world that can save her from old Doc Yak. "Don't back out, Blacky," she says, "Take me, please. I'd be so miserable with him."

Well, of course that settles it as far as I'm concerned. I don't offer another argument. Instead I just say, "When will you marry me?"

I get to thinking of Marje as I say that. It was a hell of a time to think of Marje, but you can't help things like that.

I think of how I'd meant to get tied up with her. I think of what a swell scout she is.

I think of how she's turned me loose just so I could be sitting here asking Glory to name the day. Funny ideas flit through my head while I'm waiting for the kid to speak. I think that if I was married to Marje and she double-crossed me I'd bust out crying and wish her luck with the other guy. And I think that if Glory double-crossed me I'd strangle her. I get to thinking that this is going to make Marje feel a little lousy for a while. But I'm not such great shakes that a girl can't get over me quick. And Glory needs me. Marje doesn't. Marje is the kind who can take plenty good care of herself.

"Could we be married today, Blacky?"

---

*It's one thing to plan marriage, and another to bring the plan to fulfillment. Next week you'll learn whether or not Blacky and Glory are to belong to each other.*

## Solution of Detectogram on page 51

Starritt whispered to each, "Run the other man's boat." As the owner of the last boat to reach Miami was to get the money, each one naturally raced the boat he was driving. By doing so, he hoped to beat his own boat, which was being driven by one of the others.

*Another Detectogram will appear next week:*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,
CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932,

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orr J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Liberty Publishing Corp., publishers of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher,. Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Editor, William Maurice Flynn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Owner: Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications, only.)

O. J. ELDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1932.
(Seal) WESLEY F. PAPE.
(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

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# Liberty Invites You to Cash In Your Cross-Word-Puzzle Skill!

# $500 *for* CROSS-WORDERS *EACH WEEK*

## *68 Chances to Win a Substantial Cash Prize!*

### THESE ARE THE PRIZES

| | |
|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $100 |
| SECOND PRIZE | 50 |
| THIRD PRIZE | 25 |
| 65 PRIZES, each $5 | 325 |
| TOTAL, EACH WEEK<br>SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES | $500 |

### *The* RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling what previous contest in Liberty you have found the most interesting and why, or explaining another contest that you would like to have conducted by this magazine.
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, April 25, 1932.

UNTIL further notice, each week Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes to the sixty-eight readers who send in winning cross-word-puzzle entries. For years you've been finding interest, entertainment, and perhaps occasional instruction in Liberty cross-wording. Now comes an opportunity to turn this experience, this practice, this fund of lexicographical information of yours into cash.

Liberty opens the way for you to collect for your fun—to make your entertainment return you a handsome reward!

The first prize each week is $100. Second prize is $50 and third prize $25. In addition there are sixty-five other prizes of $5 each. Here's a challenge not to be neglected. Here's easy money each week. If you're a cross-word enthusiast you'll seize it eagerly.

If you have not indulged in this fascinating pastime previously, here's the opportunity to begin under the most auspicious conditions. Here's a chance to join the cross-word fraternity, and instead of paying an initiation fee, collect it!

This week's puzzle appears on the opposite page. Solve it. Then, to accompany it, write a short letter telling which previous contest in Liberty you have found the most enjoyable.

If it happens that you have not read Liberty regularly in the past, then base your letter on a suggestion for a contest you would like to have appear in future issues. Either letter subject will carry equal weight with the judges.

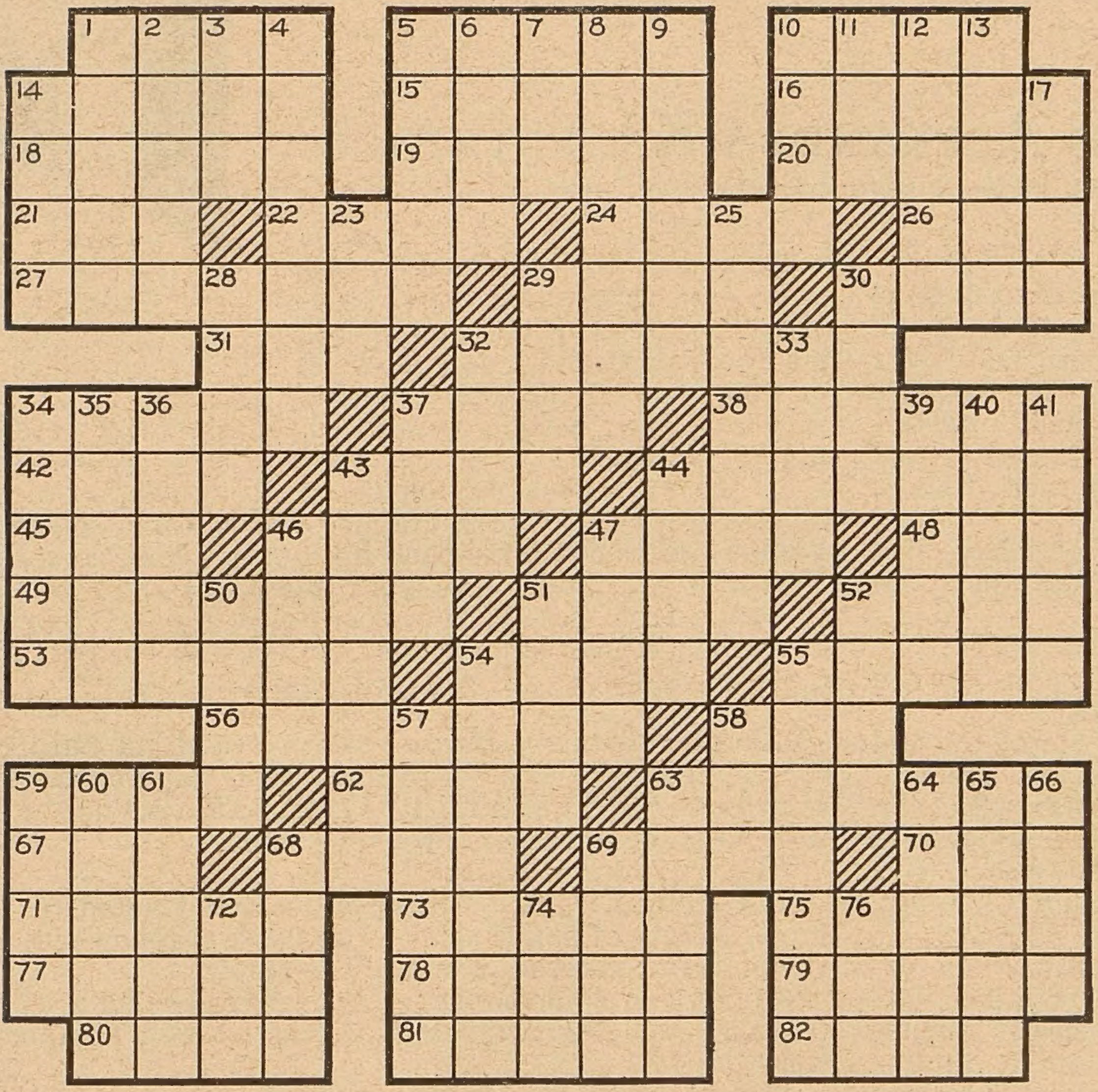
This week's contest puzzle is constructed by Jim White, the master puzzle-maker, who has created Liberty cross-word puzzles for years and who will author this new series. It is not intended to present more difficulty than the previous puzzles he has created for your entertainment. Solve it, write your letter, and mail your entry now. The brief, simple rules explain how and where to enter.

Winners of this week's prizes will be announced in the earliest possible issue, probably that of June 11.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

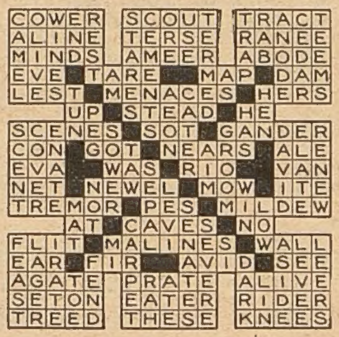
# Here Is Contest Puzzle

## No. 1



### HORIZONTAL

1 Capture
5 Variety of carnelian (plural)
10 Woman's nickname
14 Separate
15 Test
16 Choose
18 Wading bird
19 Family of violin makers
20 Church officer
21 Fool
22 Woman's name
24 A former Russian Czar
26 Species of antelope
27 Sells in small quantities
29 Understood
30 Measure
31 Adherent (suffix)
32 Ungrateful person
34 Climb, as by ladder
37 Commotions
38 Touched with lips
42 Members of a Burmese tribe
43 Incite
44 Legislator
45 Metric measures
46 Salutations
47 Transmitted
48 Man's name
49 Delayed
51 Mimes
52 Slide
53 Measures of area
54 Astringent
55 Division of a drama
56 Skilled worker



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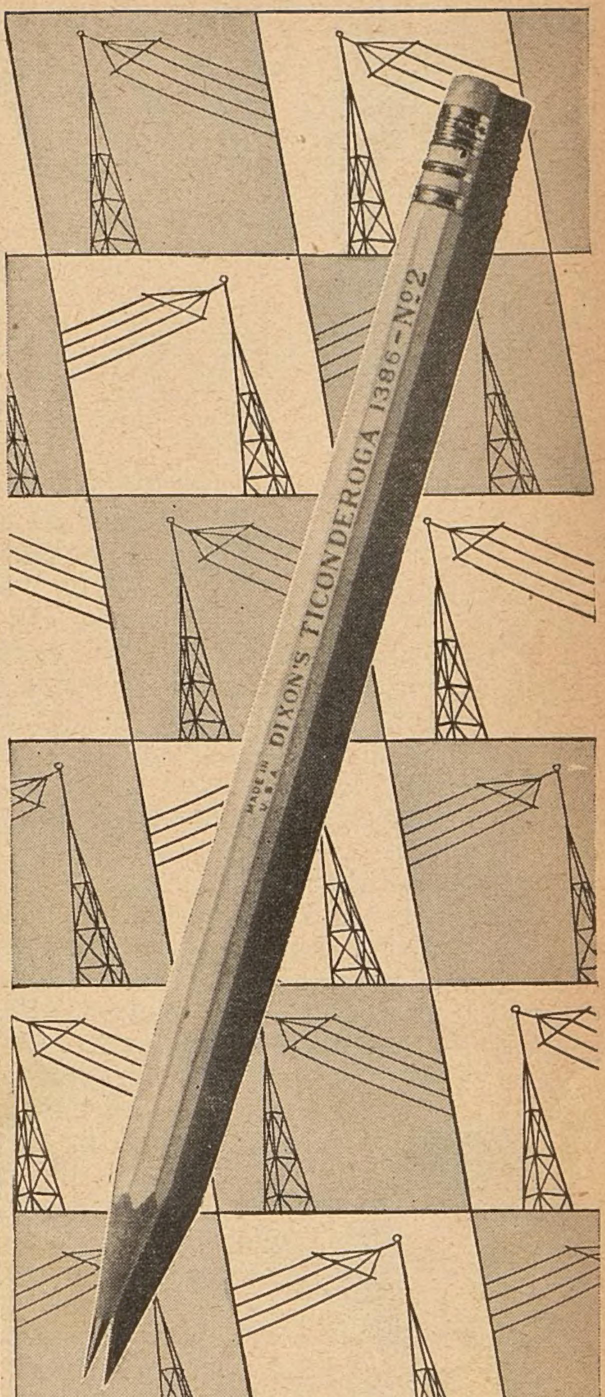
COWER SCOUT TRACT
ALINE TERSE RANEE
MINDS AMEER ABODE
EVE■TARE■■MAP■DAM
LEST■MENACES■HERS
   UP■STEAD■HE
SCENES■SOT■GANDER
CON■GOT■NEARS■ALE
EVA■■WAS■RIO■■VAN
NET■NEWEL■MOW■ITE
TREMOR■PES■MILDEW
   AT■CAVES■NO
FLIT■MALINES■WALL
EAR■FIR■■AVID■SEE
AGATE PRATE ALIVE
SETON EATER RIDER
TREED THESE KNEES
```

**Answer to last week's puzzle**

63 Sellers
67 Comrade
68 Snarl
69 Nourish
70 Gnawing animal
71 Irregularly notched
73 Partaker of a meal
75 Make glad
77 Cotton drilling
78 Oil-yielding trees
79 Restitch
80 Lairs
81 Meaning
82 Ovule

### VERTICAL

1 Concise
2 Stop!
3 Range of perception
4 Recluse
5 Asterisks
6 Host
7 Inlet
8 Postdating of a bill (plural)
9 Splinter
10 Form of to be
14 Disfigure
17 Accurate
23 Beverage
25 Arouses
28 Suffers illness
29 Tie
30 Small plateau
32 Day in the ancient Roman calendar
33 Color
34 Thick plates; slices
35 Mark used by proof readers
36 Passageway
37 In bed
39 Trite; commonplace
40 A dyestuff
41 Arrange in folds
43 Language of the Avesta
44 Appear
46 Biblical name (Ezra ii)
47 Twirled
50 An Asiatic
51 Exclamation
52 Kind of fish
54 Impute
55 Transmitters
57 Decrees of a sultan
58 Comprehend
59 Hastened
60 Felt concern
61 Solitary
63 Division of poem
64 Obliterate
65 Classified
66 Boil
68 Kind of light muffin (plural)
69 Payments for services



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# To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion*

(*Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.*)

**MOST of the screen queens** I've met try to keep all their "temperament" for their work. In real life they are apt to suppress it. Pola Negri is exceptionally interesting in real life because she does not hide her vivid and turbulent soul behind any mask of Hollywood *culture*. She has the courage of her nature.

"I've been lucky in love," she told me. "I have had two great love experiences—lucky, even though they both ended badly."

There is nothing Pollyanna about Pola. She said:

"I can love—or I can hate. Yes, *hate*. The in-between feelings I do not have. I am an extremist."

That was how she described herself to me at the end of a long talk about personality. She speaks five languages fluently, so we had our say in Russian—Russian being the very best language in which to discuss anyone's soul. Her real name is Appollonia Chalupec, and she's a Slav from Warsaw.

Pola Negri

"We Slavs are all alike," she declared with a smile. "We love suffering and we are hopelessly romantic. We want impossible things. Where men are concerned I believe I was born a few centuries too late. Modern men are so wrapped up in business!"

The everlasting Slav in Pola sighed a plaintive little sigh. She said:

"It is not good for a woman in love to have to talk always business, business!"

To summon her maid she claps her hands. Walks like a ballet dancer, the result of her early training in the Imperial Ballet at St. Petersburg. Likes to read history and biography. Says historical characters do not "go over" in the talkies.

Has gray eyes with green lights in them. When she's excited her eyes turn black.

**THAT crazy arm of coincidence has just bumped** into a friend of mine. Last month she moved into an apartment house with people of the same name living one floor below, and, what is more peculiar, the very apartment she moved into used to be occupied by another family of that identical name. Can't you imagine the mix-up?

Along comes a bill collector. "Please pay this, madam."

"That's not mine," says she. "It must be for the people downstairs."

"No," says he. "I went to the people downstairs. They say it must be for the people upstairs. How about it?"

"Oh," says she. "Then it must be for the people who moved out."

"Um," says the bill collector—very suspicious.

But there's one consolation: My friend knows the other two families are being dunned for *her* bills.

**A PROMINENT eye doctor has been telling me** things. Perhaps you'd like to listen in on our con-

"Reading in bed spoils a lot more eyes than smoke in the air. When you read in bed you should sit up straight and hold your book or magazine at the proper angle. A great many people ruin their eyesight by careless night reading."

In the average home, he declared, lighting arrangements are apt to be more decorative than scientific. Lamps are placed either too high or too low, as a rule. To avoid eyestrain, have your reading light fall upon the page from behind you, coming over your shoulder. Do not have your lamp shaded too heavily. It may look artistic—but how will you look wearing glasses?

**A LADY bargain hunter saw a beautiful painting** in an art dealer's window the other day and went in to price it. She was a wealthy lady, so the art dealer did not shock her in the least when he said:

"Four thousand dollars."

The picture was by Friesicke, an artist noted for his lovely effects of sunlit color. His work is renowned, and the picture I mention was a fine example.

"It's nice," said the lady, "but you're asking a lot for it. Can you *guarantee* that the artist will be famous some day?"

When I heard this, it struck me that these are indeed dangerous times for bargain hunters. Reduced prices are tempting us from every side; but unless we take pains to learn something of quality, what good can they do us? Women with money to spend nowadays *can't afford* to be ignorant.

**FEEL like trying out some new egg tricks? Try** these.

The next time you have fried eggs fry some parsley along with them. When they are done, lift from the pan, let the butter get brown, add a scant half teaspoon of tarragon vinegar to it, and pour this over your eggs. Delicious!

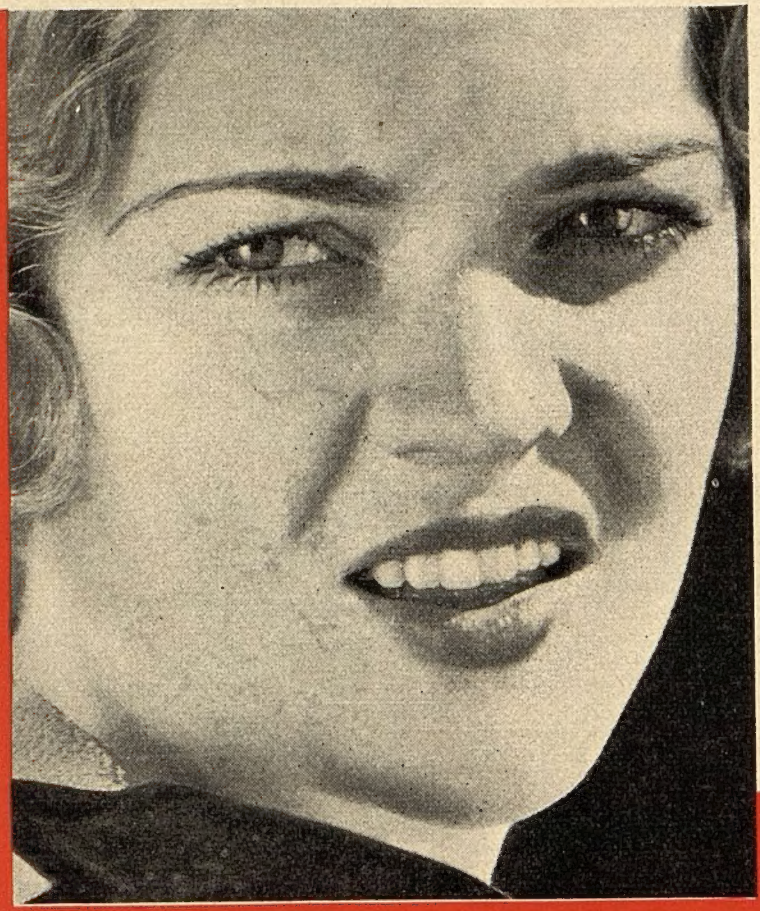
Here's a Mexican sauce for poached eggs: Fry gently in butter 1 tablespoon chopped scallions, 1 chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Add 1 cup tomato soup and 1 bay leaf, and simmer for ten minutes. Flavor with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Pour over the poached eggs and serve with rice.

Another idea: Make a thick white sauce, add 2 raw egg yolks. Stir well over a low flame. Put in ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped pimento, ½ saltspoon ground cinnamon. Cook for a few minutes. Pour over eggs laid on mashed potato. Brown under flame.

**I'VE been reading The Invincible Adam, by George** Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge. This blithe Adam romps through the ages having all sorts of exciting affairs with historical bigwigs. An amusing fantasy. (Published by Liveright.)

**UNLINED coats of printed silk are the smartest** French novelty this season. Wide variety at low cost is the idea. Wear, for example, a coat of midnight blue and white with a red dress, a white dress, or a pale blue dress. Also good-looking are very simple coats of black velvet lined with printed silk to match the dress worn

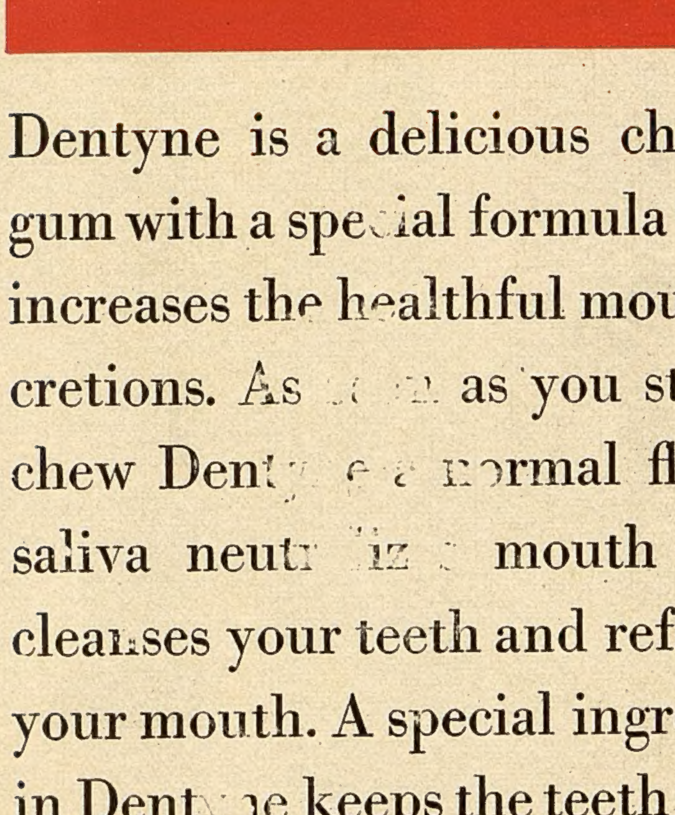
# Keep your mouth glands active . . . .



NATURE supplied your mouth glands with a salivary fluid to keep your mouth healthy. Modern living conditions check the flow of this fluid. Teeth decay. Bad breath and unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum with a special formula which increases the healthful mouth secretions. As soon as you start to chew Dentyne a normal flow of saliva neutralizes mouth acids, cleanses your teeth and refreshes your mouth. A special ingredient in Dentyne keeps the teeth white.



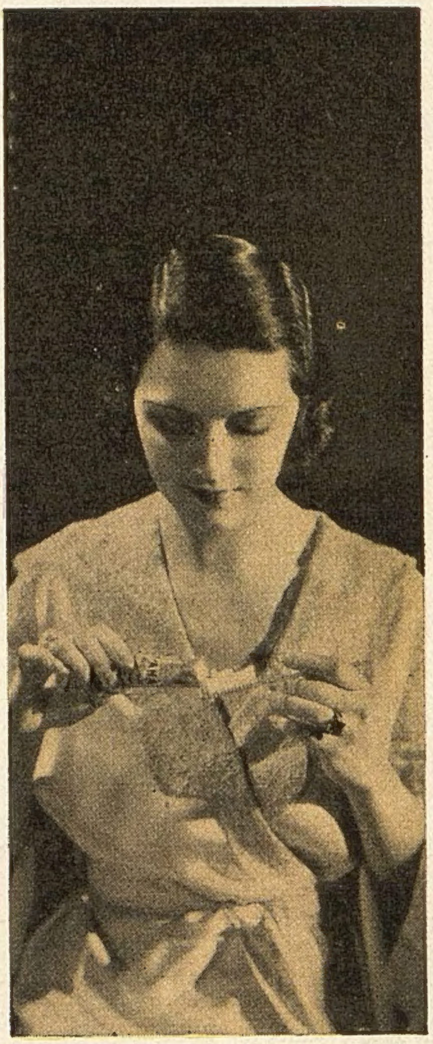
*Chew delicious*

# Dentyne

**KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE**

# WHITE TEETH · FIRM GUMS · WITH IPANA

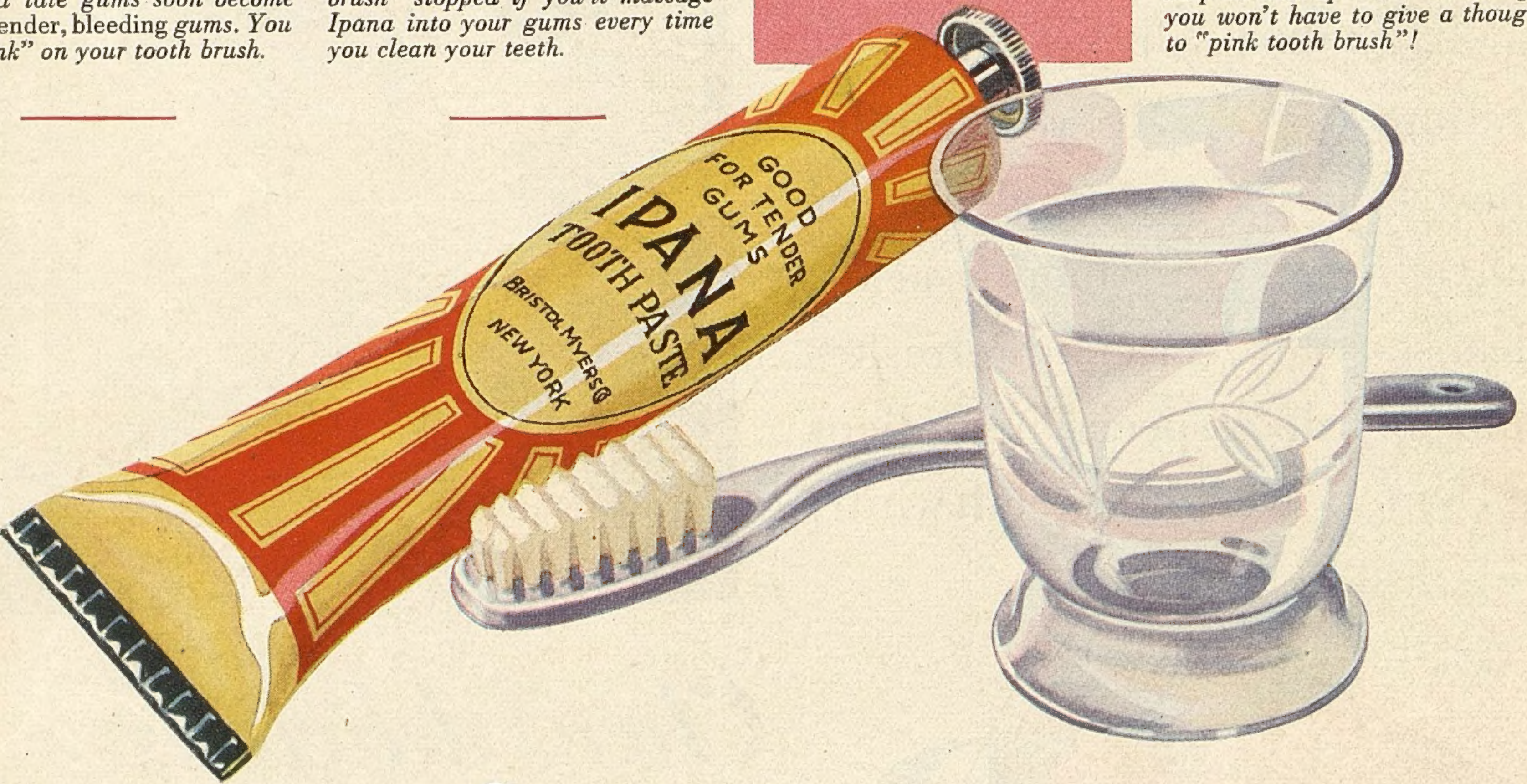
*Delicious food that melts in your mouth! It's one of the pleasantest things civilization offers! But unfortunately, soft foods we eat today don't give gums enough work to do—and idle gums soon become* flabby, tender, bleeding *gums. You find "pink" on your tooth brush.*



*"Pink tooth brush" robs your teeth of their sparkle—it all too often leads to serious trouble of the gums—it may spell danger to sound teeth. But you can get "pink tooth brush" stopped if you'll massage Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.*

## AND NO MORE PINK TOOTH BRUSH

*Before you've finished one tube of Ipana, your gums will be firmer and healthier. Your teeth will begin to sparkle again. You won't be afraid to smile! And if you'll keep on with Ipana and massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush"!*



Soft foods don't stimulate the gums. And un-exercised gums get flabby and soft just as unused muscles do.

To keep your gums firm and healthy, so that you don't have "pink tooth brush," dental science recommends *massage* of the gums. It's very important to stop "pink tooth brush," because if you *don't*, gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea may follow!

Ipana Tooth Paste contains ziratol, a recognized toning agent, and Ipana massaged regularly into the gums will bring them back to healthy firmness. In a month you'll *see* how much harder they are! Your teeth will be whiter, too. Keep on with Ipana and massage, and forget about "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-422
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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